WHO WILL THE SIX NEW JUSTICES BE?

R. 24,
937

Liberty

5¢

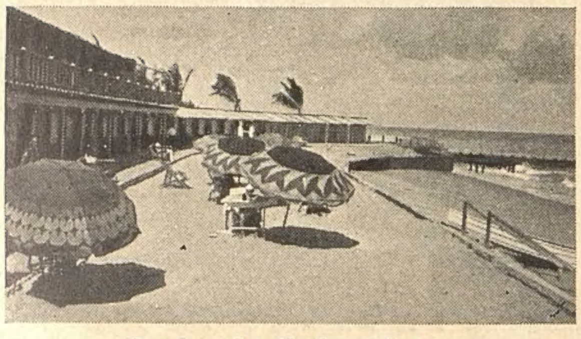
CROSSING
BEWARE
AUTOMOBILES
REVERE F.
WISTEHUFF

MORE REVELATIONS ABOUT **GASTON B. MEANS** MASTER BAD MAN

ASEBALL MANAGERS
IVE SEASON FORECAST

Macfadden-Deauville

OPEN YEAR ROUND FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE SEEKERS



Beach and gaily furnished cabanas — Macfadden-Deauville

WITH its luxurious accommodations, incomparable cuisine, great outdoor swimming pool, 500 feet of private beach and nearly 100 gaily furnished cabanas Macfadden-Deauville offers you an unparalleled opportunity to enjoy Florida at its very best. For the health seeker a special department of Physical Culture and vitality building has been made available—sun bathing, hydrotherapy, physiotherapy, electric, steam and cabinet baths, massage, corrective dieting, calisthenics and other facilities on a scale unsurpassed.

Thousands of persons have discovered that the summer climate in Miami is charming. The U. S. Weather Bureau for 1936 recorded only two days in which the temperature was above 90 degrees. With its almost continuous sea breeze to soothe and cool you, you can count upon an average summer temperature at Miami Beach of from ten to twenty degrees cooler than many northern inland cities. Write today for reduced Spring and Summer rates (ranging as low as $35 per week including all expenses) and other information.

COLLINS AVE. AT 67TH STREET • MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

LET *Good-looking hair* PRESENT YOU AT YOUR BEST!

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout!"

1 **50 SECONDS** to rub—circulation quickens—needed oil is replaced—your hair has a chance!

2 **10 SECONDS** to comb—hair has lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

APPEARANCE counts—and good-looking hair can help—in business or social affairs. For hair that's neat and attractive makes a definitely favorable impression wherever you go. That's why it's important to care for your hair—to keep your hair looking its best—with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

It's easy to have handsome hair with this famous "60-Second Workout." Just apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Notice the tingling, pleasant sensation as new circulation responds to this brisk massage. The scalp feels stimulated . . . it loses its tightness . . . the pure vegetable oil of Vitalis helps to augment the needed oils.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps to rout loose dandruff . . . to give you a healthy scalp . . . to make your hair lustrous and handsome. Start today to use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Get a bottle at your drug store.

ASK YOUR BARBER for genuine Vitalis in the new sanitary Single-Application Sealtube. Where you see this seal, you are assured the same genuine Vitalis you use at home.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

APRIL 24, 1937
Liberty
VOL. 14, NO. 17
BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

LAW ENFORCEMENT THE ONLY REMEDY

WE are facing tragic situations in many parts of the country at this writing, due largely to the inefficiency and faintheartedness of our officials. Madame Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, has been quoted as saying the legality of the sit-down strikes is not yet decided.

No one can question my sympathies for the workers. I am one of them. I have stated again and again they should be guaranteed a square deal . . . that they should have the best of every bargain . . . that they should be given every possible opportunity to improve their living conditions.

Nowhere in the world have the workers a standard of living equal to that which they have enjoyed in this country, and the sit-down strikes threaten to destroy these superior privileges.

Some may say that reasoning is farfetched.

But lawlessness leads to more lawlessness.

During the latter part of the prohibition period we were threatened with dictators in nearly every large community. Al Capone was the boss in Chicago, and the situation was becoming so serious that leading citizens everywhere feared for the future.

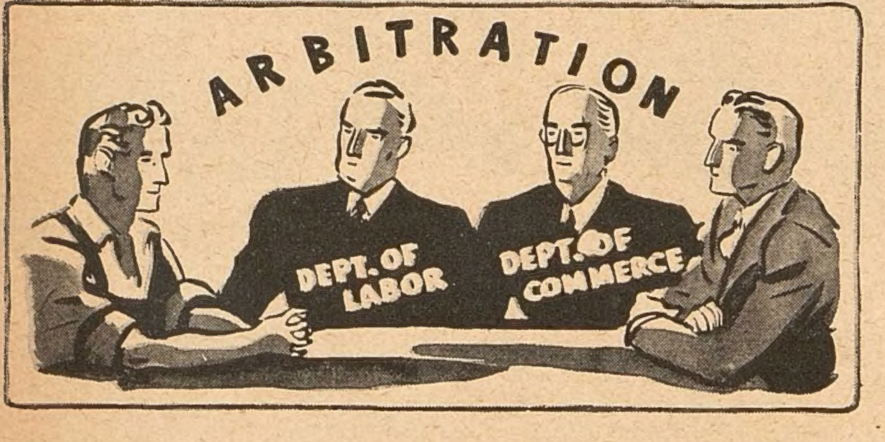
The possibility of revolution was freely discussed, and with lawlessness rampant, mob rule comes into its own, which in every case ultimately leads to a dictator. And the workers of this country know the nature of the result if we are ruled by a Mussolini, a Hitler, or a Stalin.

Our whole system of government rests on the recognition of private property rights, and as long as we admit that one has the right to own, live in, and regulate his own home, we automatically are compelled to admit that the sit-down strike is unlawful.

The strikers are taking possession of other men's property.

There is no need of quibbling about such a situation. In our sympathy for the workers we may try to deceive ourselves, but the outstanding principle of our entire governmental system depends upon private property rights.

BERNARR MACFADDEN



To be sure, the sit-down strike is popular.

Burglary would become just as popular if government officials in high places were to state publicly that the legality of burglary was still in question.

We might even go so far as to admit that this procedure, if it ultimately enabled strikers to gain their end, might be commendable in an emergency; but in spite of the settlement of various strikes through its adoption, the example of forcibly taking possession of private property is dangerous.

Every worker wants the right to own his own home to be maintained.

The lust for power often brings ghastly results, and the struggle as to who is to control capital—the workers or the executives—if allowed to continue, with methods that ignore the law of the land, may result in a situation similar to that which brought on the bloody massacres in Russia.

Our only need in the beginning of this struggle was law enforcement. The situation is still the same. We must have law enforcement! As long as we have government officials who ignore their oath of office, who neglect this outstanding responsibility, just so long will we face difficulties that threaten the very life of this nation.

This Administration has presented all kinds of evidence to indicate that it favors labor. In labor difficulties the workers will get the best of every dispute when the government is called in as arbitrator.

Arbitration is the sanest and most economical method for settling labor disputes for all concerned.

An arbitration board or commission made up of representatives of the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor should be able to render fair decisions.

This idea is worth serious consideration.

Hundreds of millions of dollars have been lost recently due to unnecessary strikes, and though the loss must be directly assumed by employers and employees, ultimately the consumers are the victims who will have to pay the bills.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $3.00 a year. In all other countries, $4.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Worth one hundred billion dollars

The mother and the child are the two principal reasons why men insure. This elemental instinct of family protection takes the very practical form, in the United States, of one hundred billion dollars of life insurance. In discharging the sacred trust given them, insurance companies have proved, and will continue to prove, faithful stewards.

Thomas I Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. How can life insurance help assure funds for a child's education?

A. You can arrange for the insurance company to pay certain amounts, by means of a special educational fund policy.

. . .

Q. What are some uses of life insurance in addition to those most commonly known?

A. To teach a child thrift, to protect an estate against shrinkage, to safeguard one's business interests, to provide an annual birthday or Christmas check for some loved one, to create a retirement fund.

. . .

Q. What is "The Equitable Case Method"?

A. The method followed by a trained agent as he studies your individual needs and then develops a life insurance program that exactly fits them.

. . .

Q. What is an interesting feature of the Endowment Policy?

A. It pays *you* yourself the face amount of the policy, ten, fifteen or twenty years from now, as you specify. An example of the interesting fact that life insurance is really *living* insurance.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR – JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY – PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL – COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

Shaving Oddities

NO. 4

EARLY SHAVING FAN!

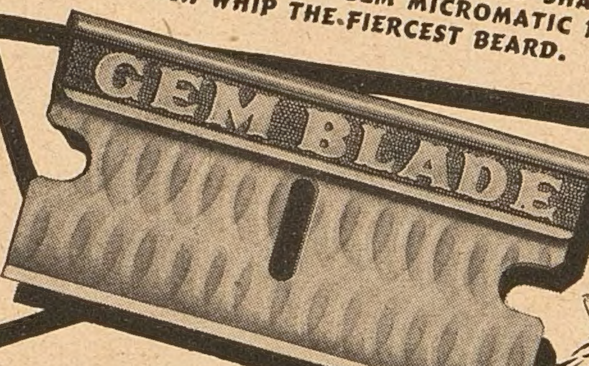
SCIPIO AFRICANUS — FIRST ROMAN GENERAL TO DEFEAT HANNIBAL—WAS ALSO ONE OF THE FIRST TO INTRODUCE SHAVING IN ROME. GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR IS THE FIRST TO INTRODUCE GENUINE COMFORT TO SHAVING!

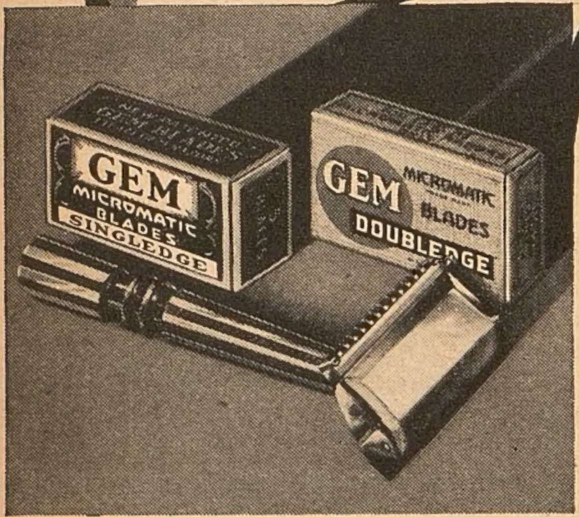
BEARD AS BATTLE FLAG!

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA WAS KNOWN AND NAMED FOR HIS FLAMING RED BEARD WHICH SERVED AS A RALLYING STANDARD IN BATTLE. WHEN YOU FIND SHAVING A BATTLE, SWITCH TO THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR AND BLADES WHICH WHIP THE FIERCEST BEARD.

PORTABLE BARBER SHOP!

MANY CHINESE BARBERS CARRY THEIR BARBER SHOPS ALONG WITH THEM. IN YOUR GEM BLADE AND RAZOR YOU HAVE A PORTABLE BARBER SHOP OF YOUR OWN, ALWAYS READY TO GIVE YOU THAT EFFORTLESS "MASTER-BARBER" SHAVE!





STRANGER THAN FICTION!

IT'S STRANGE THAT ANY MAN SHOULD PUT UP WITH NAGGING, CHIN-SCRAPING RAZORS WHEN THERE'S GEM TO PUT A SMILE IN EVERY SHAVE! EXCLUSIVE GEM FEATURES COST US $660,000. ONE-PIECE CONSTRUCTION; FACE-FITTING BEVEL WHICH COMPELS YOU TO USE MASTER-BARBER'S STROKE; NO OTHER RAZOR HAS THESE ADVANTAGES. GET A $1.00 GEM RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES FROM YOUR DEALER. OR SEND COUPON BELOW FOR SPECIAL 25¢ PROOF OFFER!

LADIES PREFER..!

IF YOU WANT THAT CLEAN-SHAVEN LOOK WHICH WOMEN ADMIRE, SWITCH TO THE GEM RAZOR! IT IS PRECISION-BUILT TO HANDLE PERFECTLY GEM 50% THICKER BLADES WHICH ARE STROPPED 4840 TIMES TO EDGES OF INCREDIBLE SHARPNESS. THEIR SHADOWLESS SHAVES KEEP YOUR FACE NEAT ALL DAY! PROOF IN COUPON BELOW!

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L41, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULAR $1.00 CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME...

STREET...

CITY.................................STATE..................

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

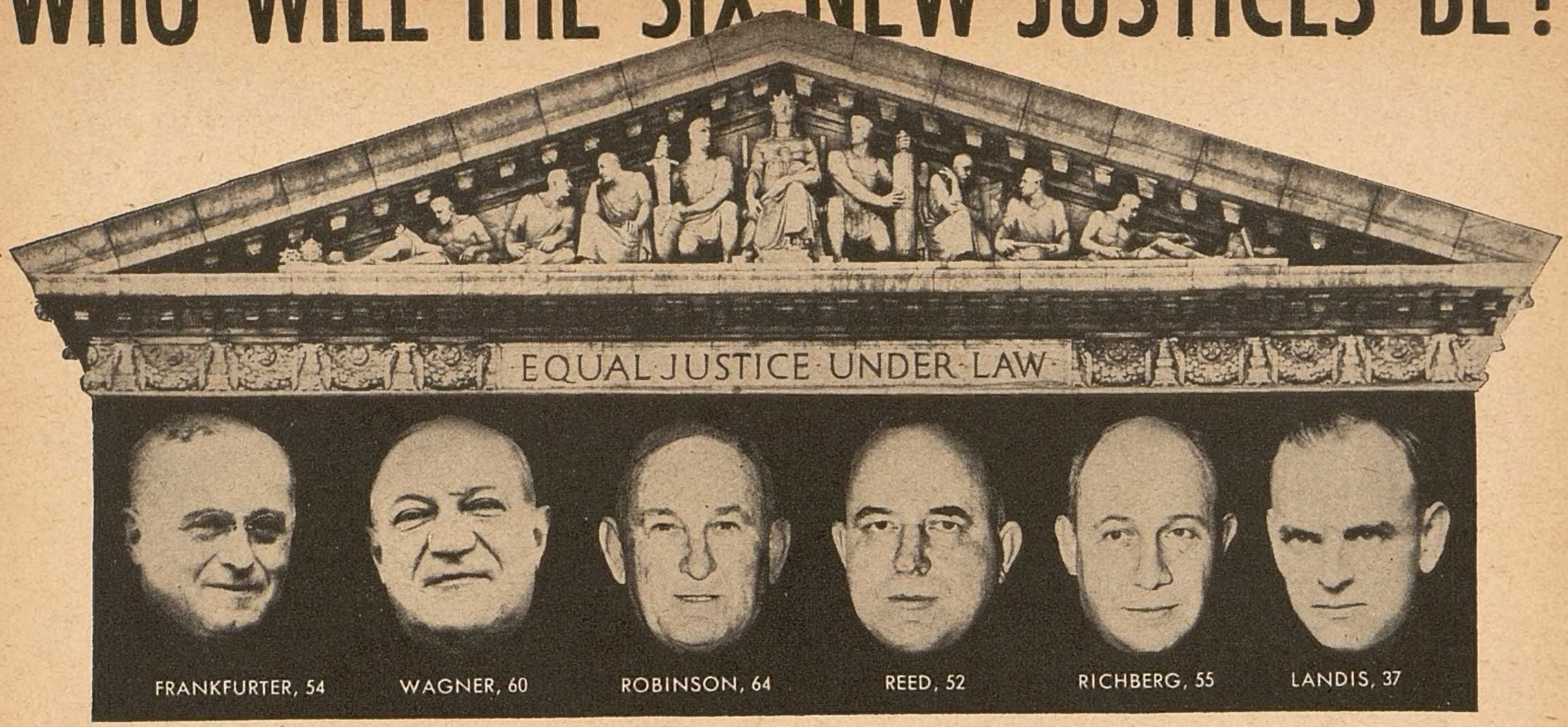
Copyright 1937, by American Safety Razor Corp.

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

A razor that's clever, a blade that is keen; hitch your shaving to Gem for a face that is clean!

WHO WILL THE SIX NEW JUSTICES BE?



BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

NO Presidential message since Woodrow Wilson's epochal announcement of our entry into the World War has commanded such country-wide attention as President Roosevelt's proposal to alter and possibly to enlarge the personnel of the United States Supreme Court.

A few months ago the names of most of the high court justices were as unfamiliar to the man in the street as the words of the final verse of The Star-Spangled Banner. Today they are on everybody's lips. Discussions as to the wisdom and practicality of the President's plan has split wide open political parties, professional groups, even domestic circles.

Even among the opponents of the plan, people who abhor the thought of the President having his way in this vital matter, speculation has been rife; first, as to which of the old conservative judges, finding themselves hopelessly in the minority, will avail themselves of the chance to resign on full pay; and second, as to who the new and presumably liberal judges will be.

A group of educators headed by Mr. John Dewey has made the point that there is nothing in the Constitution which says that Supreme Court justices must be lawyers or that they must be males. The latter suggestion obviously presents intriguing possibilities.

Will President Roosevelt climax his innovation of a Madam Secretary with a Madam Justice?

The consensus seems to be that he will not—that all of the new judges will be men, and also that they will be lawyers. Moreover, it is generally believed that two of the new judges—assuming that at least two of the old ones resign—will be present members of the Senate of the United States, and that the other four will be legal lights now illuminating New Deal policies.

The Constitution says that "No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created . . . during such time." This provision would automatically bar from the added judgeships two figures long regarded as the most likely and the most suitable Democratic nominees for the highest court: Senator Joseph T. Robinson and Senator Robert F. Wagner.

It is fortunate, therefore, for these gentlemen—and perhaps for the nation—that there will almost surely be vacancies in the original Court, to fill which they may be constitutionally appointed.

Joe Robinson, big-voiced, broad-shouldered leader of the administration forces in the Senate, has long cherished the ambition to be a Supreme Court Justice. In the Senate, these New Deal years, he has been just about the best floor leader a President ever had. The nation knows him chiefly in that capacity and as Al Smith's running mate in 1928. Back in Little Rock, though, the boys remember Joseph Taylor Robinson as a big-time lawyer with a big-time mind. To this original equipment he has added a knowledge of our institutions possessed by few men in public life.

Not much of a liberal really, he is committed to the New Deal. On the bench he would unquestionably be a needed influence for constructive harmony. Everybody likes him. He deserves the place. If it is legally possible, the President will give it to him.

Wagner is the man who foresaw the depression. In 1927, when everybody else thought that what this country needed was a good two-car garage, Bob Wagner introduced three bills calling for co-ordinated federal and state employment bureaus, the immediate assembling of statistics on unemployment, and advance planning of a huge program of public works. Everybody laughed long and loud at the little German immigrant boy, son of a janitor, product of the New York City streets. What did he know about national problems, anyway?

Well, Bob Wagner knew a lot. Five years later, the men who had laughed loudest were scurrying through his carefully written pages to lift therefrom his basic ideas to relieve the great unemployment crisis.

In 1931 he fathered unemployment insurance; in 1932, relief. Both were arrogantly rejected. Prosperity was just around the corner. Or was it Wagner? It was Wagner. He was so far out in front that the big boys couldn't see him for the dust—and the blinders.

When Roosevelt came in, Wagner immediately became the spearhead of the latter's economic campaign. In quick succession he introduced into the Senate the Na-

☆ **Will one of them be a woman? —A revealing survey of what may come in the Supreme Court** tional Industrial Recovery Act, the Social Security Act, the National Labor Relations Act, and the Railway Pension Act, all of which were overwhelmingly passed by Congress and became cornerstones of the recovery program.

Suggestions for the four remaining places on the proposed new Court have ranged from dignified, brilliant sixty-seven-year-old Attorney General Cummings to smart little forty-one-year-old Congressman Maury Maverick of Texas.

Mr. Cummings is, of course, fully equipped for the job. In spite of his age, he can probably have it if he wants it. It will be remembered, however, that he accepted the burdens of his present post reluctantly. Mr. Maverick meets the President's specifications as to youth and has shown energy and ability as a legislator, but as a big-time lawyer he has yet to win his spurs.

More likely candidates are Lloyd K. Garrison, not yet forty, dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School; John Dickinson, forty-three, an Assistant Attorney General; Dean Acheson, forty-four, former Under Secretary of the Treasury; Basil O'Connor, forty-five, Mr. Roosevelt's former law partner; Robert H. Jackson, forty-five, another Assistant Attorney General; James M. Landis, thirty-seven, who is now dean of the Harvard Law School; Stanley F. Reed, fifty-two, Solicitor General of the United States; Felix Frankfurter, professor of public law at the Harvard Law School; and Donald R. Richberg, first counsel and later head of the NRA.

By a process of elimination which has nothing to do with age, I have concluded that four men in this group—Richberg, Frankfurter, Reed and Landis—are the most likely Presidential choices; and that the most likely of all is Don Richberg. When the Supreme Court nullified all his efforts by the NRA decision, he didn't want another administration job. He wanted a rest. But now he is as strong and stirring as he was back in the Chicago days when he earned the reputation of being the greatest labor lawyer of his time.

Felix Frankfurter has been called the " mystery man," the " master mind," the " Iago " of the Roosevelt administration. General Johnson went so far as to say that he was " the most influential single individual in the United States." Why? Because he had placed his " boys " in " key positions in every important [government] department."

The thing began back in Roosevelt the First's day. Henry L. Stimson, Frankfurter's political sponsor—and no Red!—was United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. Stimson had a small budget and a big job. He sent out a hurry call for able young lawyers who would work for little or nothing. Frankfurter, two years out of Harvard law, answered. At Stimson's urgency, he persuaded other young Harvard men to join him.

STIMSON went to Washington as Secretary of War, and took his brilliant protégé with him. Frankfurter continued to supply the names of Harvard Law's star men for work in the War Department and in others. When Wilson came in, Secretary Garrison asked Frankfurter to remain in the War Department; and Frankfurter proceeded to supply Democrats, just as he had Republicans, with bright young men who knew their law. " Happy Hot Dogs," these recruits were called, in irreverent tribute to their discoverer. There are some seventy-five of them in the public service today. About one third, like Frankfurter himself, are Jews. There are many, many more of his " boys " in the great corporation law offices of New York and Chicago.

That's the Frankfurter myth—busted.

As for the flesh-and-blood Frankfurter, he is no more a Communist than Justice Brandeis is, or than President Roosevelt is; in other words, he is not a Communist at all. He shares the former's distrust of bigness. He shares the latter's belief in corporate regulation. But his general philosophy is that of the old Teddy Roosevelt trust-busting days in which he got his start, modified, softened, refined, and made much more tolerant by his Wilsonian experiences and the influence of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Brandeis.

The man's reputation for Redness is based almost wholly on his attitude in the Tom Mooney and Sacco and Vanzetti cases. But—as if all the people who believed Tom Mooney an innocent man, or thought the two Brockton Italians should have had another chance, were Reds!

Stanley Reed, Solicitor General, does not possess the scintillating brilliancy of the ebullient Mr. Frankfurter or the long experience in private practice of the able Mr. Richberg; but he has thoroughness and attention to detail, combined with unquestioned legal knowledge and administrative skill, which may make him a better judge than either of them.

In appearance Stanley Reed is another Justice Stone. In manner he is quiet and courteous like Cardozo, but on occasion he can hit as hard as Butler. The nine old men like him and his way of doing things. After the AAA fight, even Justice Roberts complimented the Solicitor General on his argument.

It was in this case that Reed, after weeks of toiling far into the night, collapsed in court—an incident which has given rise to the talk that Reed is a sick man. On the contrary, he is a horse for work, a hearty, vigorous outdoor man who likes to play the country squire on his cattle-breeding Maysville, Kentucky, farm.

EDUCATED at Kentucky Wesleyan and Yale, studied law at the University of Virginia, Columbia, and the Sorbonne, did his bit in the war, and entered public life under Hoover as general counsel for the Farm Board at $25,000 a year. Roosevelt " promoted " him to a similar position with the RFC at $12,500 a year, and then, as a further mark of his regard, made him Solicitor General at $10,000! If you ask me, the President owes Stanley Reed a good job at a good salary—a job well deserved for every reason.

Justice Brandeis has long followed the practice of taking a prize youngster from Harvard Law School, breaking him in as his secretary, and after a year sending him out to assume a worth-while place in the government service. " Brandeis's boys," as these former secretaries are known in Washington, include Dean Acheson, A. A. Berle, Jr., and the man who may now become Brandeis's colleague on the Supreme Court bench, James M. Landis.

If Frankfurter is the " Iago " of the administration, Landis has been regarded by New Deal critics as the *enfant terrible*, in spite of the fact that he is neither an infant nor terrible. After acquiring the reputation of being among the most radical of the " Happy Hot Dogs," he emerged as the principal author and later the principal administrator of a Securities Exchange Act the far-seeing wisdom of which has won the respect even of Wall Street.

The hardheads of the financial district did eye " Chink " Landis with suspicion—the Chink comes from the fact that he was born while his parents were missionarying in Japan—because he had been Professor Frankfurter's prize pupil, Justice Brandeis's secretary, and, at twenty-nine, a full-fledged college professor. But his open-mindedness, his willingness to listen as well as to talk, his forthright sincereness, his smiling personality, and his downright common sense have won conservatives as well as liberals.

Landis may decline to leave his new post as dean. Reed may be so involved in the preparation of administration cases that he cannot be spared at this time. In either case, the substitute would probably be Robert Houghwout Jackson, the forty-five-year-old Assistant Attorney General.

On the other hand, the President may prefer to take Samuel Rosenman or Ferdinand Pecora from New York State's Supreme Court bench.

He might even make a gesture toward the opposition by naming some outstanding Republican critic of his administration.

But at this writing here are the probabilities: Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo, Robinson, Wagner, Richberg, Frankfurter, Reed, and Landis, liberals; Hughes and Roberts, middle-of-the-road; Butler, conservative. Twelve Justices instead of nine. Nine liberals instead of three.

Average age sixty-two instead of seventy-two.

THE END

Be-Kind-to-George Week

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

JOHN and Mona Drake usually permitted their guests to introduce themselves. There were few formalities indispensable to the Drakes' way of life, which ran casually from a back stage in Forty-second Street to the sheltering elms of their own celebrated estate on Long Island. The Drakes' friends, a diversified lot, had as a single and essential bond their common acquaintance with John and Mona.

So it happened that Keith Haviland, strolling to the Drakes' swimming pool on a torrid day in early August, came without warning upon a strange and beautiful girl. He found her stretched flat on the grass at the pool's marble rim, her bright copper-brown head lowered. He saw that, in sober and childlike fashion, she was trailing a little finger in the green translucent water. The mid-afternoon sun was broken by the shadow of the famous elms, which fell in a clearly etched pattern over the water and the grass. His own shadow struck the rim of the pool. The girl stirred as sleepily as a cat, and struggled with a yawn, and sent a casual glance in his direction.

"Hello!" she said. "One of the week-enders?"

"Straight from Wall Street—and certainly feeling like it," he admitted. "The Drakes told me I had time for a swim."

"Yes. I gather they don't want to be bothered with anybody—they're reading a script."

He smiled.

"Nice informal people, the Drakes. . . . Now, you might be anybody at all. For all I know, you might be the Queen of Bulgaria."

"I wonder how you guessed it. I try so hard to keep the simple, common touch."

"You forgot to take off that tiara."

"I never take it off. Even when I sleep."

"The late Victoria gave it to you."

GEORGE

"Yes—on my seventh birthday. It was nice of her, I thought."

They laughed then—touched by that pleasant insanity which not infrequently affects two young people who happen to be amiable, good-looking, and heart-whole.

"By the way," he said, "my name's Keith Haviland. I'm an attorney, and very good at mortgages."

"I'll bring you the first mortgage I have," she promised. "I live next door to the Drakes. I'm Janet Ferguson."

"Oh!" he said, in astonishment. "*You're* Janet Ferguson!"

She sat up.

"Now, why did you say it that way? That particular tone of voice? '*You're* the one who put the arsenic into the bishop's soup!'"

"I was taken by surprise," he said stiffly. "I'm sorry."

He dug into the pocket of his bathrobe for a package of cigarettes.

"Will you smoke?" he said.

"No, thank you. I wish you wouldn't change the subject. Who ever told you my name? When did you hear about me?"

He looked at her coldly.

"George Newcomb happens to be one of my very best friends," he said.

Janet laughed.

"Oh—*George!*" she said.

"Well! I rather resent the way you say his name, Miss Ferguson!"

"Do you? How am I supposed to say it? With my eyes full of tears? What exactly is the matter with you, Mr. Haviland?"

"Nothing. Only old George is a very good friend of mine—and I naturally feel that you've been pretty hard on old George. But please don't let it bother you."

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye.

"I never let anything bother me," she said. "Even poor old George."

"I can well believe that."

She sighed.

"This is such a heavenly afternoon, too. Too hot for all this well controlled annoyance." She smiled at him placatingly. "Do dive in and cool yourself off, Mr. Haviland."

He reddened.

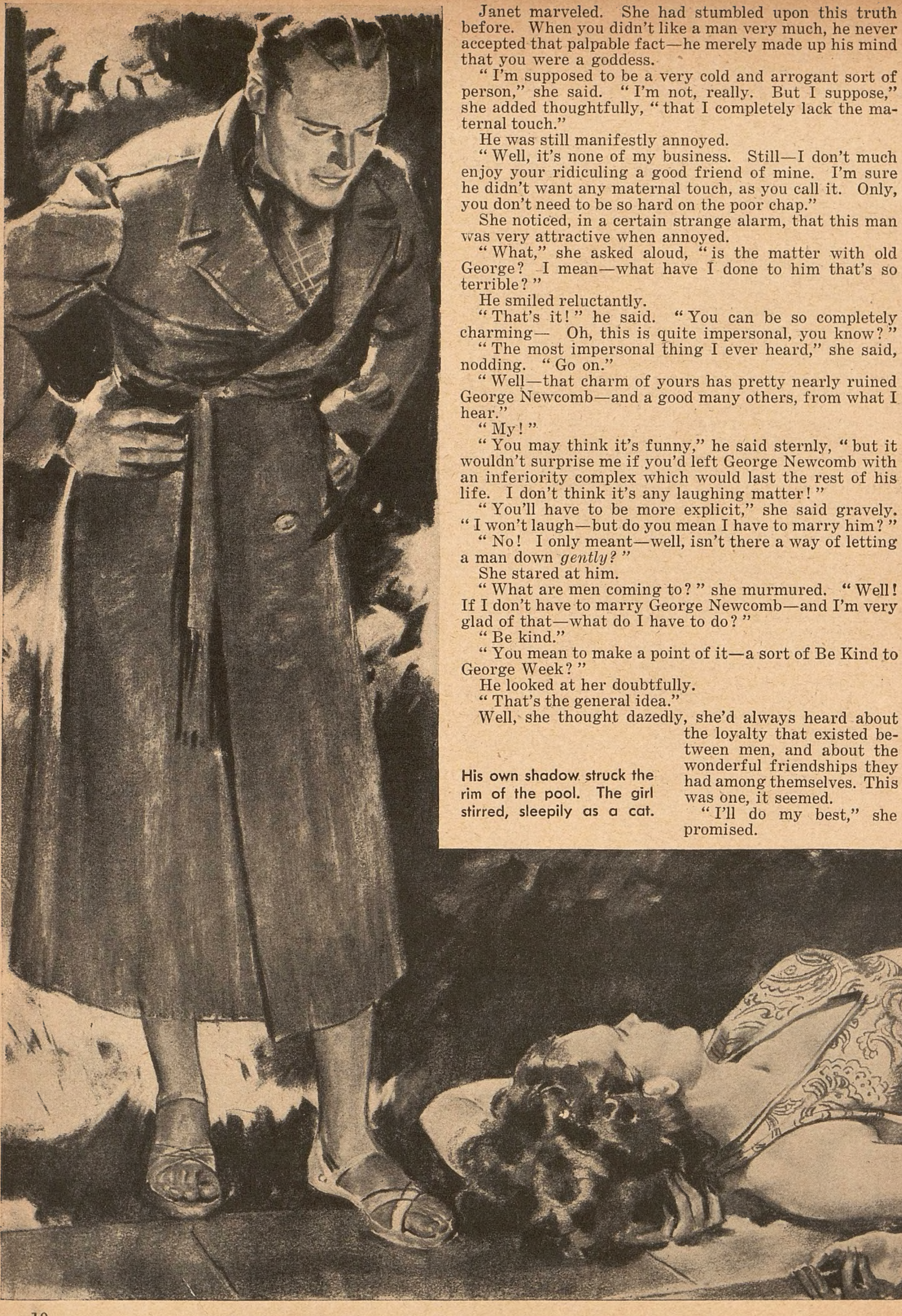
"I'm beginning to see," he said, "how you drove poor old George right out of his mind."

"Oh—but that's ridiculous! I'm sure he's all over it by this time!"

She frowned, trying to recall exactly what had taken place during her last interview with George Newcomb. But she merely remembered him as a stolid, rather self-satisfied young man whose importunities had made her life miserable for several weeks—and whom she had dismissed, finally, with a few cold and measured words.

"He thinks you're a goddess," said Keith Haviland simply.

Fixers, beware! Here's warning!—the love story of a meddling young man



His own shadow struck the rim of the pool. The girl stirred, sleepily as a cat.

Janet marveled. She had stumbled upon this truth before. When you didn't like a man very much, he never accepted that palpable fact—he merely made up his mind that you were a goddess.

"I'm supposed to be a very cold and arrogant sort of person," she said. "I'm not, really. But I suppose," she added thoughtfully, "that I completely lack the maternal touch."

He was still manifestly annoyed.

"Well, it's none of my business. Still—I don't much enjoy your ridiculing a good friend of mine. I'm sure he didn't want any maternal touch, as you call it. Only, you don't need to be so hard on the poor chap."

She noticed, in a certain strange alarm, that this man was very attractive when annoyed.

"What," she asked aloud, "is the matter with old George? I mean—what have I done to him that's so terrible?"

He smiled reluctantly.

"That's it!" he said. "You can be so completely charming— Oh, this is quite impersonal, you know?"

"The most impersonal thing I ever heard," she said, nodding. "Go on."

"Well—that charm of yours has pretty nearly ruined George Newcomb—and a good many others, from what I hear."

"My!"

"You may think it's funny," he said sternly, "but it wouldn't surprise me if you'd left George Newcomb with an inferiority complex which would last the rest of his life. I don't think it's any laughing matter!"

"You'll have to be more explicit," she said gravely. "I won't laugh—but do you mean I have to marry him?"

"No! I only meant—well, isn't there a way of letting a man down *gently?*"

She stared at him.

"What are men coming to?" she murmured. "Well! If I don't have to marry George Newcomb—and I'm very glad of that—what do I have to do?"

"Be kind."

"You mean to make a point of it—a sort of Be Kind to George Week?"

He looked at her doubtfully.

"That's the general idea."

Well, she thought dazedly, she'd always heard about the loyalty that existed between men, and about the wonderful friendships they had among themselves. This was one, it seemed.

"I'll do my best," she promised.

He smiled. His smile, she noticed miserably, would have charmed response from a stone, and his eyes were most amazingly blue.

"That's very decent of you," he said. "I hadn't any right to go on like that—only I was so worked up about old George, you know. . . . How about a swim?"

She rose, smiling, and together they jackknifed off the rim of the marble pool.

· · · · ·

George came to the Drakes' for dinner that night. His first reproachful glance in Janet's direction turned into a stare of astonishment. She was beaming upon him.

As soon as it was possible, he led her out on the terrace.

"Janet," he babbled, "I thought I'd offended you some way or other! I thought you weren't going to have anything more to do with me!"

She considered him with a new respect. She had always seen George Newcomb as a rather pompous, self-complacent, and stupid young man; but as Keith Haviland's friend he became an altogether different person—admirable, almost charming.

"I hadn't meant to hurt your feelings," she said shyly. "You see, I thought you'd taken too much for granted. But that was no excuse for hurting your feelings, George. I do hope we can be friends?"

He blinked at her.

"I certainly had a wrong idea of you," he confessed. "I thought you were a very unfeeling sort of person."

"Well, I'm not. I'm fearfully warmhearted, really." She looked at him in some anxiety. "Oh, we've just got to be friends, George!"

He was flattered but bewildered.

"Well, that's just fine," he said heavily. "Of course I *had* hoped that maybe you'd consider marrying me, but—"

"Oh, I can't marry you, exactly!" she told him, resisting a wild desire to laugh. "But don't forget, George—friendship's a wonderful thing too."

"Yes," he said uncertainly; "friendship *is* a wonderful thing."

"Speaking of friends," she said in a careless tone, "I like that one of yours—Haviland, I believe his name is."

"Oh, yes. Good old Keith!"

"You'd never told me about him."

"Hadn't I?"

"No."

"Smoke?" he said.

"Thank you. He seems a rather nice sort of man," persisted Janet. "Married?"

"Why, no, he's not. What gave you that idea?"

"Nothing in particular. . . . I suppose he's engaged." She tapped back a nonexistent yawn. "Engaged or something?"

"No."

She sighed. After all, George had never been a brilliant conversationalist. He had never talked about anything but himself and how unhappy she made him. She made a final effort.

"I suppose," she said, "that your friend Keith Haviland is a man who'd attract women in droves—I suppose he's terribly bored with all that."

George seemed to be thinking this over. Janet waited breathlessly.

"Well," said George, "yes and no."

She resisted the impulse to touch George Newcomb's stupidity with a slight frost.

"We may as well be going back to the others," she told him gently.

REWARD for this forbearance came several days later. She had encountered Keith Haviland again in the Drakes' garden.

Mona Drake had gone off to rescue the Persian cat from the oafish attentions of the Airedale pup.

"You two had met each other, hadn't you?" she'd asked vaguely. "Weren't you the ones who were going to be married—or not going to be married—or something?"

Keith had laughed.

"Nothing so dramatic. It's perfectly safe to leave us alone, Mona."

He turned to Janet.

"Mona's so absent-minded. One time she invited a couple of people here who'd got their divorce the week before."

Janet studied her thumbnail.

"Anyhow, Mona doesn't need to worry about us. We're safe enough, aren't we?—talking about George Newcomb all the time!"

"That reminds me," he said earnestly. "You're doing the old boy a world of good. Janet, he's a different person! He's almost himself again. A chap like that, you know, needs a woman's understanding and companionship."

"All right," said Janet sulkily. "But I'm not going to marry him, remember!"

"You might. You might find you'd made a mistake about old—"

"No!" she put in quickly. "Oh, *no!*"

"Girls are so changeable."

"Don't talk in—in glittering generalities!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES LA SALLE

"Sa-ay!" he said. "I haven't annoyed you, have I?"

"Of course you haven't. But—you do seem desperately anxious for me to marry George Newcomb."

"No. Only if you wanted to, of course."

"I don't!"

That, she thought detachedly, was a pretty good example of understatement. She had spent the previous evening in rapt attention to a monologue by George Newcomb. That much of George was almost enough for one lifetime.

George, she decided, was probably a man's man.

"Well," Keith was saying, "you're doing wonders for him. He's getting back the old grip—he's really self-confident again."

"I'm so glad," said Janet. "It makes me feel like Florence Nightingale."

"You mustn't underestimate George. Girls often do, I've noticed. But he's quite a celebrity in his world—botany, you know."

"Yes," said Janet, sighing; "I know."

"Professor Reardon—the great Thomas Reardon, no less—has asked George to go along on some sort of botanical expedition. South America."

"Oh!" cried Janet hopefully. "Do you think George will *go?*"

Keith glanced at her with a smile.

"And leave the fairest flower of them all?"

"If you mean *me,*" said Janet hastily, "maybe it's my Christian duty to develop a few thorns?"

"Oh, no! The old boy *needs* you!"

"All right," she said resignedly. "I don't want to wreck anybody's life. Just the cool hand on the fevered brow—that's me. But you'll have to keep me informed as to my progress."

"That's no hardship. . . . The three of us might make a night of it—how about some time next week?"

"I'd love it."

Perhaps, she thought happily, George might have a headache on that evening—not a bad headache, but bad enough to keep him confined to his room. She saw herself in an aquamarine-blue dress, dancing over a waxen floor with Keith. . . .

"I suppose," he was saying thoughtfully, "we should ring in another girl. There'll be you and George—"

"Yes, of course. And then you and this girl," said Janet lightly.

"Three's such an awkward number."

"Terribly awkward. Only some people think it's luck, of course."

"Not if you're the extra man."

Janet thought of her cousin Nell, safely engaged to a man in Africa and always ready for these festive emergencies.

"I can get a girl for you," she said hopefully.

"Oh, don't bother. Old George and I can scare up one between us, I imagine."

THE other girl turned out to be no other than Nora Reardon, the professor's daughter, a redheaded young woman who had wrought havoc among the undergraduates of three universities. She had the manner of one accustomed to triumph. She smiled at Keith as if he had been an ordinary mortal, Janet noticed—and she treated poor old George as if he had been a slab of stone beneath her feet.

"If I ever acted like that," thought Janet, "I ought to have been shot."

But there was no hint of this emotion in her manner.

"She's beautiful," she said to Keith.

They were sitting at the small round table, watching George guide the redheaded girl about the dance floor. George was an anxious dancer, a man who keeps looking warily to right and left. But the professor's daughter was grace itself.

"She's beautiful and mean," said Keith thoughtfully. "And d'you notice how George is falling for it? He likes 'em mean!"

"*I* wasn't mean on purpose," murmured Janet. "I was only mean by accident."

"Well, this girl makes a profession of it. And look at George—bowled over!"

"Well, why not?" cried Janet in exasperation. "Why don't you let the professor's daughter *have* old George? Frankly, I think you carry this Damon-and-Pythias business too far—a long way too far!"

Keith laughed.

"Perhaps I do. But now I feel I've started something—I ought to carry it through. It's going to be a lesson to me, though. Never again am I going to be a Boy Scout."

"No? Well—what are we going to do now?"

"I think I'd better cut in on old George. That girl is making a monkey of him. You'll be nice to him, won't you, Janet?"

"Yes," she said grimly. "Now, if only I had my black bonnet and my tambourine—"

She was, however, very nice to George. After all, her only hold on Keith was being nice to George.

It was small comfort to realize that she could cheerfully have been mean to George—so mean that this other girl's meanness would have looked like mother love in comparison.

"I've done my best," Keith reported. "But it's no use—old George is down for the count. You can't blame him very much, as a matter of fact."

"She *is* lovely, isn't she?"

"Oh, very!"

HER heart sank. "I hope," she said timidly, "that she won't come between you and George. It would be a shame—that beautiful friendship and everything."

"Don't worry. And we've done our best, haven't we? If old George makes a fool of himself, it's not our fault!"

The evening, taken as a whole, had not been a howling success. Lying awake that night, she mournfully checked the results. She was in love with Keith; George was in love with Nora; Nora was in love with herself; and Keith was in love with nobody.

"If anybody can make anything of that," she thought, "they're *good.*"

. . . . .

She'd lost them both. She'd lost George Newcomb—which didn't matter—and she'd lost Keith Haviland—which did matter.

"Men," she said to Mona Drake, "are funny."

"Yes," said Mona, "they are. Have some more iced tea, my dear. The thing is to keep cool. . . . But why are you worrying about men? You've always had enough of them in one week to last another girl a lifetime."

"H'm-m," said Janet. "Maybe. And do you know what a fool I was? I'd put it all down to my irresistible charm. Go on and laugh at me, Mona—it'll probably do me good."

"I wouldn't be the great actress that I am," said Mona, "if I laughed at the wrong cue. You don't really feel like laughing, do you? But what's the trouble, exactly? Tell your old friend!"

"Don't say the word *friend* to me," said Janet. "When I hear that word I have to stand up and salute. . . . The real trouble is, Mona, that I've realized at last just why I've been—well—"

"Painfully popular."

"H'm-m. . . . It wasn't my charm. It was my being mean."

"Well, I wouldn't say you were mean—only indifferent."

"And they love indifference, don't they? It makes it all too simple if you happen to like them too! Oh, men are so dumb and illogical, Mona—I *hate* them!"

"That means," said Mona, "that there's some one man you'd really like to hate."

Janet smiled sheepishly.

"Sorry I'm so transparent—but you're right, of course. He never comes near me, Mona, without an ulterior motive. That's what I get for being nice to a man!"

Mona looked thoughtful.

"George Newcomb's somewhere around this place. *He* isn't the one, is he?"

"No," said Janet desperately; "he isn't."

"I'd thought perhaps—I'd heard he was interested in somebody else."

"Mona dear—do we have to talk about George Newcomb?"

“No,” said Mona, in faint surprise. “I only said he was somewhere around. . . . Here's Dickie Carstairs. I think he's going to tell me about his novel.”

“I can do very well without Dickie Carstairs,” said Janet. “I'll see you later, Mona.”

Saluting the novelist briefly, she sauntered down the steps and around the huge sprawling house. The swimming pool glittered like a pale semiprecious gem in the distance.

“Oh!” she said, coming nearer. “I didn't see you, George!”

He was embarrassed.

“Hello, Janet. How are you?”

“In rude health, thank you. What were you doing out here? Thinking over your sins?”

“No. It was nice and cool here, that's all.” He hesitated, looking at her self-consciously. “I've been meaning to phone you, Janet, but I've been so busy—getting ready for this expedition and one thing and another—”

“Of course. But I've been wondering how you and Miss Reardon and—er—Keith Haviland survived the party. I haven't happened to run into Keith,” she added carelessly.

“Haven't you? I've seen him once or twice. He was asking me something about you.”

“Oh, was he?” cried Janet, her eyes glowing. “What was it?”

“Well, to tell you the truth—I forget,” said George.

JANET took firm hold of herself.

“George,” she said, “try and think. It may have been something important.”

“Oh, no! It couldn't have been very important, could it? There's nothing between you and old Keith, is there?”

“No, George.”

George frowned.

“Well,” he said, “let me see— Oh, yes! He wanted me to phone and ask you to go to the theater with us one night last week. That was silly. Of course I didn't phone —knew you couldn't stand theaters on hot nights. So I got you out of it—neatly.”

Janet unconsciously clenched her fists.

“You might at least have asked me!” she said. “I'd have liked to go!”

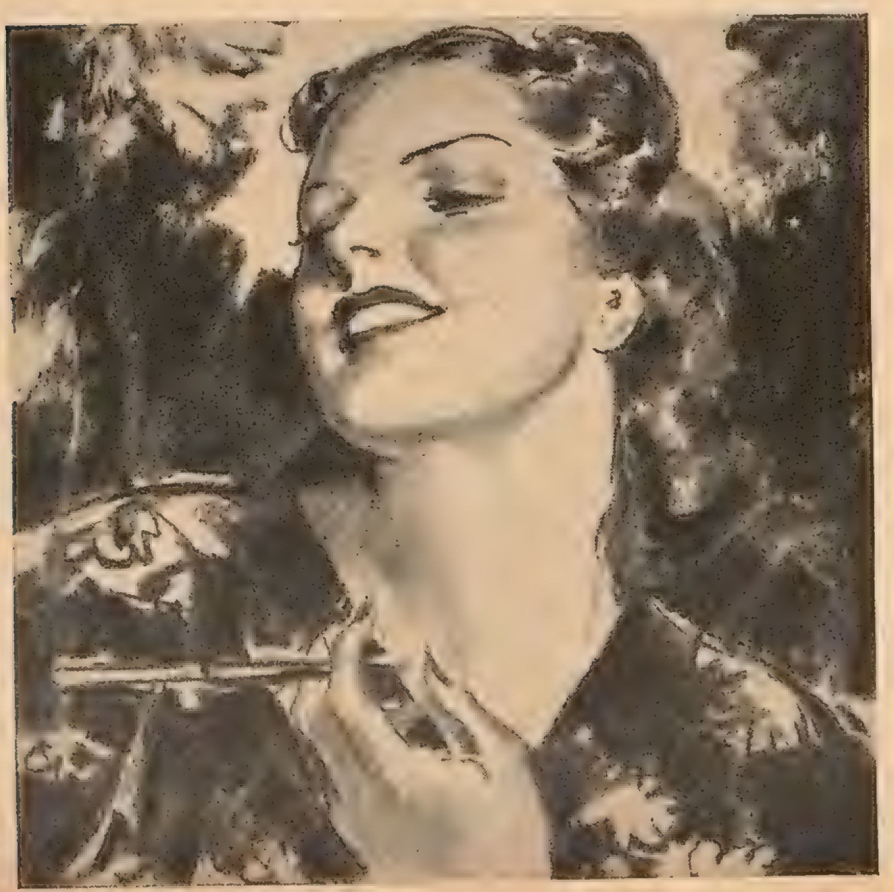
“Oh, no. I remember how you'd never go with *me* all last July. So of course—”

“Ha!” said Janet.

He looked at her in mild surprise.

“Anyhow,” he added, “I knew there was nothing between you and old Keith. And, besides, I got the definite impression that Keith wanted you along for a reason.”

JANET



“For a reason?”

George paused, and suddenly reddened.

“Look here, Janet. I may as well be honest with you.”

“I adore honesty,” she murmured. “The sterling virtue.”

“Yes. . . . Well, I felt that Keith wanted to patch things up between you and me—to win me away from Nora.”

“Is—is *he* in love with her?” asked Janet faintly.

“I don't know. I should think he would be. I should think everybody would be.” George simpered. “Janet, I don't know how to explain this to you. You know, I've never thought of myself as a Don Juan or anything—”

“You're not.”

“Well, just the same, it was partly your own fault, my dear. I *thought* you'd turned me down, and naturally, meeting a girl like Nora just at that time—it isn't as if I didn't know you'd get over this.”

Janet stared at him.

“‘Get over this’! Get over what?”

“Me,” said George, blushing.

“*You?*” cried Janet incredulously.

“Yes. It was just as I was telling old Keith last night. You're a girl who's always made a monkey of every man you knew—I suppose you were surprised as anybody else when you began to change in your feeling toward me. I suppose it—well, I suppose it hit you pretty hard.” He looked at her plaintively. “It's not my fault that it was too late. But it's not as if it would be a lasting thing with you—you know that yourself, Janet! And when I realized that *Nora's* happiness was involved—”

It needed only a little push. George had been standing on the rim of the swimming pool—and, in his earnestness, he had begun to seesaw on his heels and toes. His clothes, moreover, were immaculate and well pressed. The provocation was great and the task was simple. Anyhow, she knew that he could swim.

SHE went right home. Keith Haviland was waiting for her in the cool high-ceilinged living room.

“If you're looking for George,” she said, “you'll find him in Mona Drake's swimming pool.”

“Well, it's a good day for a swim.”

“Especially,” said Janet, “if you have all your clothes on. It makes it less banal. . . . I pushed him in, and if you say another word about him, I'll push you in too!”

He looked around.

“There's the goldfish bowl,” he suggested.

“I'm very fond of those goldfish,” she said coldly.

“You don't want to get anybody in there who isn't their mental equal.”

“That's it exactly.”

“But I don't see why you're in such a temper. You don't mind if George marries Nora, do you?”

“No, I don't mind! Do you?”

“I've never been more delighted about anything.”

“Well, there's one thing certain,” she said desperately. “George Newcomb's own grandmother couldn't have been as worried about him as you've been!”

“George Newcomb's grandmother didn't want to marry George Newcomb's girl. Janet! You remember that old story about John Alden, don't you? History repeating itself. Only you didn't come up to scratch as Priscilla, darling. You never asked me to speak for myself.”

“But I don't see—”

“Why, I couldn't cut in on my best friend until we had him cured! I knew George—I knew kindness would cure him. And it did, didn't it? Now he's perfectly happy—little Nora has her heel right on his neck.”

“Keith,” said Janet, “do we *have* to go on talking about George?”

“No,” he said, taking her into his arms. “No, darling —not from this time on. I love you.”

“I love you, Keith.”

Then, after several blissful moments, she lifted her eyes and smiled at him.

“Darling, what will we send old George for a wedding present?”

THE END

MARRIAGE BEGINS AT NINE

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

SOME years ago Katherine Mayo wrote a book that made American women swoon with horror and scream with pity and indignation. It dealt with little girls who were given in marriage almost as soon as they could walk. Remember it?—Mother India.

Now we have our own child brides, but nobody swoons. Nobody does any first-rate screaming. The only hysteria we encounter is in the public press.

Nearly every day the newspapers have a story of some fifteen-year-old bride or mother. We don't pay much attention. The modern girl is leaping into matrimony long before that age.

Alice Hewitt, fourteen, became the bride of the Rev. Thomas Steel, twenty-nine, of Norfolk, Virginia.

A sailor in the navy yard of the same city, O. R. Polk, married thirteen-year-old Mary Sneeds.

Mrs. A. B. Potter of Rockwood, Tennessee, is, at fourteen, the mother of a six-pound girl.

Mrs. Clarice Lassiter of Houston, Texas, married at eleven, is, at fourteen, a mother and a widow.

Eleanor Hands, thirteen, is the happy wife of Joseph I. Falice, twenty-three, of Baltimore, Maryland, and has the blessing of her mother, who married at fourteen.

Leona Rowsie, twelve, was married to Stanley Backus of Watertown, New York; but her father had the bridegroom arrested.

Peggy Garcia, who sued a musician in New York for half a million dollars, swore she was first married in Virginia at the age of eleven.

Mrs. Ben Jacobs of Port Byron, Illinois, was the mother of two children before she was fifteen.

Mrs. Ellen Walker of Panacea, Florida, was a bride at twelve, and a mother at thirteen.

Mrs. Grace Frazelle of Moline, Illinois, became a mother at the age of fourteen.

It took the wedding of a nine-year-old girl and a man of twenty-two to wake the country out of its apathy toward these kindergarten weddings. Let me tell you about those two, Unis Winstead and Charley Johns.

They were born and reared in a beautiful, hard, and narrow region, a world tucked away in the Big Smokies of northeastern Tennessee. It is all mountain and valley. Slanting patches of corn and tobacco land. Sad weather-beaten dilapidated wooden shacks of one and two rooms.

The men wear blue jeans, high-laced boots, ragged old coats, and slouch hats. The women wear cheap dresses, thick petticoats, stout shoes, cotton or woolen stockings. The children wear whatever they can get.

They are of pure American stock, and proud of it. Sternly religious, they consider dancing a terrible sin, and card-playing nearly as bad. Divorce is almost unheard of. Girls marry at sixteen, generally. There isn't one illegitimate baby in a thousand births. The Bible is in nearly every home. Yet there's plenty of moonshine in these mountains, and plenty of men who drink it.

The men do a little work, plant a little corn, a little tobacco, a patch of garden truck. They fish a little, hunt a little, sleep a lot, laze a lot in the sun. The women and girls do most of the work—getting the meals, egging the hens, milking the cow, if there is one, churning the butter, making quilts, patching clothes, splitting the wood, feeding the hogs.

Life is real here, life is earnest, life is more or less as it was when the first settlers came into these mountains—barring the changes in guns, fishing rods, transportation, and the styles of clothes.

Unis went to school. But there wasn't any fun in that. The hours were so long, and the teacher spoke of things she'd never seen nor heard of, things she couldn't understand. Radio. The telephone. Moving pictures. Reading. Writing. Arithmetic. Travel.

Unis used to wonder about these things; but usually she heard little of them, for she would be looking out the window, staring at the mountains. Unis loved the mountains. She loved them because Charley loved them.

Unis had always known Charley. When she was a very little girl and cross or troubled or ailing or frightened, she'd call for Charley, cry for him. As she grew up she depended more and more on Charley. If he went rabbit hunting or fishing, Unis tagged along. If he went out into the fields to hoe corn or weed tobacco, Unis would follow. They never had much to say to each other, this strange couple. They never had much to say to anybody.

Charley's folks lived down the hollow and across the creek. They were pretty well off. They had more hogs and chickens than most families, more land. They raised better crops. And they had cash money.

Everybody knew Charley'd marry the Winstead girl some day; but they thought he'd wait until she was twelve. Her sister Nina was married at twelve. But Charley couldn't wait that long—and Unis was willing.

Charley had a friend get the license and swear Unis was eighteen. Though the laws of Tennessee were no bar to the marriage, most court clerks insist the girl must be at least twelve before they'll issue a license.

They were married, and Charley gave the bride the best present she had ever had—a doll almost as big as herself. They were married on a mountain road a little after the sun went down. Preacher Walter Lamb, who lives over the ridge, performed the ceremony.

Most of his neighbors were shocked. Mr. and Mrs. Winstead were shocked.

"I knowed them two was fond of each other," Lewis Winstead told me—a tall, powerful, gaunt, red-faced man in blue jeans and boots. "I seed them always together. But this—it hit me like an explosion."

"Are you going to do anything about it now?"

"What's a man to do? The Good Book says, 'whom God has joined together, let no man part asunder.'"

Mrs. Winstead felt much the same way.

"Surprised?" she said. "It come like a clap of thunder. I knowed one couldn't do without t'other. But I never once seed them secret-talking."

"But she's so young! Surely you're not going to let her stay married. Suppose—"

"Of course we're goin' to let her stay married. She loves that boy, and he loves her. And I ain't supposin' anything. Nina got married when she was twelve, and she didn't have no baby until she was eighteen."

The day after the marriage word of it came, on horseback, into Sneedville, thirteen miles away. Mrs. Jean Darnell, toll collector at the state bridge, a state highway patrolman, a crack shot, an amateur photographer, and the correspondent of a number of Tennessee papers, was one of the first to hear the news.

"I went out there at once," she says, "and Mrs. Winstead told me the story from beginning to end. I asked if I could talk to the bride, and she pointed to Unis. I looked at the child, and she began to cry. I took her up on my lap and I wept with her. She quit crying after a while and let me comb her hair. It's as fine as the silk of a milk-pod weed, and it hangs down to her shoulders. Naturally curly. Pale gold.

"The Winsteads are rather good people, listed on the county books as 'higher-type relief.' The Johns are just a cut above them. So Unis married well. She'll have a few hogs and chickens of her own, and maybe a cow and a horse, and a few acres of land. Land—some land—sells for one hundred dollars an acre, and several farmers have made as much as one thousand dollars an acre out of their tobacco crops.

"People came in without knocking, while I was there," Mrs. Darnell went on. "They came in and asked questions, and scolded Unis, and scolded her mother. Mrs. Winstead argued with them. She said it was God's will. She said it was 'pure love.' She told everybody about Nina and about Herbert. Herbert is her son. He's sixteen, and wants to marry Clara Johns, Charley's sister. Clara's twenty-four!

"Charley's rather nice," says Mrs. Darnell. "He's about five feet ten and a half inches tall, dark, and has black eyes. He's shrewd, though he wasn't very brilliant in school. He's serious and gentle and terribly shy. I had to coax him to pose with Unis for some snapshots, to put his arm around her."

She took the occasion to ask Charley just why he had married a girl so young.

"He told me," she says, "'I married her for the same reason any man marries any woman!' That stopped me."

IT was weeks after the marriage before I had a chance to visit the Tennessee mountains. The world had beaten a path to the Johns and Winstead doors. Money had poured in on the bride. Money for interviews, money for pictures. And, once business had reared its ugly head, an attorney had been retained. Hollywood was calling, it was rumored. Vaudeville promoters were making propositions. Agents for radio broadcasting stations were making bids. The little girl who had never been fifty miles away from home may now travel all over the country.

Newspapermen and magazine writers who might exploit the pair and give them further "bad publicity" were not allowed to see the bride and groom. I didn't see them. I didn't try very hard to see them. The story had been told again and again. There was little I could add to it, even if I questioned them at length.

"I talked to them for hours," Mrs. Darnell said, "and got scarcely a word out of them. Neither one knows exactly why they married. I do.

"They were bored with everything but themselves. They had nothing to look forward to without each other—nothing but the monotonous lives of their people. They wanted to get some joy out of life while they were still young.

"No, it isn't just the sordid, squalid, unnatural mating most people think it. There's some beauty in it, despite the tragedy of it. Many newspapermen and -women have been here. None of them saw the story just as I see it.

"But then," she added with a laugh, "none of them spelled the bride's name right either, though I told them it was U-n-i-s and not E-u-n-i-c-e.

"To me it's all a pitiful tragedy—written by unutterable ignorance and poverty. Who's to blame? The mountain people? They don't know anything. They can't read or write. They're not to blame. Charley Johns is just an overgrown boy. Unis is scarcely more than a baby."

She gave me an odd look, glanced around to be sure nobody else was listening, and said in a shocked voice:

"They're sleeping together."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I can't tell you that. I gave my word I wouldn't. But I know it. Every time I think of it I get fighting mad. But what can any one do? That frail lovely child is Charley's wife in the sight of man and God, it appears. Poor kid, she never had a chance! That's the tragedy of it. That's the tragedy in all the other child marriages that are filling the newspapers.

"We don't take care of our children. We don't tell them anything. We don't bring them up right. We exploit them. We don't give them any fun. They jump into marriage to get away from the conditions we impose on them—and we're horrified, shocked, outraged.

"Who's to blame for the tragedy of Unis Johns and of all the other child brides in America? We are. We, the people of America. We, the people who boast of our advanced civilization. We're to blame.

"And if you think it isn't a tragedy for a child to marry, you're wrong. I was a child when I married. I was fourteen, but I was a child, green as grass. I know what I'm talking about."

Sometime Mrs. Darnell may write the story of her life. If she does, there is a title waiting for her, should she want it: Mother America.

THE END

The romance of the baby bride — a look at the human side of a famous wedding

THE FATHER WHO Wouldn't

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE ransom note was tossed in through the half-open window. It fell lightly, being not much heavier than a feather and as harmless, intrinsically. The rear of the house was deserted, the cook and two other servants having gone to the movies.

At the very same time Edward Magnus Renner drove his big sports coupé up the elm-bordered drive to Pennon Hill's front door, got out, and put a nervous finger on the bell.

The door was opened instantly by a girl who, before young Mr. Renner could recover his breath after a fleeting vision of precipitant golden-haired beauty, had her arms around his neck and perfumed lips against his cheek. It was not in Mr. Renner at that moment to refrain from returning just the tiniest bit of a hug.

For so doing he was properly rebuked by the quick stamp on stone of a petulant high heel.

"I thought you were my brother," she suddenly laughed, still put out and in defense of herself. "I saw you coming up the drive. You both have the same type of car, wear polo coats. At the distance you looked like my brother."

"No," he stammered, fumbling in his pocketbook for a card. "I'm—I'm Ted Renner. I wonder if General Stanwood—your father—"

But wait! She couldn't be his daughter. Too young. Besides, no captain of war, wallowing in bloodshed and striding the blasts of gunpowder and explosive, could ever produce such a flower. Her golden hair, the sheath of her green evening gown, the symmetry of her shoulders and arms! Incomparable, as a daffodil in a glen!

The cursed pocketbook fell, the cards spilling. He picked one up and handed it to her.

She glanced at the card with cool detachment. "Radio?" Her smile wasn't exactly encouraging. "Father," she said, "simply dotes on the radio." She bade him enter, motioned him to a bench, and disappeared.

Renner now attempted to collect his ideas. Ah, yes, the radio program! The wedding broadcast! And this was Pennon Hill, Rye, the home of General Joseph J. Stanwood, retired! And he was Ted Renner of White Plains, New York! Ah, yes, to be sure!

The story of a soul tried by fire — what would *you* have done in this man's place?

It had started in the office when he and his two intrepid partners—Novel Radio Program Agency, Inc., New York City—had focused their attention on the item:

AINSLEE-STANWOOD WEDDING
TO BE SPECTACULAR EVENT

Carol, only daughter of Commander Ainslee, U. S. N.,
to wed James, only son of General Joseph J.
Stanwood, at Rye next month

ARMY AND NAVY IN BRILLIANT
AND COLORFUL GATHERING

Not before had the wedding of two American youngsters attracted such widespread attention.

Children of two distinguished Americans who had illuminated the annals of the army and navy. The public remembered the gallant services rendered by General Stanwood and Commander Ainslee during the war; the one leaving in France his right arm, the other losing his sight when struck by a U-boat shell.

But, further than this, Jim Stanwood was a chip off the old block. As a pilot in the United States Naval Reserve, he had, less than a year ago, gone to the rescue of two mountain climbers marooned for days on a crag of Mount Whitney. By some incredible piece of air skill and, of course, good luck, young Stanwood had landed his plane up there, crawled to a spot above them, hauled and packed the two half-frozen men to safety, and flown them to a hospital.

Therefore Edward Magnus Renner had come, in some trepidation, to ask General Stanwood's permission to permit the same public to attend the wedding of its hero by listening in over the radio. There was a slight matter of tooth paste mixed up with the venture, and it was the unknown response to this little matter that gave Mr. Renner, before sounding out the general, the jitters.

"Step this way, sir."

Bracing himself, Ted followed the butler along a corridor to the library, a large paneled room with rectangular diamond-paned windows, a fireplace, logs ablaze, and red-leather armchairs.

In one of these sat the general in smoking jacket and carpet slippers. At fifty-eight he still had "army" written all over him; brick-red face, eyes of blue ice, thick crop of white hair. A little extra girth around the waistline perhaps, but instantly recognizable as the returning conqueror whose magnificent figure with empty right sleeve had aroused crowds to thunderous acclaim on his return from France eighteen years ago.

He paid not the slightest attention to Renner's entrance. The girl, however, was looking at him with a knowing, disciplinary smile in her eyes, as she listened to the general's invective.

". . . tell your mother to follow my advice. Cure a cold in no time. Feet in mustard and hot water. Hot toddy."

Renner edged a little farther forward. It served no purpose. So far as the general was concerned, he just wasn't in the room.

"Tablets, powders, gargles. Umph! Worst racket ever invented."

He stopped and turned to the girl. "Who the devil is this fellow?"

Her laughter had music in it.

"Mr. Renner, father," she explained. "I gave you his card. He's come to sell you a radio."

"No—no, I—"

"Radio!" In the general's mouth the word was a bomb. "Hate the things! Wouldn't be found dead within ten miles of the cursed contraptions! Gramophones were bad enough. At least they didn't screech corsets and tooth pastes at you. But radios! Bah! Good for one thing only—military communication. What did you say your name was?"

"Renner, father. Edward Magnus Renner."

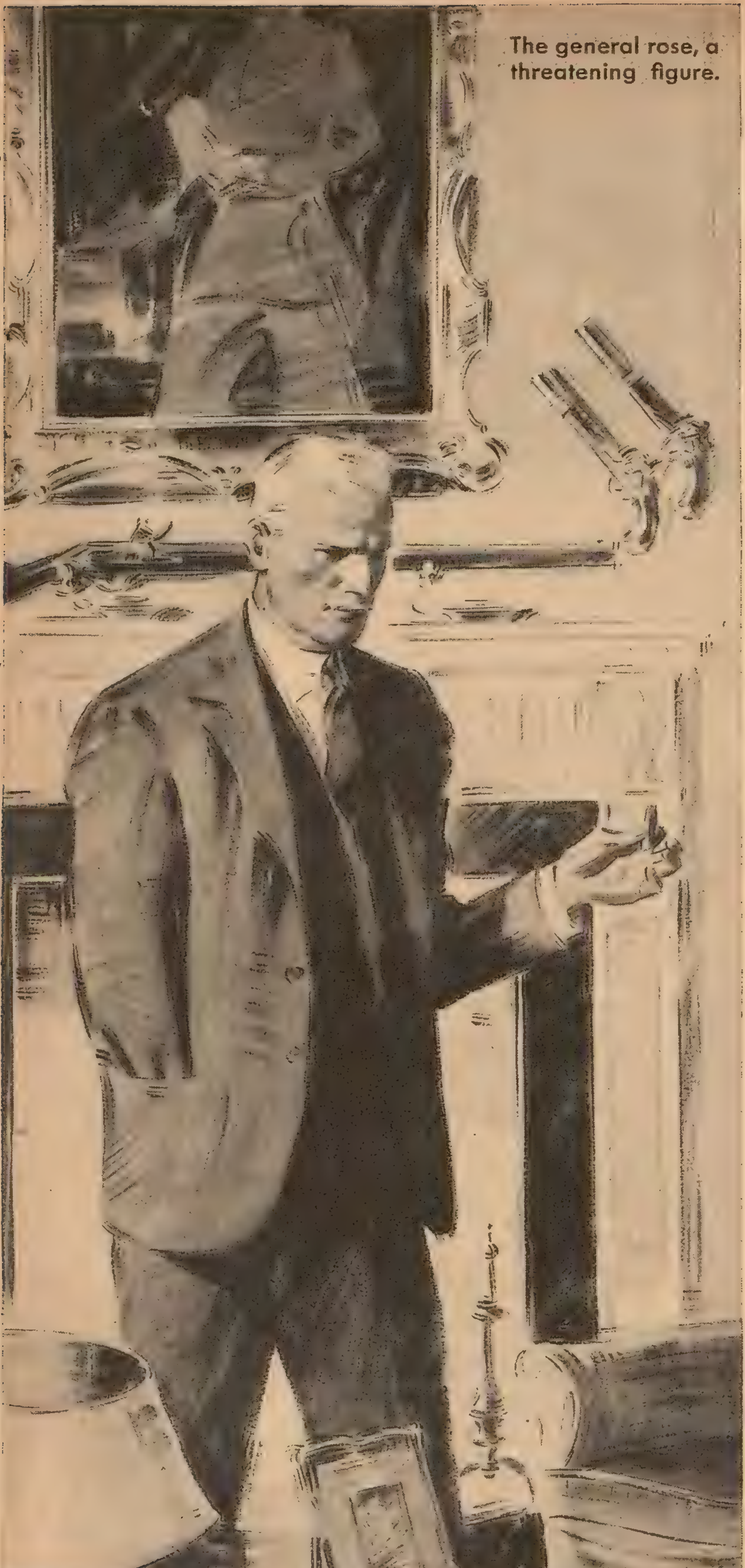
The general glared. "No relation of Senator Renner, I hope?"

Ted hesitated. "My father, sir."

"Umph!" He glowered at the card in his hand. "Well, I notice his son's business is the same line of crime—disturbance of the air. I suppose you think I need a radio to listen to your father's speeches?"

"No, sir. The fact is, I haven't come to sell you a—"

"Blocking appropriations for the army! And at a time like this! Never heard of such a shortsighted, blundering piece of legislation in all my born days. Tell him


The general rose, a threatening figure.

Pay RANSOM

from me, sir, that he needs his head examined—and good night."

But with a new and towering ambition at stake, Ted found that retreat was not in him. He was about to hoist his colors, when something happened that completely changed the situation.

At that moment the butler came in with a letter he said he had found on the kitchen floor. It was addressed to the general. The latter turned it over in his hand for a moment.

A small oblong envelope which, if dropped in the fire, would have been less than ash in a few seconds. Its contents, however, were dynamite, the repercussions of which would shortly be heard all over the world!

" Open it and read it for me, will you, Anita? "

She went to the writing desk where, with a paper knife, she cut the envelope. From it she drew a single sheet of paper folded in half.

In the descending hush that became absolute, something tingled Ted Renner unpleasantly. He saw the girl's blue eyes widen, the color drain from her cheeks, as she slowly subsided on a chair.

" It's—about—Jim," she said, staring at her father.

" Well? What about him? "

Once more her distended eyes swept through the communication, both hands clutching it. Then hands and letter dropped to her lap.

For what seemed minutes not a word was spoken as father and daughter continued to look at each other.

" Anita? " he questioned sharply.

" He's—been—kidnaped! "

" Kidnaped? " The general made it sound impossible. " Ridiculous. One of Jim's little jokes—"

" No, it's not a joke. It's true, dad. They want twenty-five thousand dollars. The orders are brutal—hideous—" The intensity of her horror rapiered through Renner. " I felt something had happened when he didn't come home in time for Carol's long-distance call. I know he'd have been back here hours ago if—if—"

" Give me that letter."

She attempted to rise, but sank back. Renner took the letter from her unresisting hands, governing the curiosity to glance at it, and crossed the floor to the general, who gazed at him as though he were an utter stranger.

The quiet, now, rang in the ears. After reading the letter, the general rose, his lower lip closed over the upper one like that of a bulldog, and walked—a threatening figure—to the door.

" Don't tell mother," he said. " Not yet." And to the butler:

" Show me where you found this— this thing."

Alone with the girl, Ted Renner didn't know what to do. Almost anything would be the presumptuous act of a stranger.

And yet he couldn't very well go with a conventional word of good night—not at a moment like this.

Anita Stanwood's hands suddenly fluttered. " Carol! " she cried. " The wedding. . . ."

The crushing of her jocund spirit evoked in Renner a knight-errantry that raged through his body and settled, insanely, in his brain.

" Let me help—please."

His voice animated her, and she sprang to the tele-

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF

phone, frantically signaling the operator and incoherently repeating a New York City exchange and number.

"Is Mr. Dancellor there? . . . Out? . . . No, this is Anita Stanwood. Something awful has happened to Jimmy—my brother. What time did he leave there? . . . Five thirty? Yes, I know he phoned here. . . . No—no, I can't tell you—"

Blindly she replaced the receiver. Renner rushed over to her, helped her to a chair.

Anita Stanwood looked into his eyes. Already he loved her with a madness that made the room spin round.

"He went to see Cliff Dancellor," she was saying unconsciously. "He was to have been his best man at the wedding. He left there at five thirty—they must have stopped his car—" She put her hands to her face. "It's frightful—not knowing—"

General Stanwood returned. He had, he told his daughter, putting his hand on her head, sent for the police.

A look of terror swiftly visited anguished eyes. "But, daddy, they told you not to."

"I've sent for the police," he repeated grimly.

Renner's presence had become indefensible, and he moved to the door. "If I can be of any service to you, sir," he said humbly, "my car is outside."

"No. Kind of you." The general inspected him for a moment. His was not alone the face of a great soldier. It held, Renner saw, the character of a great nation crystallized in the countenance of one of its citizens: the power, the resolve, the majesty of the country he had so often fought for.

Ted couldn't get back home fast enough to plank himself in front of the dials; and over the air he and his father listened to radio programs being summarily interrupted, as Department of Justice men, state police, local officers, reporters and sight-seers swarmed to the scene; teletype and telephones buzzed with the news, rewrite men began tapping out feverish copy, and the world's press commenced turning out the frightful story.

Due to the publicity given the approaching wedding and the fact that Jim Stanwood was in the hearts of his countrymen, the general public, horrified by the daring and brutality of the abduction, was aroused as never before since another kidnaping not far removed from the scene some few years ago.

AT one o'clock in the morning this was coming over the air:

". . . his car found on a side road not five miles from his home. The young man had put up a battle, as evidenced by bloodstains on the roadside and signs of a desperate struggle. It is safe to assume that the abductors were at least two in number, and maybe more. This is station WJY, and your announcer—"

Ted switched to another station. ". . . and while General Stanwood refuses to make public the contents of the ransom note, it has been learned that the payment demanded is twenty-five thousand dollars. Communication with the abductors was to be made through a specified New York paper.

"It was also learned that a strict time limit was set, and the severest restrictions laid down, violation of which would result in death to the general's son. One of these restrictions was the injunction that the police be kept out of it. This General Stanwood has already chosen to ignore.

"There will be no further bulletins until six o'clock in the morning."

Senator Renner stirred uneasily. "Throws down the gauntlet to them. Wonder if I'd have the mettle to do that? Takes iron in a man to put a stop to this menace. General Stanwood is iron.

"And yet I remember tears in his eyes the day he returned from France. Eight years old his son was then; the girl you apparently have fallen in love with, about five. I was on the committee to welcome him at the pier. His first words were for his son. 'I'm glad, Jimmy, you were too young,' he said, trying to hug him with the only arm he had left."

The senator's knuckles gleamed whitely through his skin. "When a thing like this happens, war must look almost humane to the general."

Ted, thinking of Anita Stanwood, wanted to hear everything in connection with her family. "Tell me more about the general," he said.

"They gave him the Distinguished Service Medal. One of the battalions attached to his brigade was cut off in the forest heights of St. Mihiel. For two days they held on, all their officers being killed. Word was sent back that, without command, their morale was beginning to go.

"A young lieutenant volunteered to go up there, through a barrage of shellfire. General Stanwood knew the lad and waved him aside. 'Takes an old-timer to show you kids how it's done,' he grinned.

"And he went up in his place, arriving at the position with a shot-away arm. Despite his injuries he restored confidence to the men, and the battalion held on until the Fourth Army advanced.

"I'm sorry you seem unfamiliar with that, son. General Stanwood's action is inscribed so that all his countrymen may read."

TED RENNER was silent. Inscribed! Yes, he thought, inscribed in the ice-blue of his eyes, the splendor of his face.

As the days wore on, "stubborn," "cold-blooded," "contentious," "inhuman," "cruel-hearted" were a few of the adjectives applied in newspapers to a famous and once-admired hero.

Explosive headlines announced the grim statement that General Stanwood refused to deal or even communicate with the abductors! The inference was brutal. If necessary, before he'd back down from the stand he had taken, the general seemed almost willing to ignore the plight of his son!

With millions of other readers, Ted was aware that an avalanche of protesting letters was flooding the newspaper offices and burying from sight the doorstep of Pennon Hill. Some of these letters the newspapers printed. Those addressed directly to the general were, the report had it, committed to the fire.

Overnight the sensational case took on an even more sensational turn. The abduction itself was lost sight of in a nation-wide contumely of a father, former war hero, who apparently was letting twenty-five thousand dollars come between him and the life of his son. As one sheet had it in screaming type:

WILLING TO SACRIFICE SON SOONER
THAN DEAL WITH KIDNAPERS
Former Idol of Nation Adamant

Former idol!

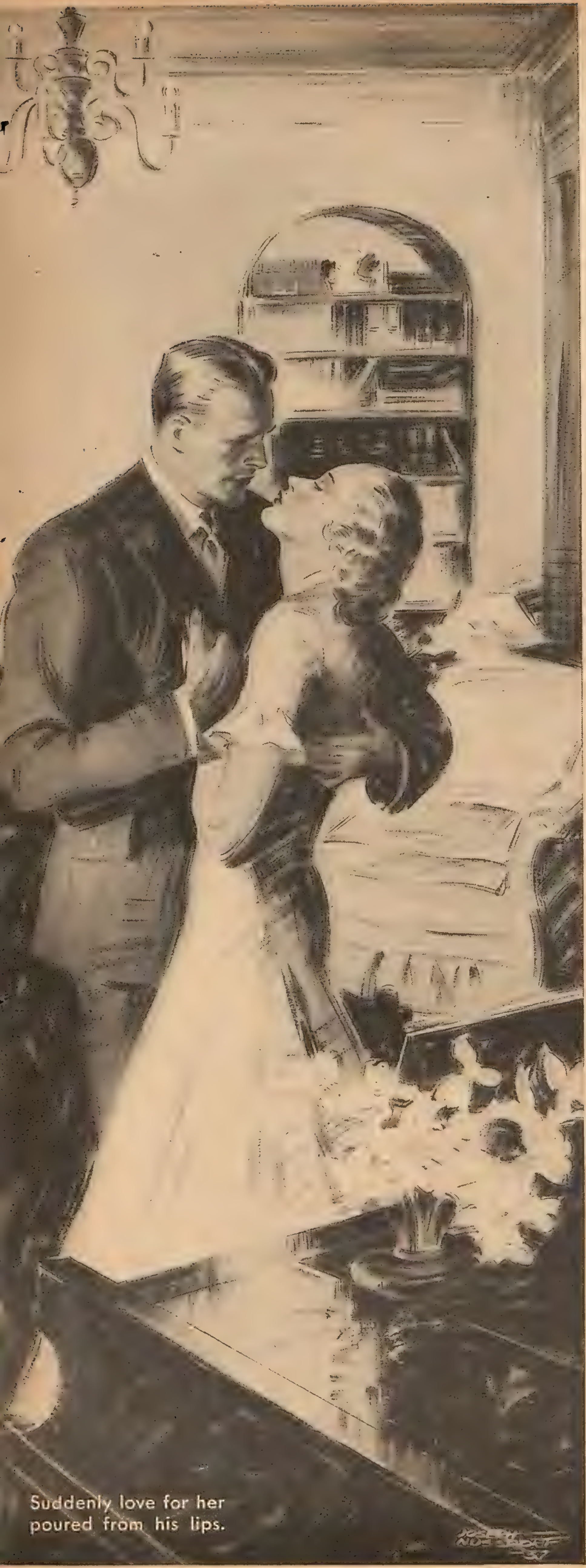
It also became known that the boy's mother had collapsed and was dangerously ill, and cameramen cruelly snapped the tortured faces of the victim's fiancée, of his sister. Ted suffered keenly at the sight of her picture, as all the dramatization of the case touched home into the hearts of the rich and the poor, into pulpit and editorial room, army base and the fleet on the high seas. It was horrible to realize that the general was permitting the tragedy to go on.

On a Friday afternoon, eight days after young Stanwood had been seized, Ted got a telephone call that was to earn him two traffic-violation charges before his car drew up outside the front door of Pennon Hill.

The butler admitted him, and when he saw Anita Stanwood, for one moment he hardly knew her. Hollows had come to the pallor of her cheeks, the sparkle of her blue eyes had flown, leaving them lifeless as slate.

"Father," she said at once, "would like a word with you. In the library."

Renner went down the corridor. General Stanwood, he saw, had visibly aged. The brick of his strong face was



Suddenly love for her poured from his lips.

touched with clay. Without rising from his chair, he came to the point at once: " Mr. Renner, you are in the radio business? "

" Yes, sir."

" Can you arrange to have me make a national broadcast from this room tomorrow evening? "

Ted drew in his breath. " I think so, sir. Yes, I'm sure I can."

" Very well. Make the arrangements. Around nine o'clock, if that will be convenient."

" Is it—about the kidnaping, sir? "

" I'll say what I have to when the time comes."

" Yes, sir. But I may have to explain the nature of the broadcast—"

" You may say it will touch on the kidnaping."

" Thank you, sir."

In the hall he again encountered Anita. With her was a tall white-faced girl, feverish black eyes below luxuriant red hair.

" Mr. Renner." The introduction was mechanical. " Carol—Miss Ainslee—to whom my brother is engaged."

The girl paid little heed to the introduction. Without a word she went down the corridor toward the library.

Ted stared earnestly into Anita Stanwood's saddened eyes, remembering the embarrassment in them when she had mistaken him for her brother, the mischievous sparkle in them when she had put him on the spot with her father and his hatred of radios.

" Miss Stanwood," he managed to say, " I realize there's little I can do—but if you need a friend—a confidant—"

Glancing down the corridor, she quickly turned and opened a door.

" Come in here."

The music room had the atmosphere of a vault. It was, Renner thought, a vault! The vault of happy songs that might be heard there no more.

Anita Stanwood was subjecting him to an incisive appraisal. " I wonder if I dare trust you," she said, as though to herself. " I do need a—a confidant."

He seized both her hands. " You can trust me, Miss Stanwood—with anything you say."

SHE disengaged herself, her eyes jerking toward the door. " I've simply got to trust some one," she confessed, and hesitating another moment, her gaze still concentrated on him, she plunged on:

" Today we got the second telephone message. The detectives found that it came from Watertown, New York. Luckily I answered the phone, or I don't think father would have told me about it. It was frightful. A woman's voice. They've given us until Sunday night—midnight.

" I'm putting a communication in the morning newspaper, the way they've ordered us. Father doesn't know—mustn't know I'm doing it. Will you do it for me, so that I won't be seen? "

" Yes."

" And not tell a soul? "

He promised, putting into his eyes the very oath of his life. In the silence she handed him a written note.

" And," she now went on impulsively, " get a strong bag for me—one that can be dropped from an airplane and won't break—one that will hold twenty-five thousand dollars in five- and ten-dollar bills.

" Father got a letter from Jim yesterday, begging him to send the money. It wasn't like Jim, although it was in his handwriting. They probably tortured him into it.

" I've already got fifteen thousand dollars—my own money—and I'm afraid father knows. Mother will make out a check for the rest—if she can do so without father—"

" No," he said tensely. " Let me take care of that for you. Just you leave that to me."

A sob came from her. " No, we can't do that."

" But you will," he insisted, glad to help her. " Then you won't have to go to the bank—reporters following you and revealing your plans. You can pay me back later, some time." He spoke eagerly. "Now, what else?"

"I'll let you know—when we hear. And"—tears glistened on her cheeks, discernible in the faint light—"I *do* trust you."

And out of the thankfulness of her heart she raised herself on her toes and kissed him.

"You'd better go. Tomorrow evening," she whispered, "when you come here to help father speak over the radio."

In the hall there was a trenchantly approaching sound, and Carol Ainslee came running from the library and went gropingly up the stairs, her slender frame racked with her sobbing.

"He—won't—listen to me," she wept. "His heart is like stone . . ."

Ted spent the morning cashing checks in several different banks, aware that the eyes of the various tellers were trained on him suspiciously. Indeed, he felt the eyes of the world upon him, for the newspapers were aflame with the news of General Stanwood's decision to make a radio statement at nine P. M., and information that communication with the kidnapers had been made that morning. The message, ferreted out by a reporter, read as follows:

Slim. We are ready. Money will be dropped as per instructions the moment we have positive proof from you. S.

By nightfall, Ted, with a hundred bundles of currency half filling a small strong duffel bag fastened by a zipper, discovered that he was being trailed. He was possessed of a gun, and meant to use it if molested.

Around eight o'clock he managed to lose his pursuers—newspapermen, he now believed—and, outdistancing them in his car, he entered Pennon Hill by way of the back door, startling the cook and a maidservant until he was accounted for by the butler.

Radiomen were already there, installing a microphone and hooking up wires for a national broadcast. With great secrecy Ted and Anita Stanwood conferred in the darkened music room.

"You'd better hide this," he said, pointing to the duffel bag and telling her the money was in it. Then he asked in a whisper: "Any further word from them?"

"Yes, another telephone message early this morning—this time from Albany, the police say. Carol answered the phone. We found her in a dead faint. They told her the dead line was tomorrow night. They mean to kill him if we don't—" Her teeth were chattering as with cold. "I'm so glad you got that communication in the paper."

"Have they given you instructions where to drop the money?"

"Not yet. But they'll probably do so now. I hope they will. Then we'll have to hire a plane. Carol and I have arranged for it. We've had to do things so secretly in case father found out. The moment they tell us where to go, I'll get the pilot to fly over the place and then drop the money—"

"Let me do that for you. Whatever you do, wherever you go, you'll be followed—and then your father will know."

In the dark she put a trembling hand on his sleeve. "You're so kind to me—" The fingers on his arm suddenly constricted. "Hush! I hear him calling me. Quick!"

SHE took the bag from him and hid it somewhere in the room, then opened the door and stepped out. General Stanwood was not in sight, but as she and Ted proceeded along the hall, he materialized.

He had a newspaper in his hand. "Anita," he said, "only you could have put this communication in the paper. Why did you do it?"

"You're wrong about that, sir." Ted spoke on impulse, not knowing what he intended to say. "I put it in the paper myself."

What this foolish remark involved was naturally apparent to the general, and Ted saw that he was at once an open book to him, his secret co-operation with Anita, his love for her, plainly revealed. Lamely, helplessly, he went on with the futility of it.

"I happened to see the letter they sent you—the first night I was here, sir," he went on, forcing a lie. "I'm doing this on my own, sir, because I can't bear to see her—all of you—suffer."

For one moment the general's ice-blue stare had him up before a firing squad, his back to a wall, his eyes blindfolded; then his executioner relented, swung around, and strode away.

Ted and Anita parted, she to her vigil at an upstairs telephone, and he to the library.

The time passed with incredible slowness until General Stanwood came in shortly before nine o'clock and went to the microphone.

A distant town clock chimed the hour. The radio announcer, eyes on his wrist watch, waited a moment or so longer, whispered to the general, then spoke into the microphone:

"Ladies and gentlemen, General Joseph J. Stanwood!"

A momentary silence, then:

"A week ago last Thursday my one and only son was kidnaped. His abductors have threatened me that unless I meet their demands my boy will not be alive after tomorrow."

He spoke slowly in a measured, grave tone.

"There is but one way to stop this continued scurvy in our midst, and I have taken it. I refuse to meet criminal demands. I refuse to pay a single penny ransom."

WERE they, the abductors, listening to that! Standing near the door with the servants and radio mechanics, a tremor passed up and down Ted Renner's spine. The communication he had put in the morning newspaper, Anita's courageous efforts to save her brother, were here and now defeated!

"I have done all I could do within what I consider my proper conduct. I have turned to the authorities maintained for our mutual protection—the police. And I have not attempted to thwart their efforts in the slightest way.

"In this respect, many of you are against me. But this is a war directed at your doorstep and mine. As a soldier, I am determined to fight it.

"These kidnapers are cowards. They fight from cover. Their demands have only to be refused, and their game is up. They dare not harm my son. If, however, their threats are carried out, I still stand firm. By my son's sacrifice—as by mine—I hope that the scourge of this most cowardly and heinous crime shall be forever wiped from the face of our land."

Ted could almost feel the unseen response to this: "Inhuman!" "Deaf to his son's cry for help!" "Pitiless!"

"As for my boy, he won't quail. You all know him, I think. In the cause of humanity he willingly offered his life once before on the heights of Mount Whitney.

"Let me repeat. This is a war. A war between law-abiding citizens and the lawless. Were it a war between this nation and another, engaged in by ourselves for some righteous cause, having to defend our very homes from the attacker, I would be justly condemned for paying hush money for my son's safety. Rather would I expect him to go forth into battle, as you would your sons, and should his life in that cause be sacrificed, my sorrow would be steeped in pride—"

Ted Renner stopped listening. The butler, his face contorted with excitement and fear, was whispering something.

"Tell him the federal men have surrounded them! The news just now came over the phone."

The general was saying in conclusion: "The Lord said: 'I gave my only-begotten Son—to the end that'"—the sturdy voice was breaking—"'that the rest of ye shall not perish, but have—'"

He stopped, walked away from the microphone. Ted grasped his arm and whispered in his ear: "Their hiding place has been found, sir! Surrounded! Dadmun Falls, up in the Adirondacks."

A tall athletic-looking man entered the room, walking with an authoritative stride, a grim look on his face. "General Stanwood," he said quietly, "I'm a federal official. I'd like a word with you in private."

Ted searched out Anita and found her frantic with a new anxiety. She had dialed in on her father, and also listened to the message over the telephone. To discuss matters without being heard, they again sought refuge in the music room.

“When the police close in, those men—knowing the penalty in store for them—will go down fighting,” she cried, “and they'll take Jim with them, if they haven't killed him already!

“Should we,” she asked wildly, “fly to the place now or early in the morning? But how do we know if that's the place to drop the money? They'll never communicate with us now.”

He strove desperately for a solution, and suddenly he had an idea. A government car was outside the door, the general going in it. Ted Renner would follow them in his own car, taking the ransom money with him, he said. If her brother were still alive, he believed he had a plan to rescue him.

“Remember,” he pointed out to her, “the kidnapers don't yet know they're surrounded. The police won't attack before dawn, when they can see what they're doing.”

“What are you going to do?” she asked, fearing for him.

He didn't answer. “Get the money. And my overcoat, so I can hide the bag under it when I go out of here.”

Tremblingly she obeyed him, and under his arm, hidden by his coat, the bag was much heavier than he had anticipated.

They stood facing each other, and quite suddenly his love for her poured from his lips.

“. . . ever since the moment on your doorstep, Anita—I'll love you always and forever—”

She was clinging to him. “I love you, too.”

The door opened, shooting a shaft of light into the room. General Stanwood! Looking at them, and for a moment not uttering a word!

“I just wanted to make sure,” he said to Anita, “that you were still here. I don't want you to leave the house.”

To Ted Renner he said nothing. . . .

It was still dark when, at 5.30 A. M., the cavalcade of cars reached Dadmun Falls, high in the Adirondacks, fifty miles from Watertown. General Stanwood was immediately introduced to Neill Tenby, directing forty Department of Justice agents. Ted heard him say:

“I'm inclined to think your son is still alive, general. What may happen when we attack, I'm not prepared to say. His abductors are four in number. The eldest is only twenty-nine. Tough kids, full of hop most likely; spawn of the gutters; commentary on our neglected solution of social conditions, I'm afraid. They'll fight it out until we blow them apart with hand-grenades.”

QUIETLY Ted approached Mr. Tenby and made himself known.

“I'm willing to go up there alone,” he said. “It's not the general's money, so we're not really opposing him. Besides, it may save some of your men's lives, Mr. Tenby. And if Jim Stanwood is still alive, that's the best way to rescue him. I'll give them the money, then you can easily capture them as they come through.”

Neill Tenby, his square jaw wet with mist in the graying light, looked long at him.

“Sure, you can try it,” he said, a trifle unwillingly. “No harm in it—except to yourself. They can hold you as hostage, additionally insuring their safety for a while, unless they pot you before you reach the cabin. But if they happen to find that we've surrounded them, your life won't be worth a—”

“I'll chance that, Mr. Tenby—”

“Good idea, Renner,” a voice said behind them. It was the general! “The young can often teach their elders. But it takes an old-timer to show you kids how to put ideas into execution. You see, now, they wouldn't know who you were. They'd be suspicious. They'll know me. Can't abduct a man's son without knowing the appearance of the parent they wish to deal with. Give me that bag.”

Reluctantly, helplessly, Ted surrendered it. Pulling back the zipper, the general sliced the bag open.

“Your money?”

“Part of it.”

“Very kind of you indeed.” Closing the bag, he turned to Neill Tenby. “A word with you, sir, if you don't mind,” he requested, walking away. . . .

Watching the coatless figure through field glasses, one armless sleeve flapping in the mountain breeze, a figure that marched boldly into the open and proceeded unfalteringly to the distant cabin, Ted's heart was in his throat.

AND yet it didn't seem to make sense. Despite his radio speech, the general was going to pay the ransom.

Keeping up a steady stride, the old soldier drew near the cabin, all eyes secretly watching him. For a moment or so he stopped. Apparently a command came from the kidnapers. Then the general went on. The door opened, closed behind him, and all was still—until a sharp explosion blew out one of the cabin windows!

On that, startling Ted Renner with its unexpectedness, the federal and state officials went forward in a spread-out surge.

Two of the abductors were shot down as they attempted to escape. Inside the cabin a third was dead, the fourth man was badly wounded by the explosion, and the general, his shirt slowly crimsoning, lay on the floor.

What could have happened?

Ted got the news from one of the government men.

General Stanwood had emptied the bag of its bundles of currency, and with the aid of a government ballistic expert had substituted bricks and a hand grenade which automatically exploded when the bag's zipper was pulled back.

He had dealt with the kidnapers, all right! He had paid the ransom!

Jim Stanwood was discovered bound hand and foot in the cellar, still alive but suffering from exposure and cruel treatment, so weak he could barely stand. They had to carry him to his father.

The general was a little delirious as a Department of Justice doctor bent over him, baring his torn chest and examining his wounds before applying a stethoscope.

“Mustard and hot water! Tell your mother that! None of your newfangled cures. No dam' good! Mustard and hot water! Finest thing for a cold—”

The doctor cut into this raving with an expression of wonderment. “Amazing,” he said. “Heart action regular as clockwork.”

Physical weakness excused young Stanwood his tears.

“Will he live, doctor? Will my father live?”

It was the general himself who answered that question. Opening one glazed blue eye—the ice in it had melted—he said:

“Will I live? Jimmy, I'll have you court-martialed for that! Certainly I'll live! Takes an old-timer to show you kids how it's done. On hand for your wedding!”

Painfully his eye strayed to Ted Renner.

“Umph!” he grunted. “Two weddings—by the look of things.”

THE END

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, Says:

Here again in fiction we find dramatically a problem involving human nature and the public welfare. Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner, has always maintained that our crime problem represents a kind of civil war. When war comes a father has no hesitancy in sending his son to the front, perhaps to his death. One sends and the other goes out of the highest sense of patriotic service.

Once America begins to think of organized crime as civil war, then men will be brave enough to do what this father did. Mr. Llewellyn Hughes has given us here not only a rattling good story but something to think about.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N.B.C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

I Lived with the Girls of the NO LONG

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

How a better day is dawning for Uncle Sam's new nieces—a close-up of a venture in human salvage

BY IRENE KUHN

[What goes on behind the scenes in the Women's National Youth Administration camps? These camps were established by the government as an experiment to salvage young womanhood from the tragedies of the depression. Thousands of young women throughout the country have become government wards. To get the real facts of the results of this governmental experiment, Liberty sent Irene Kuhn, noted writer and journalist, into these camps to learn firsthand the intimate daily lives of these girls. The amazing results of her investigation are presented herewith.—EDITOR.]

CAMP Little-Stream-at-the-Foot-of-the-Hill! A gentle rise. A meandering brook. A dozen cabins of peeled cottonwood logs, painted white. An abandoned clubhouse for a main hall. Everything shiny in the metallic sunlight of an early spring morning.

Sixty girls, mostly from the Kansas Dust Bowl, bare feet in galoshes, bare bodies wrapped round with flannel robes, dashing through the frosty air across a slippery new bridge to the showers and lockers in the main house, to setting-up exercises, to oatmeal and coffee. That's Camp Towaoc in Zarah, Kansas, as I saw it that first morning of my long beat along the Lost Girl Trail.

Towaoc, Indian for Little-Stream-at-the-Foot-of-the-Hill, is a fitting name for this Lilliputian attempt, with sixty souls, to attack the mountainous problem of what to do with ten million girls of the " lost generation " who grew to girlhood while depression was settling like a black death over the land. A little stream indeed—and at the foot of a very big hill!

But as I looked into the earnest faces of the skilled women and girls who constitute the staff of Camp Towaoc and into the rosy-cheeked, confident faces of those sixty young women who, not four months before, had come to Zarah well-nigh beaten and hopeless, the task did not seem an impossible one.

I watched Peggy, the girl who served me my bowl of oatmeal and raisins, with special interest because, when we were introduced, I recognized her last name as that of a very old and distinguished New England family. I was to learn later that all but two of these girls were descendants of those sturdy pioneers from New England, Pennsylvania, and Virginia who trekked across the plains to carry American traditions to what was then the frontier West. But Peggy was outstanding.

Her dark hair swept back from a high wide forehead. Her blue eyes were shadowy with remembered sadness. A little older than most of her mates—the girls averaged twenty to twenty-one, but Peggy, I should say, was twenty-four—she was otherwise a typical example of what was happening these days to the granddaughters of those homesteaders of the '70s.

She had lived most of her young life in one of those dwellings—now, alas! in ruins or ill repair—whose odd-lot architecture is a roadside history of many a Midwest farmer's rise and fall. Starting as soddy or shack, they had expanded, as prosperity came, into comfortable homes which provided elbowroom and blessed privacy.

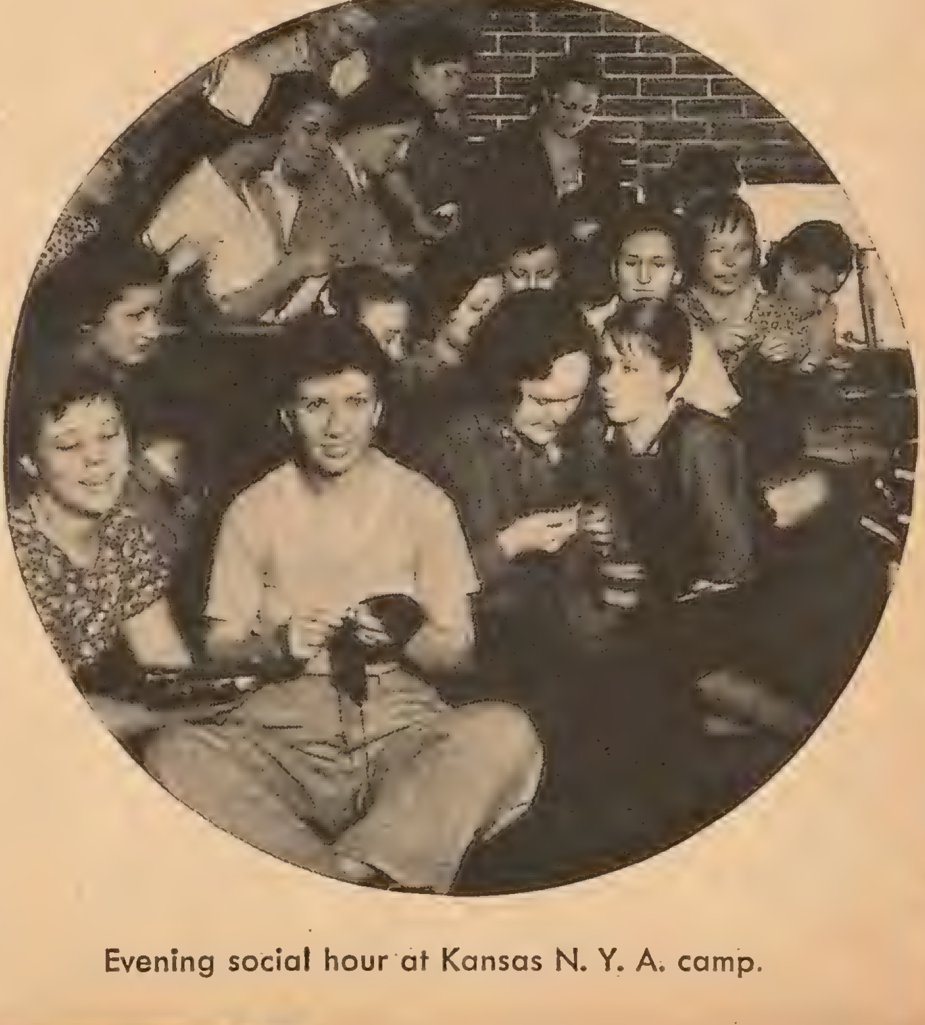
A sad sight they are today. Fields that once gave a golden harvest refuse even a bare subsistence. Clapboards and shingles, torn from unpainted walls and leaking roofs, clutter the landscape. Families, if they survive at all in the midst of this social and economic desolation, live in one or two rooms to keep themselves warm with the heat of their own bodies.

From one such " home " Peggy had come to Towaoc to snatch a fragment of that education which her brothers and sisters had enjoyed as their natural right and to which she had looked forward with all the intensity of her eager young being. She was to have been a doctor. When she first came to camp, she was sunk under the disappointment of not being able to enter upon a career demanding such long and costly preparation. In the four months, however, she had regained her poise without losing her resolve to lead a useful life.

" There's no sense in bucking the impossible," she told me cheerfully. " I'll compromise on nursing."

Not all the girls at Little-Stream are Peggys. I said she was outstanding. Julia, the pretty, pleasant-faced, rather commonplace farmer's daughter who was waiting on the table next to mine, *likes* to wait on table. That is her ambition—and at Towaoc she has learned to do it expertly and gracefully.

After breakfast the camp was cleaned, dishes washed, dried, and put away, beds made, all under the supervision of the home-management director. While two units of



Evening social hour at Kansas N. Y. A. camp.

"Lost Generation" and They're
ER LOST!

fifteen girls each were busy with the housekeeping, two other units repaired to the big room upstairs for their "work project," on which they spend two hours a day. They are paid $24.70 a month. Of this sum, $19.70 goes back to the camp for their maintenance, and five dollars is their own to keep.

The work projects are installed in order to bolster a girl's self-respect, give her the feeling that she's earning her way. Nothing may be made to sell in competition with business. But even with this restriction a variety of work is possible, mostly on needed supplies for state institutions which would not otherwise receive such benefits, as, for instance: rag rugs for hospital wards, visual aids for schools, bindings for books in libraries and institutions, Braille books for the blind, and wooden toys for sick children. These Kansas girls were working with a will on a hurry call for eight hundred masks for workers in the dust-storm area.

Perhaps I should explain that Camp Towaoc is one of fifty such communities sponsored by the National Youth Administration as the basis of an earn-while-you-learn program for providing a moderate monthly wage plus useful training for self-respecting girls from families on relief. In its first year this project, said to have been suggested by Mrs. Roosevelt, will supply government aid and schooling to about 10,000 girls selected through the co-operation of local relief officials, settlement houses, Red Cross chapters, and Y. W. C. A.s.

During the morning I wiped dishes with the squad in the kitchen, and also helped with the sewing. It was during the latter activity that I made friends with Rose, one of the prettiest, brightest girls in camp, as she sewed on the machine. Through the windows we saw a dull-yellowish light in the sky. The cottonwoods and elms were etched blackly against that strange yellow-gray sky.

"Dust storms in the Southwest," sighed Rose, bending over her whirring machine. "There goes my college career—blowing right away with the soil."

She was biting her lips, striving to keep back tears.

"Does college mean that much to you?" I asked.

She looked up, eyes bright, their deep blue gleaming through the tears her will would not let her shed.

"It means everything to me," she said. "Ever since I started in high school I've planned college so that I can be a county home-demonstration agent. I want to travel around the state, teaching women to cook and can."

Rose's father has been dead for thirteen years. Her mother taught school and somehow managed their farm, too, through the depression. But there has been no wheat crop for six years and now her brother runs the farm while their mother—her teaching job gone—works at sewing on a WPA project.

Rose makes all her own clothes. She has replenished a meager wardrobe in camp and the clothes are now hers. In fact, one of the incentives that led her to learn sewing is that materials are supplied and a girl may keep what she makes. The materials are mostly inexpensive but attractive cotton prints that are surplus stock, purchased by the state's Emergency Relief for quilt-making for the needy, and leather rejected for commercial use because it was from hides of animals destroyed as part of the now abandoned "plowing under" program of the AAA.

The sewing course embraces everything from selection of proper colors and materials, cutting and making patterns, to the actual finishing of a garment. On the remote farms, Kansans do their shopping by mail. The thick illustrated catalogues which they get from advertisers and mail-order houses they call, wistfully, their "wish books." A study of these catalogues is made to show the girls how to get the best value. The camp bank and the camp store are used to strengthen further the campers' appreciation of the value of money.

Practicality is the slogan of all the camp courses. Home economics and management include the study of

Tennis nets, made for Kansas playgrounds.

Towaoc tappers—they learn to teach dancing.

foods, clothing, diets. On the cook's afternoon off three girls do the cooking for the entire camp. All campers are made thoroughly familiar with the kitchen, its appurtenances and uses, before they leave. The actual arrangement of a home, how to fix it up, how to make curtains out of gunny sack or anything they have, comes under this course, as does child care.

I could tell you about many another equally practical course that I sat through with the girls. But it is not necessary. Suffice it to say that all through the day camp activities proceeded in orderly rotation. Girls, finishing housekeeping, went to class, workshop, or library. Luncheon was at 12.15; rest hour followed. In the afternoon the varied routine, indoors and out, continued in forty-minute periods until 5.10. Then the girls were free until 6.15.

Dinner, like all meals, started with a simple prayer; and afterward there was general singing in the Red Room, where the girls gather before a log fire to talk and stage dramatics of their own fashioning, or just to lounge, read, knit, and sew.

I was struck by the fact that the girls, without exception, freshened up for dinner, changing from slacks, overalls, work clothes to clean print dresses with feminine touches. One poor child with but one dress to her name washed it or pressed it daily.

Soon after nine the girls trailed away to their cabins, where they sleep, five to a cabin, with a counselor, on cots covered with warm print quilts made in the Emergency Relief workrooms of the state. A potbellied iron stove supplies additional warmth.

After leaving Camp Little-Stream-at-the-Foot-of-the-Hill, I went to live in various other camps in various stages of development, to observe what this new education was doing to equip girls for the business of living in a world where so much they had always taken for granted has perished.

From Zarah I headed eastward to Camp Jane Addams in Suffern, New York, in the lovely wooded seclusion of Harriman State Park in the shadow of Bear Mountain, just an easy two hours' drive from Times Square.

Here, indeed, was a different type of girl from her sister of the plains. These girls came from the slums of the East Side, from the Black Belt of Harlem, from poor quarters everywhere throughout the whole teeming city of New York. Theirs was no Anglo-Saxon background on the frontier but, for the most part, a drab history of living amid foreign-speaking slums. But though they seemed so different from the Westerners, they had the same crying need: they must be taught how to cope with life.

Things were just getting under way when I arrived. Camp had opened only three weeks before, had already enrolled forty-one girls, and was expecting arrivals daily until its total should be sixty. The buildings were equipped with all the comforts of modern plumbing, heating, and the like, in a natural setting of striking beauty on one of the sapphire Ramapo lakes.

THERE was more space here than in the Kansas camp, and much more with which to do. Yet, either because of its newness or because New York girls are, like their city, more staccato, more strident, the camp had not yet composed itself into such an orderly pattern.

Most of the girls here, unlike their sisters in the Midwest, had had no experience whatever with any kind of ordered or disciplined living. Too many of them had known only the rabbit warrens of the East Side. One sallow-faced little East Sider was shrieking over a telephone to New York: "Mama, what you think? Everybody has their own bed! Imagine, mama!" Then her voice sank to an awed whisper: "Listen, mama. You won't believe it! Two sheets to a bed! Yeah, *every* bed!"

To those girls on the Kansas plains, four months at Camp Towaoc meant a glorious opportunity. To these sophisticated cityites, Camp Jane Addams was not so much an opportunity as it was something that was coming to them as an inalienable but seldom acquired right, and something they had outsmarted some one else to gain. There was a good deal of "the world owes me a living" philosophy in these girls. It was all they had ever known.

The night I arrived, there were mutinous mumblings that rose to a roar as the evening progressed.

The girls had previously formulated a constitution for self-government. They had rushed into it and assured every one they understood it. Later they talked it over among themselves. Then leaders, louder and more assured than the rest, stirred the entire camp into a feeling that something was being put over on them. So the whole matter was reopened, with a shy but courageous girl of French-Canadian stock acting as chairman. The wife of the camp director sat by ex-officio.

For two hours the battle raged, leaping out of order repeatedly as emotions evoked charges or personalities. They knew the law of the tooth and the claw, these girls; they mistrusted the soft voice, the calm manner. Where they came from you fight for what you get.

Eventually, however, patience and reiterated explanations won. Meanwhile these girls from the city streets had learned a lesson in living, something about order, courtesy, and the rights of others; most important, they had learned it themselves, without coercion, learned it the hard way, by mental effort that reasoned its way through an underbrush of suspicion and habit.

YES, Camp Jane Addams had different temperaments to deal with from those I found beside the little stream at the foot of Kansas's gentle hill. I could show you many "in-betweens" in other camps which required the same careful study and specialized treatment. But fundamentally the problem is the same: to give these girls of the "lost generation" a different attitude toward life, restore their lost self-confidence, find their special adaptabilities and encourage them.

I liked particularly the way the health problem was handled at Zarah. So many of these young bodies had been neglected through childhood and adolescence, as a result of economic pressure, that they had arrived at camp undernourished, neurotic from worry, nervously depleted from premature responsibilities. Of the sixty girls in camp, fifteen had lived through an attack of smallpox. An equal number never had been vaccinated against it. Twenty had been vaccinated only in youth. No wonder, I thought, that America, supposedly the outstanding country of the world from the standpoint of health safeguards, was subject in its mid-section to waves of typhoid and smallpox of epidemic proportions.

Camp authorities, however, disposed of the matter through a lecture by a Kansas City woman physician. The girls afterward presented themselves voluntarily for vaccination and inoculation. This physician also knew that provincialism and the reticence of an elder day had bred a certain inarticulateness in the parents of these girls. She didn't intend that through ignorance they should blunder into the tragedy of unwed or unwanted motherhood. So she acquainted them with the facts about their bodily functions, taught them protective hygiene.

Provincial though their origin, the girls proved not unaware of the dangers of social diseases, promiscuity and abortions. Indeed, they were eager to ask questions. I sat with them once while the physician talked, and they asked: "Is syphilis inherited? Can a baby catch it from its mother? Can you get it from kissing?"

In the social science classes the girls were equally curious and equally intelligent. They wanted to know first of all why their foundations had been shot out from under them; why we have depressions; why the government is moving in to their aid and the aid of other humans in industry as well as in agriculture; why relief and rehabilitation agencies were helping them as individuals. They wanted facts.

And what, in the long run, will these camps accomplish for the taxpayer and the nation?

Well, the 10,000 girls trained this year will spread the beneficent effects of that training to their communities. Another 10,000, perhaps more, will go to camps next year. It is not too much to hope that in a decade they will have saturated America with the good knowledge.

If that be so, we must all admit that this great spiritual engineering project will not have been undertaken in vain.

THE END

PLAN FOR *Sunny Days* THROUGH SYSTEMATIC SAVINGS

United States Savings Bonds are Government Bonds issued in convenient form for systematic savings. A Regular Purchase Plan, offered by the United States Treasury, makes it easy to save at regular intervals. The safety surrounding these bonds, their freedom from price fluctuation, and their other important features, have attracted more than 800,000 investors. Savings Bonds turn today's investment of $75 into $100 in ten years, and permit setting aside as little as $18.75 or as much as $7,500 in each calendar year. If desired, the owner may obtain ready cash through their redemption at any time after sixty days from issue date.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

HOW TO SAVE SYSTEMATICALLY

To provide funds for the future, select the program best suited to your needs, then buy a bond each month.

If you invest each month for 120 consecutive months any specific amount shown below	Beginning in 10 years you will receive each month for 10 years thereafter
$18.75	**$25.00**
$37.50	**$50.00**
$75.00	**$100.00**
$93.75	**$125.00**
$187.50	**$250.00**
$375.00	**$500.00**

For Sale at Post Offices and Direct by Mail

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, L-04, Washington, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
......	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	**$** ....
......	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	**$** ....
......	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	**$** ....
......	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	**$** ....
......	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	**$** ....
		Total	**$** ....

Register in the name of and send to

Name {Miss Mrs. Mr.} ____________________

Street address ____________________

City ______________ *State* ______________

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

THE TIP-OFF

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

STATION HWD, Hollywood. Midnight, and the Supreme Forge Company, makers of Supreme Forges and Blowers, again presents Argus, the man with a thousand eyes and each eye to a keyhole. Argus sees all . . . hears all . . . and . . . tells all. And here he comes! But what's this? He's bringing in two motorcycle cops! Or are they bringing him in? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ladies and gentlemen, Argus, the man with a thousand eyes.

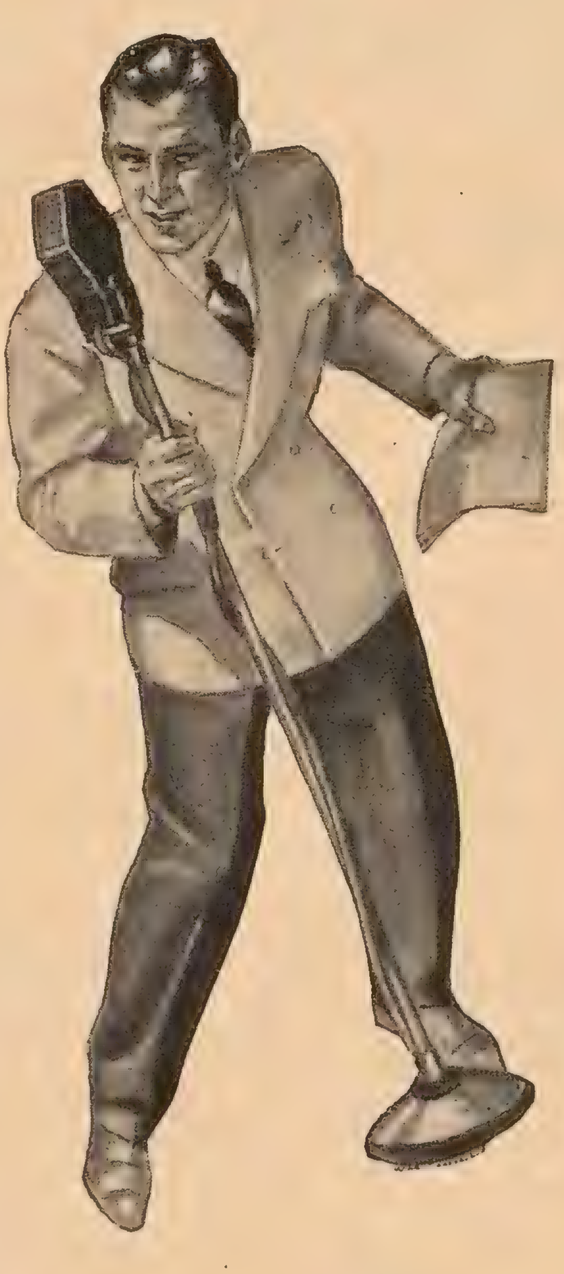
Good evening, eavesdroppers. Pardon me if I seem a little out of breath. I've had a tough time getting here. If it hadn't been for my good friends of the motorcycle squad who blazed a path through the traffic all the way from Laurel Canyon, your ears might not have been tickled with the pretty little bedtime stories Argus has for this slumber hour. Thanks a million, officers!

Headlines: Don't believe what that certain gossip columnist would have you believe about Zenia April's *appendix* operation. He *quoted* the word *appendix*. Take it from me, it *was* an appendix operation. Argus saw the evidence, exhibit A, preserved in alcohol. . . . The Cullenthorp-Blympton divorce is on again. The little darling bounced a gold service plate off Blimpy's dome and dislodged his wig, revealing another secret which will shock his adoring fans . . . and that was too much. . . . Remember last week I warned a certain little blonde that her trusting hubby had got wise to the fact that she was two-timing him? But was word to the wise sufficient? It was not. She no take the hint. Now she is reported as missing. . . . And here's the laugh—the other man in the case is frantic. He thinks she is two-timing *him!* . . . And that's Hollywood, where cheating wives should use headphones and not telephones, which can be tapped.

Cutest Caption of the Week: It appeared in only one edition of a certain local newspaper. Under a publicity-department still of little Curly Cutex—remember she's only six—holding her doll, the inspired make-up man switched captions with one intended to go with a picture of Dotty Dumkluck, wife of the movie director, who is "expecting," and I can't tell what the transportation did . . . but if you have a copy of that early edition you can get ten dollars for it. . . . The blasé movie colony is gasping. . . . As Webster said, "What fools these mortals be!" Or is that from the Bible?

And, speaking of the Bible, if that little blonde who was double-crossing her husband had got beyond the fourth grade in school she might have been able to read and understand the seventh commandment.

Take it from Argus, the wages of sin *is* death. . . . Here's a flimsy just handed to me: . . . Police have found the body of a young woman in Laurel Canyon. . . . Looks like foul play. . . . Stand by for further flashes on what may be Hollywood's most sensational drama not filmed for the screen.



"Our Weekly Chuckle: Yes-men of Hollywood have formed a union."

Now for Our Weekly Chuckle: The yes-men of Hollywood have formed a union. They threaten a *stand-up* strike unless their demands are met. And what are their *demands?* Get this! They *demand* to be known as *no*-men! . . . Cleo Zolnay, whose—well, not-so-small feet have brought her almost as much publicity as her classic features, indignantly denies that she traded shoes with Primo Carnera on a walking tour. . . . A certain big movie mogul named Moe, who is noted for his rich dialect, has been taking lessons in English. The other day he called his house on the telephone, and thought he could fool his wife—the former oh so pretty little night-club nudie—with his newly acquired king's English diction. Well, he fooled her, all right. But not as he planned. After she listened awhile she gurgled, "Herbert dear, you know the words but you don't know the tune. I'm afraid you will never be able to imitate the dialect of that funny husband of mine."

Questions Without Answers: What band leader is feuding with what Broadway columnist? And who cares? . . . What female star talked for ten minutes into a dummy microphone at a rival's preview the other moontime, and will she be mad when she hears about it? Are you listenin', R. K.? . . . Why do so many of the opera songbirds now in pictures pronounce their words so perfectly in songs and sound like Squash Hollow crows when they speak? . . . What has become of the Duke of Windsor? . . . *Why* do cheating wives think they can get away with it?

Trade Note: Diaries are again in demand in all the Hollywood stationery shops. Watch out, dream boys! And if you girls must tell Dear Diary, tell it not in mournful numbers. No big-shot producer wants to be known as *Number* Ten man.

Stop Press News: Exclusive! The body of the beautiful blonde found in Laurel Canyon has been identified. She is the two-timing wife I warned last week to watch her step. . . . And here is the tip-off: . . . The police expect to make an arrest at any moment now. Stand by for the flash.

Well, folks, I've just got the one-minute-to-go signal. So here's Argus winking good night at you. And here come two more cops. Ganging up on me, eh? O. K., boys, I'm ready. I'll go peaceably. Forget the handcuffs. God knows I warned her . . . didn't I, eavesdroppers? . . . See you in jail, folks!

THE END

By
WILLIAM C. LENGEL

MOBILGAS

OUTSELLS ALL OTHERS IN U.S.A.

A THOUSAND MOTORISTS A MINUTE...a million and a half a day...buy Mobilgas! Can you imagine what a line-up of cars that makes?

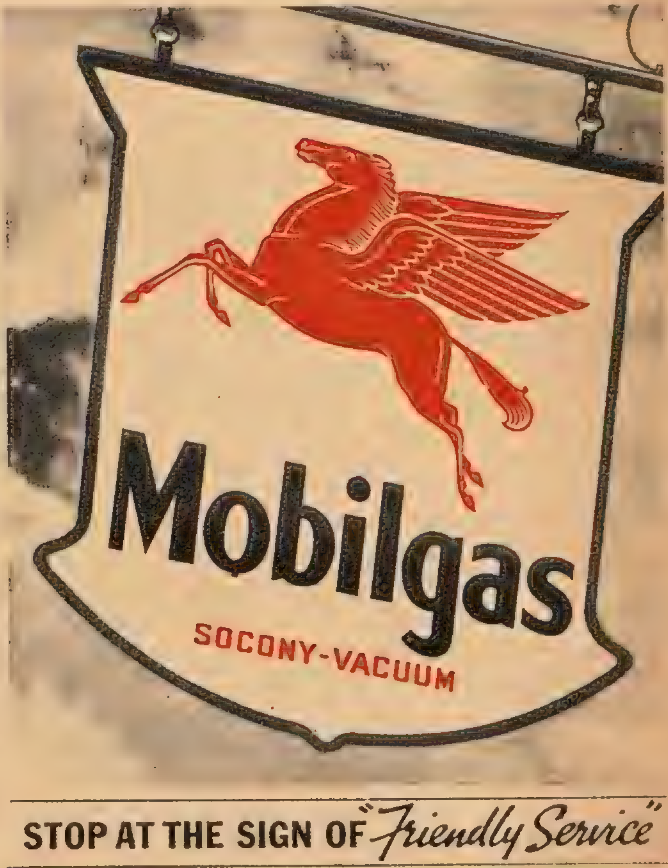
Bumper to bumper they'd reach from New York to San Francisco. The biggest army of motorists in America using one gasoline!

Why is this? . . . because Mobilgas develops more power! Delivers more miles! Gives you smoother performance . . . at less cost!

Mobilgas is made by the same engineers who refine world-famous Mobiloil!

These are big, important facts that make Mobilgas worth trying! It won't cost you one penny extra to enjoy driving more.

Stop at the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. Fill up with Mobilgas . . . today!



STOP AT THE SIGN OF *"Friendly Service"*

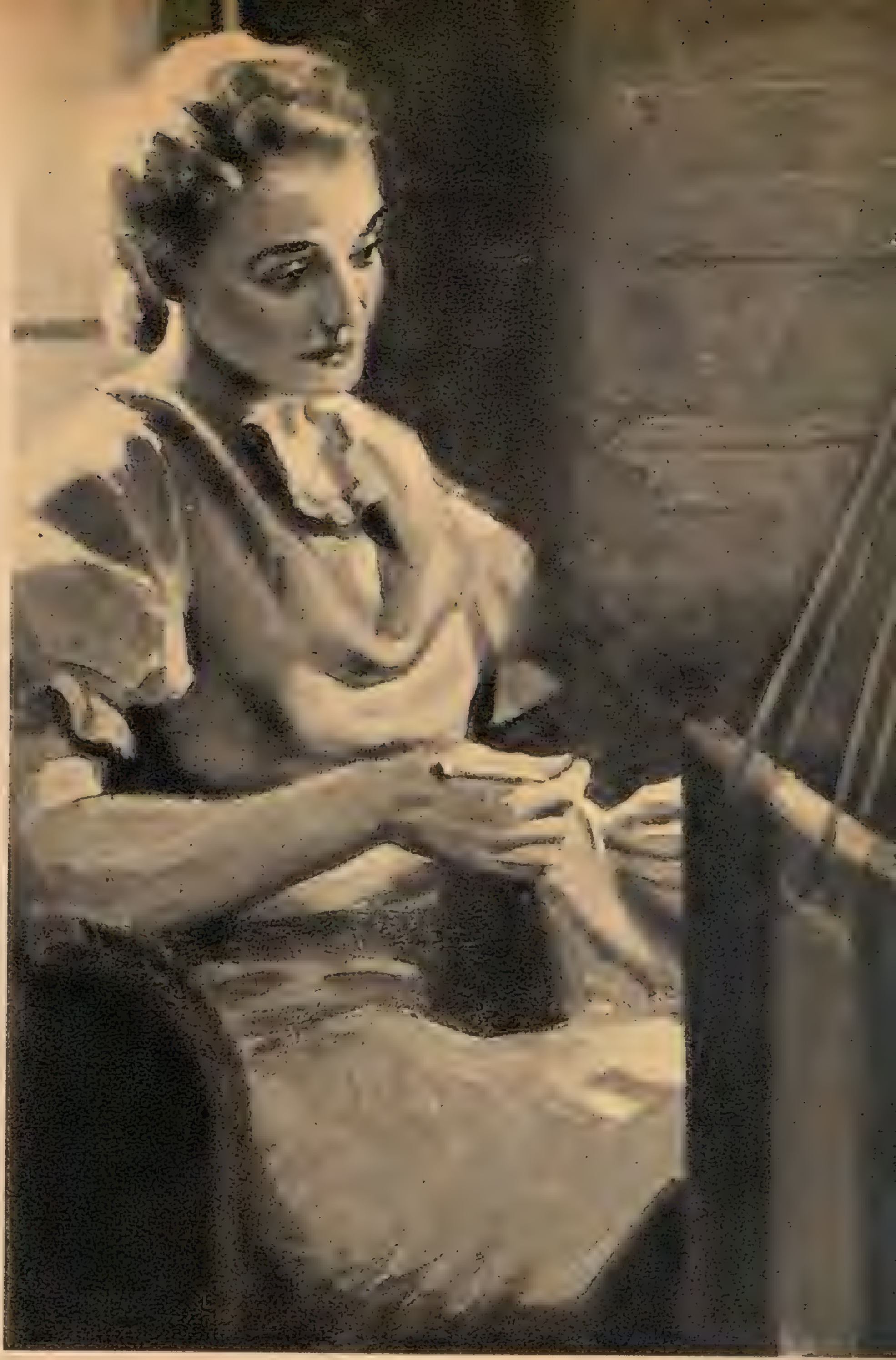
MOBILOIL AND MOBILGAS

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Secret Child

BY PATTERSON DIAL

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



Yesterday's ghosts, today's love! New thrills in a stirring novel

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

WHEN William Marsden is promoted to personal secretary for his wealthy employer, he finds himself entrusted with a strange family secret and surrounded by many bewildering problems.

He learns that baby Andrew, whom he is so surprised at finding in the Blaylock mansion, is the child of his employer's worthless son Jerome. "The mother died at his birth," Roger Blaylock tells him, and adds that only the family, his attorney, and a few trusted servants know that the child is there and is his grandson. Daughter Alice Blaylock tells Marsden the rest of the story. How Jerome, during one of his drinking sprees, had married under the assumed name of Andrew Lovelace. He'd forgotten about it when he sobered. When faced with the tragic facts, he kidnaped Andrew and brought him to the house. The maternal grandparents, Alice explained, could not trace him. They knew Jerome only as Andrew Lovelace. And Jerome was far from the Santa Monica estate, Alice said. "In Alaska—we hope!"

The presence of Stephen Hunt as a guest of the Blaylocks adds additional burden to Marsden's woes. He can't understand their true relationship and often overhears them quarreling. While he cannot find a solution to the affair, he gradually grows to dislike Hunt, and, if the truth were known, is falling in love with Alice.

The unexpected arrival of Jerome, drunk and determined to see his son, offers an opportunity for Marsden to strengthen his friendship with the family, particularly Alice. He volunteers to act as traveling companion for Jerome, to keep him from revealing his true identity during his carousing. It lasts weeks, and when he returns to the Blaylock mansion Alice is deeply grateful.

Stephen Hunt, however, is still the indifferent, quarrelsome person he has always been, and one afternoon Marsden comes upon Hunt and Alice arguing at the swimming pool.

That night, as Marsden is working, Alice comes into the room to talk to him. "If I'm not married to Steve already," she says, "I'm going to get married for sure."

PART FOUR—AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING

MARSDEN said unsteadily, dreading whatever Allie's answer might be:

"What do you mean, 'for sure'?"

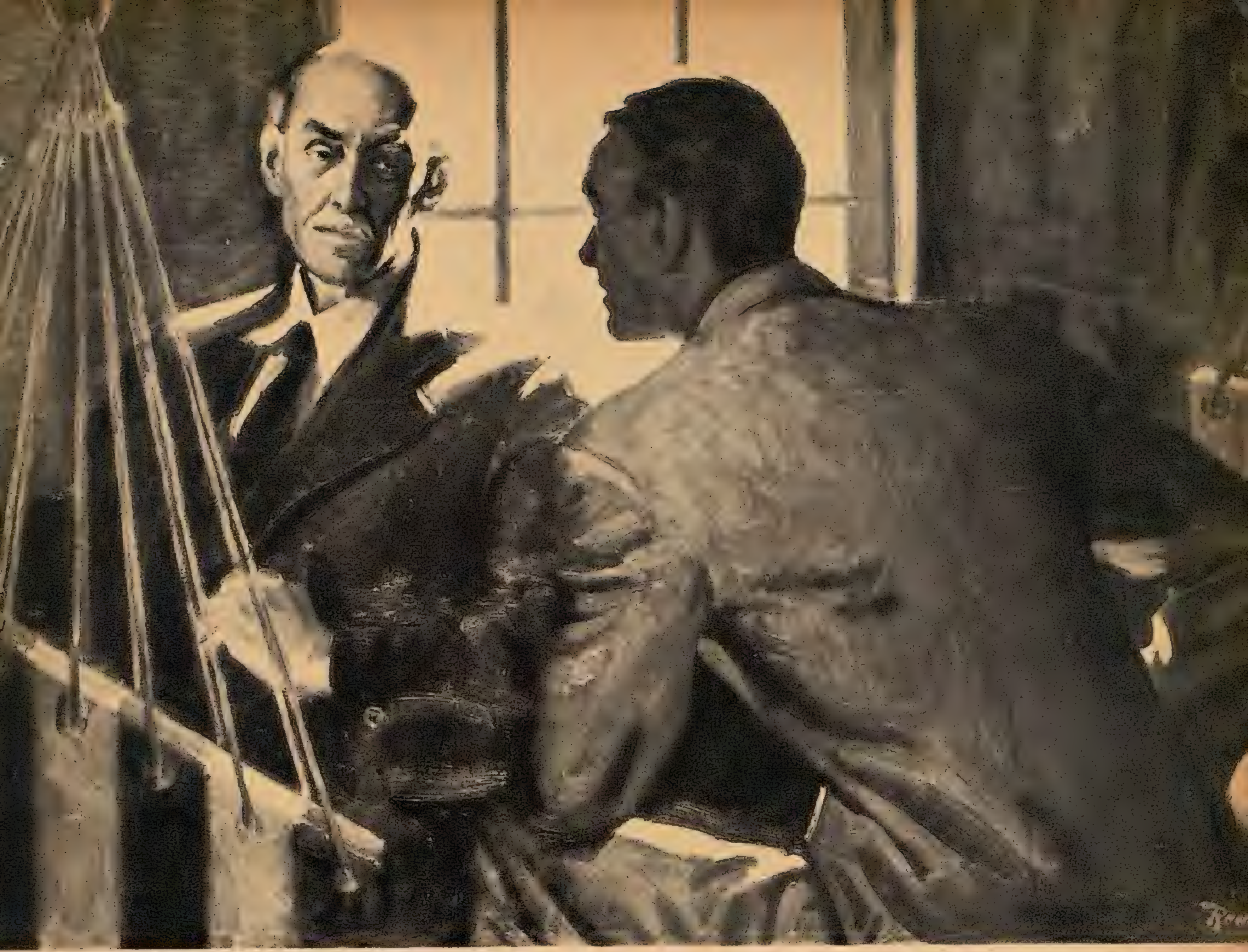
"Just that. He and I—we were sort of half married down in Mexico. He says it was enough to make it legal, and I say it wasn't. Up till now I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of being the first to give in and ask a lawyer whether or not it was legal. I've been too mad at Steve. But being mad doesn't matter now."

She looked utterly miserable.

"I wish you'd tell me more, Allie," Marsden said. "I don't understand any of this."

"It's pretty silly." She sighed. "It all started last year in New York, when I saw Steve for the first time since we'd been kids and lived on adjoining places in Westchester. We sort of fell in love on sight this time. He followed me out here and hung around begging me to marry him. I couldn't make up my mind. Father liked him. I thought he was pretty swell. One day we drove down to Caliente for lunch. It was gay and sort of romantic, and we decided to get married.

"We rushed and got the license and an interpreter and all that, and started getting ourselves married by this Mexican—I suppose he was a sort of justice of the



"The Owenses didn't make things happy for her," Mrs. Wilbur said.

peace. The room we were in was on the ground floor and the door opened on the street. I had my dog with me. James Smith. He heard a horse and wagon gallop by outside, and he was off like a shot, chasing after the horse. I was afraid he'd get killed by an automobile—he never pays any attention to cars. I had to run after him."

"You mean you stopped right in the middle of the ceremony and ran after Smith?"

Marsden tried to beat down his sudden hope.

"It wasn't the middle of the ceremony," she defended herself. "It had just begun. Well—when I got outside, down the block I saw a man grab Smith and get into his car and start off. I screamed to Steve to come on. He was so slow! By the time I got him into the car the man was out of sight down the road toward the border. We chased him. He got over the border ahead of us, and was on the outskirts of San Diego before we caught him and I took Smith away from him. I wanted to get a policeman, but Steve let the man go. Then we had a fight. It was too late to get back into Mexico, with the border closing at six. We couldn't finish getting married that day, even if we had wanted to."

"Is that the nearest you ever came to marrying him?"

She nodded.

"Why, you aren't married to Hunt if that's all that happened!" he said.

"That's unimportant now." She lifted her head from her hands and sat straight and still, staring at the wall.

"How can it be unimportant if you're in love with him?"

"Oh, Bill, how can you be such a fool!" She flung herself down across the desk and buried her face in her arms. "I don't love him any more."

"Then you aren't going to marry him."

"Yes, I am." The words were muffled. "If I don't he'll tell the Owenses that Andrew is here."

"He wouldn't do that. What would it get him?"

"The satisfaction of paying me back for what he thinks I've done to him." She straightened up and looked at Marsden. "To hear him tell it, I've made a fool of him. And in his own peculiar way he thinks he's in love with me. Can't you see? If I marry Steve his whole attitude will change. He'll become one of us feel as we do about Andrew. Because then we'll all be one family together. If I don't marry him "

She shivered.

"You can't marry him," Marsden said quietly. "Before I'd let you I would take Andrew back to the Owenses myself."

She whirled around to look up at him, the alarm in her eyes searching his face. Then she smiled.

"You're just talking," she said. "You wouldn't do a thing like that."

"You're the one who's just talking," Marsden said. "You can't really mean you're going to marry Hunt just because you feel he may tell the Owenses where Andrew is. Even if Steve did tell them, it doesn't mean you'd lose Andrew. You'd have a good chance of winning him if you went to court."

"I don't think we'd have a 'good' chance," she protested heatedly. "And I'm not running any risk, large or small, of losing him." Her voice calmed and she asked him: "You just can't understand, can you, what the baby means to me? He's all mixed up with parts of my life you don't even know about. He has brought back to me something of the true and simple happiness I had when I was a child myself and my mother was alive; my mother and my brother—not Jerome—but my younger brother who was my mother's son. I had never seen Jerome then. His mother had divorced my father soon after he was born, and married a man who was jealous of father; so Jerome was never allowed to see father or any of us. But my own brother—I was four when he was born—I worshiped him."

She smiled, remembering her small self. "I was such a happy little girl. Ours was such a happy family."

Her smile faded and was gone. "Then my mother and my brother died. Mother had had a bad heart ever since my brother's birth, and she died when—when one morning—this was back in the East, the place in Westchester; it was why we left that place—when one morning she went out with us children to the stables to see a new colt. My brother was just about Andrew's age; and so strangely like him! My brother slipped away from us. The first we knew of it was when we heard him screaming and one of the horses, the only really vicious one we had, kicking and rearing in his stall. I was the first to get there. The screaming had stopped and my brother was lying in the stall, the side of his little head—"

"Allie!" Marsden went toward her. "Don't! Don't remember it any more!"

She had to make him understand.

"It killed my mother. When she reached the stall and saw— I thought she'd just fainted. After that I was a little girl suddenly left alone with servants and a governess in a strange new house that nobody ever came to.

"Then Jerome came. His mother had died, and his stepfather didn't want Jerome any more and was willing for father to have him. We three had almost a happy time together. But there was that streak of wildness in Jerome.

"Anyway, as Jerome grew up he began to drink, and gradually the little family we three had been was broken up. Jerome didn't seem to want it any more. Not until the night he brought Andrew here. Then I realized that his son had made Jerome want his family again. And when I took Andrew from him, Scooter was so like my dead brother—so like him! It was as if some of that lost happiness of my childhood were being given back to me; as if Scooter were that brother. And, too, as if he weren't that brother or my nephew, but a child of my own I'd been searching for all my life."

She turned on Marsden. "And I'll do anything before I'll run the slightest risk of losing him!"

SHE was fighting back her tears. Marsden went to her and put his arm around her.

"Please don't," she whispered, and stepped away from him. "I don't want to cry."

"All right." His voice was positive and impersonal. "But I'm convinced you'll never get away with this. Some day, from some trivial thing, the Owenses will discover him. Why don't you take him into court and fight it out?"

"We wouldn't have a chance! I've *told* you all that. There's nothing fine and good about father and me. We're just people with a lot of money. The Owenses—I told you we had detectives for months investigating them. You can look at the report they turned in."

She ran into the library and from a safe in the wall lifted out a sheaf of papers and brought them to Marsden.

"Look at that. Read it." She slapped the report down on his desk.

Marsden skimmed over the pages. Every one considered the Owenses "mighty fine people" and the community was proud of them.

One name and its caption caught Marsden's eyes: "Dr. D. H. Wilbur; for the past fifteen years the family's physician."

Marsden read what the doctor had had to say of the Owenses. It was, like the other comments, filled with praise.

This, Marsden knew, remembering his father, might mean nothing. His father could never have been inveigled into saying a word against a patient. He had said little enough within the safe privacy of his home.

One thing was suddenly clear to Marsden. He had to go to Long Beach and see Dr. Wilbur.

He gathered the papers together and made them neat while he was remembering: Allie had said Andrew had not been a happy child when he was brought to this house.

"Allie," he said abruptly, "will you promise me you won't marry Hunt for two weeks? At least two weeks."

"Why?"

"Because I have to go away for ten days or so. Two weeks at the most." It was all the time he dared take. "I found a letter here about a personal matter—I've got to attend to it immediately. I'll leave tonight."

"Oh, Bill, I'm sorry," she broke in on him. "Is there anything I can do?"

"I'm afraid not. It's one of those things I don't think I should talk about."

She reached out and patted his arm. "All right," she said. "I promise."

Marsden told Mr. Blaylock the same story about the letter, and felt like a dog for his lies.

Mr. Blaylock respected Marsden's obvious desire to be asked no questions, and insisted that Marsden should not stop to do any of the work that had accumulated on his desk.

MARSDEN slung his bags into the rumble of his car. He backed the roadster out of the garage and raced down to the gates. He unlocked them, drove through, and shut and locked them again. As he got back into his car, he slammed the door shut and bit back a cry of pain. He had caught the side of his hand in the door. Under the dashboard light he examined it. The flesh was crushed and blood trickled from a jagged break.

A smile twitched at his lips, drawn tight against the pain. This was a godsend to him. He need worry no longer as to what his plan of action would be. He couldn't have a better passport into a doctor's office.

He stopped the blood with his handkerchief, and drove on.

His hand was still hurting when he drew up before a hotel in Long Beach. The pain bothered him in his sleep, and it had not lessened by morning. The jagged cut was ugly in the swollen discolored flesh. The sight of it pleased him. It was beginning to look more like a sensible excuse for consulting a doctor.

He found Dr. Wilbur's office number in the telephone book. Then he looked up the Owenses' address. He'd drive by their house.

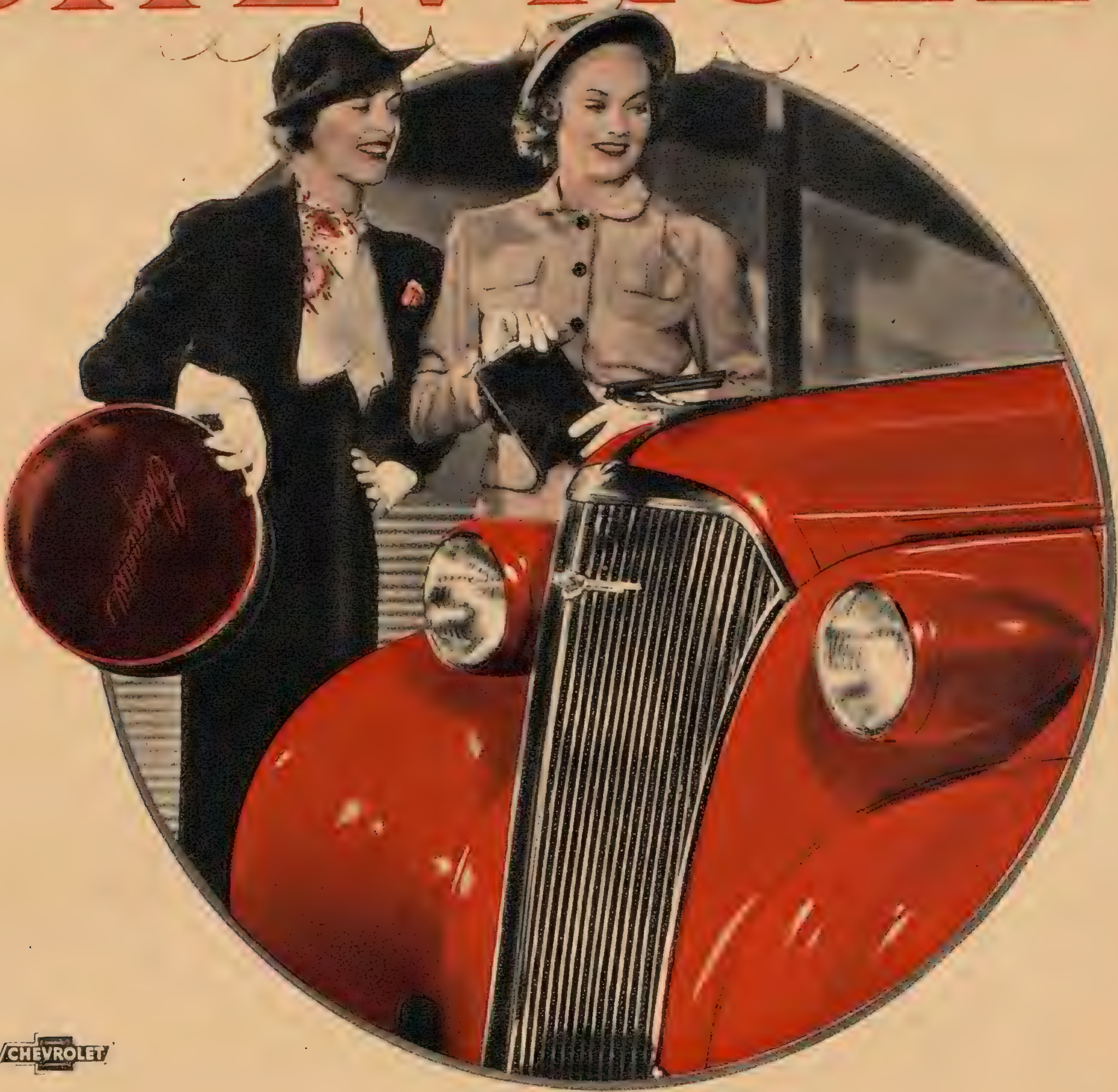
They lived on the outskirts of the town. Shabby streets of shabby houses surrounded two blocks of small stores which supplied the needs of the neighborhood. Marsden came on the Owenses' street and turned into it, searching for their house. He found it on a corner. A gray-stucco bungalow, neat and well cared for.

He drove on to the doctor's office a few blocks away and around a corner. It was in a two-storied frame dwelling.

A girl in a white uniform looked up from a desk in the corner of the waiting room with its many chairs and tables stacked with magazines. She said the doctor would be free shortly. Marsden had

(Continued on page 33)

CHEVROLET



Styled to Steal the Show! . . . You know what happens when a beautiful and talented star appears on the stage. She steals the show! And that is what the new Chevrolet with Diamond Crown Speedline Styling has done on the motor car stage this year. Outstandingly beautiful, styled to express youth and zest, it has won enthusiastic preference as the smartest car in its price range.

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—PRICED SO LOW

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES—NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING—PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*—SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND—GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*. *Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only.

General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse. CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICH.

EW SUPER-DUTY FRIGIDAIRE METER-MISER

Cuts Current Cost to the Bone!

ERFORMS *ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES* YOU NEED FOR OMPLETE HOME REFRIGERATION, *and Proves it!*

ROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

nds "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! t last, the refrigerator that instantly re-ases all ice trays — *and all cubes from every ay,* with the New INSTANT CUBE-RE-EASE! Also freezes more *pounds* of ice—ster . . . and stores 100% more ice-cubes eady for use! Most complete ICE SERVICE ver known.

PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old-fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space *up in front.* And Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.

SAFETY ZONE
FOOD SAFETY INDICATOR

PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment —*proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables, EXTRA Cold for meats, FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.

5-Year Protection Plan
FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit. This, together with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation, and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.

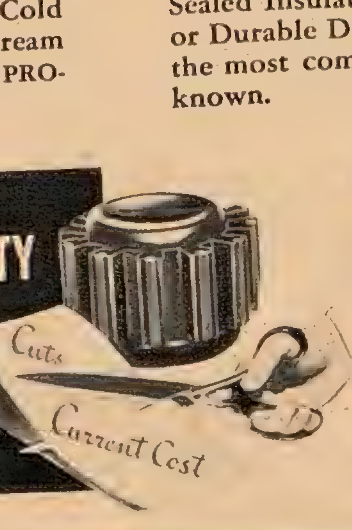
PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE

Meter-Miser

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE



Meet the Meter-Miser! *Simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built.* Only 3 moving parts, *including* the motor... permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt. You see its lower operating cost *proved* by an electric meter *before you buy!*

● This year women want *Completeness* in the refrigerator they buy.

They're not satisfied with merely one or two features that *seem* attractive. They demand *Proof* of All Five Basic Services needed in every kitchen.

That's why the new *"Super-Duty"* Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser is the sensational leader today. It offers completeness never before known in home refrigeration! Now you can see Proof of amazing ability to serve you — Proof that makes Frigidaire the refrigerator "buy of a lifetime!"

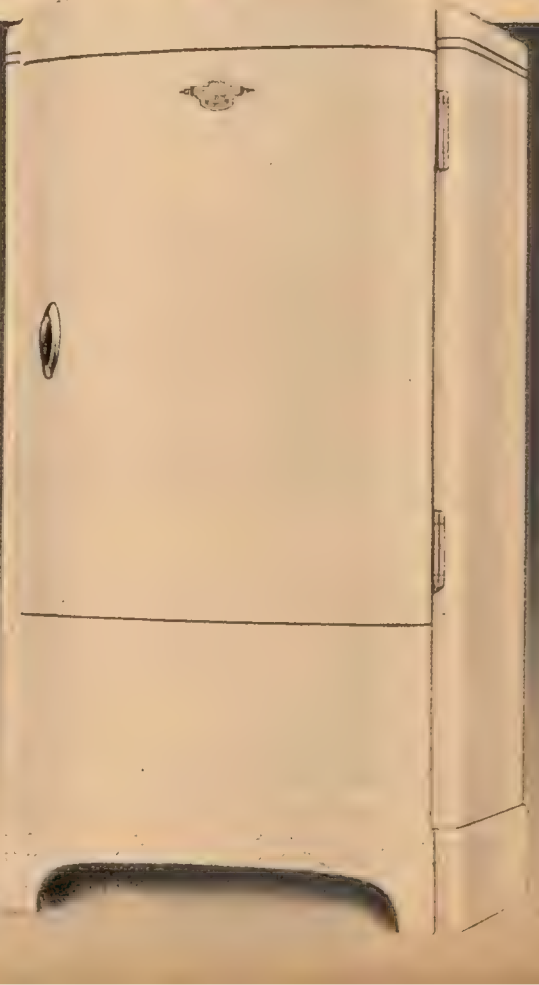
Thousands Buy on Proof!

Don't fail to see the "eye-opening" demonstration now going on at your nearest Frigidaire Dealer's store. It's the sure way to get full 1937 value.

Observe how Frigidaire excels in ice-making, ice-storing and ice-removing. Test the marvelous flexibility of its 9-Way Adjustable Interior that makes magic roominess for bulky packages without crowding or jamming. Frigidaire's wonderful Serviceability will delight you! And its miserly use of current, together with safe food protection even in the hottest weather, will be a source of kitchen-happiness for years to come!

See the Proof! Check up *before you buy.* Don't be fooled by mere claims, or a few superficial "talking points." Your nearest Frigidaire Dealer is ready now to demonstrate the handsome *Super-Duty* Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. The Proof awaits you — today!

Buy only on Proof of Super-Duty



FRIGIDAIRE

FRIGIDAIRE . . . MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from page 30) his story ready when, with pen poised over a card, she began the routine investigation of his identity.

He told her he was with a firm of theater owners and had been sent to Long Beach to look into a site for a theater. His hand had been getting worse all day, he told her, and as he was driving by and saw the sign, he had stopped on the spur of the moment.

She got up and went into another room, and a moment later beckoned Marsden to follow her. Dr. Wilbur stood by his desk—a small man, his body thin and stooped beneath his immaculate smock. His face had a hard authority, accentuated by the lines that pulled at the corners of his mouth; but his eyes were surprisingly gentle. He sat down in a battered leather chair and listened while Marsden went through his story again. Wilbur seemed to accept it as casually as had his nurse.

He led Marsden into the surgical room. Except for his instruments, his equipment was old and worn from long service. It was very like what Marsden's father's room had been, Marsden remembered with a poignant vividness: clean and shabby and efficient.

"I'm going to hurt you a bit," Dr. Wilbur said.

"Go ahead," Marsden answered.

He watched while the wound was probed and cleaned, the doctor working with a deft precision and wasting no time. He was good, Marsden decided. And he was right—he was hurting quite a bit.

Wilbur shot him a quick look. "Want a drink?"

Marsden shook his head, and Wilbur grunted and went on with his work. When it was over and the hand lay bandaged and bulky on his knee, Marsden asked:

"Can I have that drink now?" He neither wanted nor needed it, but it seemed a fine excuse for lingering on. Wilbur didn't seem to mind. He was relaxed and gruffly cheerful; for his day's work was over. But Marsden could see that the man wouldn't have traded his profession for all the riches in the world.

WHEN, finally, Marsden left, Wilbur said:

"Keep that hand quiet, my boy. And you'd better let me see it again tomorrow."

This was more than Marsden had dared hope for so soon.

The following afternoon he made a few purchases in the neighborhood stores, and took advantage of every clerk who seemed willing to gossip. On three occasions he was told that Mr. Owens and his wife—once it was his "good wife"—were leading citizens of the community and mighty fine people. There was a withdrawn look, a lack of warmth in the praise, which brought Marsden alert. These people respected the Owenses but didn't like them.

On his way to the doctor's office Marsden drove by the tent where the Owenses attended religious services. He remembered Allie's saying she had come down here once and sneaked in to hear a service. The thought of her was like an ache within him.

Somehow he must make Dr. Wilbur admit that the Owenses were not the best guardians for the boy. Dr. Wilbur was no fool. Deep in his heart he must, with his knowledge of the couple, know theirs was not the right home for Andrew. If the doctor would admit it, his word would carry incalculable weight in any court of law.

Marsden spoke of the tent after Wilbur had dressed his hand and was taping the gauze. "What sort of people belong to a thing like that?"

"People who yell when they're hurt, like anybody else," Wilbur said shortly.

"You know some of them?"

MOST of 'em. One of their leaders, Joseph Owens, has been a patient of mine for years. Him and—" He paused.

Was Wilbur going to say something now?

"And his family," Wilbur finished the sentence. "Mighty fine people."

There was no lack of warmth in Wilbur's tone. Or, rather, there was no change. He spoke of the Owenses exactly as he spoke of every one, with a gruff finality.

During the days that followed, Dr. Wilbur was baffled by the stubborn resistance of Marsden's wound to treatment. He accused him of lying when Marsden swore that, except for the little driving he did, he gave the hand complete rest. Marsden wished he could let it rest. It hurt—exercising it as he did every day. But he had to keep it inflamed. If he didn't he was just healthy enough to heal up in no time and be dismissed as a patient.

The doctor was becoming more friendly and unbending with each visit. Marsden began to feel safe in guiding their conversation to the happenings of the community. Asking casual questions about the neighbors, more and more he brought in the Owenses' name. He found out nothing beyond the fact that perhaps they were a trifle strait-laced. Wilbur never once alluded to their dead daughter or the child Andrew.

But his wife did. Marsden met her one night when the doctor had been out on an emergency call and had kept him waiting long past the usual hour. Wilbur had just finished with Marsden's hand when word was sent in that "dinner was ready when he was." He asked Marsden to join him, and they went from the office by an inner door into the shabby comfortable living room where Mrs. Wilbur, a big-boned, hearty woman, rocked in a plush chair.

Dinner was hot and heavy and well cooked. Marsden stuffed himself to please the doctor's wife, who beamed on him while she chattered harmless gossip of the neighborhood. She made

No More "Cube-Struggle"

FLIP—
and they're out...
with the new
INSTANT
CUBE-RELEASE

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!

Instantly releases big, solid cubes — 2 or a dozen, as you need them

● *At last* — the nuisance of prying loose stubborn ice-cubes *is ended!* No more wrestling and pounding! No more splashing under the faucet! Now — FLIP and the cubes are *out* — as quick as you can raise your hand!

This *completes* the Ice Service offered by the new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. It not only freezes more ice faster — and stores 100% more ice-cubes — but provides instant removal of all ice trays — and of all cubes from the trays!

The new Instant Cube-Release saves ice, too. It ends meltage waste—thereby yielding 20% more ice. You get bigger, colder, longer-lasting cubes — *from every tray,* in every "Super-Duty" Frigidaire.... Be sure to see the Instant Cube-Release in action at your nearest Frigidaire Dealer's store. And remember — only Frigidaire has it! Keep that in mind when you select your *modern* 1937 home refrigerator.

See the Proof
AT YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER'S

NEW "SUPER-DUTY"
FRIGIDAIRE
WITH THE METER-MISER

GM FRIGIDAIRE

mention of the Owens family, and Marsden was quick to seize the opening.

“ I wonder if I didn’t see Mr. Owens the other day,” he said. “ I was driving by that tent and I saw a thin gray-haired man standing by the entrance.”

He had never gone by the tent after his one glimpse of it. Nor had he again driven in the street where the Owenses lived. Much as he would have liked to see them, he tried to avoid any chance of their seeing him. They might remember; and later, if he was to see them in court, he wanted to be a complete stranger to them.

“ Then you didn’t see Mr. Owens,” Mrs. Wilbur told him, piling more mashed potato on his plate. “ Mr. Owens is a large, heavy-set man and he hasn’t got a gray hair in his head. He don’t look a day over fifty. I don’t see how he does it, after what he’s been through. Poor Mrs. Owens has broken terribly in the last few years. And no wonder! ”

“ No wonder? ” Marsden looked puzzled.

“ Well, they’ve had a mighty lot of trouble. Their daughter married some no-’count that run off and left her for six months, and when he came back she was took sudden with the birth of her baby and died from it. The baby nearly died, too. Dr. Wilbur had a time saving him. The husband disappeared again, and the baby was left for the Owenses to raise. He was always a delicate high-strung child.”

“ You taking care of him now, doctor? ”

Dr. Wilbur shook his head.

“ Boy disappeared.”

“ His father stole him.” Mrs. Wilbur was breathless over it. “ Came back after over three years, and decided he had to have the child. The Owenses said they’d go to court and prove he wasn’t a fit parent. The man was scared of that. So he just disappeared with the baby, and the police haven’t been able to find him or the child.”

Marsden appeared speechless with amazement, and Dr. Wilbur asked his wife: “ What we got for dessert? ”

Marsden couldn’t decide whether or not Wilbur had deliberately changed the subject. There was no further mention of the Owenses.

After dinner they went out to the porch. Marsden sank into a canvas swing.

“ Yes indeed,” Mrs. Wilbur said, taking up the conversation where it had been dropped. “ The Owenses have really been having trouble.

“ Sometimes I wonder,” she continued, “ if it isn’t just the Lord’s punishment on ’em, when I remember their daughter those months before the baby was born. Me and the doctor were about the only ones that believed she had a lawful husband. The Owenses didn’t make things happy for her—just when she needed it most. And they didn’t learn any lesson from her; they didn’t show any more sense about raising a grandchild.”

The doctor grunted his disapproval: “ Now, Charlotte! ”

“ You know you think it just as much as I do! ” she defied him. “ I don’t see why I can’t speak natural before Mr. Marsden.”

MARSDEN could not see the glance she gave him. Motherly and approving, she stared at his shadowy bulk in the swing. He was rather like that imagined son of hers—that son who had been born and lived along beside her, growing from babyhood to young manhood, in her heart. She felt comfortable with Marsden—comfortable and cozy, as if she had known him always.

“ Oh, the Owenses are all right in their way,” Dr. Wilbur said. “ Fanatic about what’s right and what’s wrong. But they don’t mean any harm.”

Mrs. Wilbur sniffed and began to rock violently. “ They might not mean any harm, but they do plenty. They did to that girl and her baby.”

“ You mean they mistreated the child? ” Somehow Marsden managed to speak casually.

“ That’s what I’d call it! Sending that baby to bed without his supper when he’d done some little mischief. Locking him in a dark closet to make him mind, or keeping him in that house all day when he should’ve been out in the sunshine. All that for the ‘ sake of his soul ’! ”

“ Well, they did what they thought was best,” Dr. Wilbur said. “ You mustn’t forget that the two of ’em just don’t understand children.”

“ What’s that got to do with keeping his supper from the child? ” she demanded. “ After you’d told ’em it was bad for his health. Poor little anemic thing! ”

Marsden wanted to jump up from the swing and shout. This was what he had come for. There was only one thing more. Maneuvering the doctor into admitting it.

“ I should think,” he said, “ that the child was lucky the father took him away.”

“ I don’t know about that,” Wilbur said. “ The father was pretty rotten.”

“ Maybe his people aren’t. Maybe he took the child to his family,” Marsden said.

“ Well—” The doctor weighed the suggestion. “ If his family was just regular folks, not too good and not too bad, I hope he did. They’d have as much right to the child as Owens and his wife.”

IT would put you in a spot if the Owenses found the child and went to court over him and called you as a witness,” Marsden said.

“ If the baby was in a good home– ” Mrs. Wilbur began with asperity.

“ I’d say he should stay there,” Wilbur broke in emphatically. He snorted with laughter. “ I can just see Joe Owens’s face when I said it! ”

“ You mean you’d go into open court and tell what you know about the Owenses? ” Marsden asked.

“ If it meant saving that child, getting him into a regular home, I certainly would! ”

* * *

In the morning Marsden called Dr. Wilbur’s office on the telephone. After he had explained to the nurse that his firm had recalled him and he was leaving Long Beach immediately, he asked her to tell him the amount of his bill. He wrote a check and a brief note of thanks and mailed them as he left the hotel.

It was Sunday and automobiles were an unending stream on the highway. Finally he reached the Blaylock gates, and Rawlins fell back before the rush of his car as he went through.

Marsden felt as if he had been gone for weeks, and he was welcomed back as if he were returning after an absence of months. Tupper and Miss Meeker beamed on him, while Mr. Blaylock shook his hand with both of his, Andrew threw plump arms around his legs, and the Pekingese ran in circles and barked.

Jerome Blaylock, worn and pale, embraced his shoulders and gave him the impudence of his grin; but the look in his eyes was the look of a stranger. Sober, clear, it questioned Marsden, asking forgiveness for the drunken insanity of those days Marsden had carried him through. That was what Allie had said about Jerome—he was always so sorry afterward.

“ From your looks,” Blaylock said, “ I don’t think I need ask if your trip was successful.”

“ You’re right, sir! ” Marsden said.

Marsden explained the bandaged hand and reassured them all that he was in no need of medical attention.

He found Allie near the wall at the edge of the cliff. Behind her galloped Prince, the tiny horse.

“ Did it turn out all right? ” she asked. “ Your ”—she fumbled for a word—“ your business? ”

“ It turned out better than my wildest hopes. I want to tell you about it, Allie,” he said. “ All about it! ”

“ You do? ” Then, as if she were embarrassed by her eagerness, she added hastily:

“ You’re just in time for my circus.” She spoke above his words while she patted the horse’s head. “ I wrote to the circus people for the name of the music played for the act that Prince was in. Then I ordered a record of it.”

“ That’s fine,” he said. “ But first, Allie—”

“ The record came,” she was rushing on. “ I’m going to dress Prince up with a ribbon harness and he’s going to go through his tricks for Andrew. My poor baby will have a little bit of a circus.”

“ Allie! ” He caught her by the elbows and shook her. “ Will you stop and listen to me! ”

She stopped, struck speechless, and he recounted, day by day, what had happened at Long Beach.

When he came to the end of his story, she said:

"I thought you'd gone away because of some girl."

And then she added the one other thing in the world he had not expected her to say:

"I'm still afraid to go to court, even with that doctor on our side."

Now he stared at her, stunned and speechless.

"Can't you see?" She despaired of ever making him understand. "The case might come up before a judge who was just the same type as the Owenses. Then where'd we be? I'd lose my baby, doctor's testimony or no doctor's testimony."

BUT, Allie," he insisted, "if you go to court, there won't be a chance in a hundred that the judge will be the sort who wouldn't view the facts of the case fairly."

"What if it's one chance in a thousand?" she blazed at him.

"You'd rather go on this way," he blazed back at her, "terrified every minute, making a prisoner of yourself and the child? Denying your father the peace and security of knowing Andrew could never be taken from you?"

"I'd rather go on this way! And you don't think for a moment, do you, that father—if he didn't agree with me, which is hardly possible—would want to do anything I am as much against as I am against this?"

She calmed with the sudden realization that Marsden was not an enemy and she was treating him as if he were. He had gone to great trouble and through no little pain to help her.

"I'm sorry, Bill," she said. "I can't see it your way. I'm afraid!"

He didn't want her gratitude.

"Does this mean," he demanded, "that you still intend to marry Steve Hunt to keep his mouth shut?"

She nodded.

"And you don't love him?"

"Let's not go all over it again, Bill. Please!"

He turned on her. "There's no such thing as buying a man's silence."

"There's such a thing as buying Steve's. If I'm his wife, Scooter is Steve's nephew. Steve wouldn't want the notoriety of a court battle."

Marsden saw that he could never convince her. And he was unalterably determined to save her from the blind devotion to the child.

"Do you remember," he said, "my telling you that, before I'd see you marry Hunt, I myself would tell the Owenses where Andrew is?"

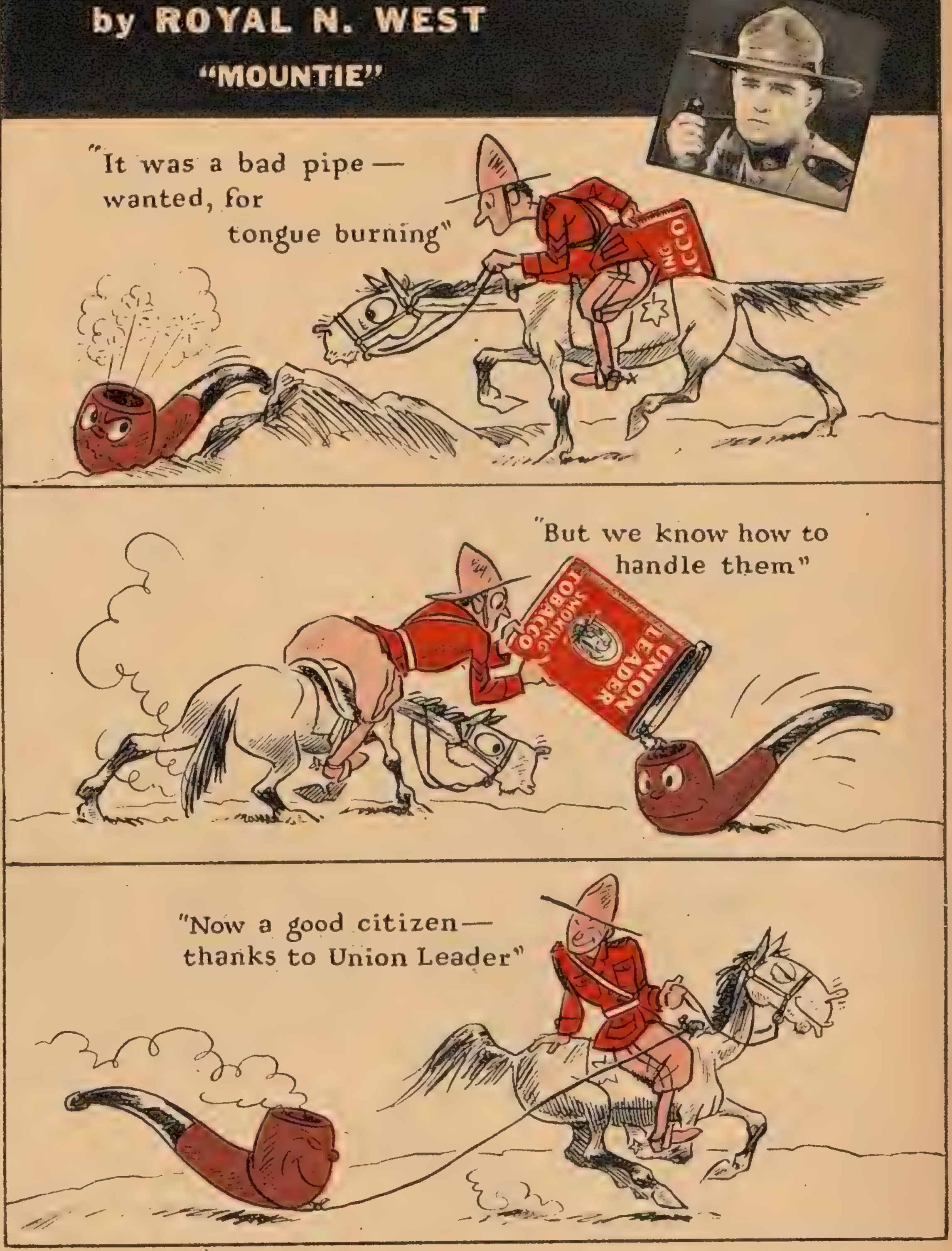
"Yes." She smiled. "And I told you I knew you couldn't do a thing like that."

"But I will!" he said.

If Marsden is sincere in playing this trump card, what results will it bring? And how will the other members of the family handle the situation, should they learn of his desperate move? An unpredictable complication adds new fears in next week's installment.

"How I Reformed an Outlaw Pipe"

by ROYAL N. WEST
"MOUNTIE"


"It was a bad pipe — wanted, for tongue burning"
"But we know how to handle them"
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
"Now a good citizen— thanks to Union Leader"

You too, can be a Pipe-Tamer

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

If a bad-acting pipe is "putting the heat" on your tongue, here's how to cool it, quick! Even reckless *young* pipes become law-abiding, when fed on Union Leader. It's the soothing effect of that fine, selected Kentucky Burley—*aged-in-wood* to make a blissful blend of rich flavor and cool smoothness, with never a bit of bite! Apply at any tobacconist's for this old reliable pipe-pacifier—at the astonishing price of only a *dime!* (Rolls swell cigarettes, too.)

UNION LEADER 10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO

Copyright, 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

LIBERTY PRESENTS Comers

BY ED SULLIVAN

Sullivan, noted columnist who has won acclaim for his prowess in picking rising talent in sports, arts, and professions, chooses these personalities for coming headline fame. Watch for more of his selections in next week's Liberty.—Editor.

OLYMPE BRADNA is Paree's gift to Broadway and Hollywood—a sure bet for stardom if this reporter knows talent. Was dancing star at New York's French Casino. You will see her in September when the Gary Cooper-George Raft picture is released. She's sixteen; born backstage in Paris's Olympia Theater; comes from a celebrated stage family.

When the 1940 Democratic Presidential convention meets, Governor GEORGE H. EARLE of Pennsylvania (left) will be fifty—and better than a 50-50 bet. Member of a distinguished family, married to a Kentuckian, decorated with the Navy Cross for World War heroism, wealthy, a liberal, formerly Minister to Austria. When Pennsylvania went Democratic, he became Presidential timber. Watch him!

CORN BELT FELLER—Not in years has a young pitching star aroused so much comment as Robert William Feller, Van Meter, Iowa, farm boy. He fanned seventeen Athletics in nine innings, tying the big-league record and establishing an American League strike-out record. A row ended when Landis awarded him to Cleveland. He'll be terrific!

Miss Cornell spells Katharine with an A and so does Miss Hepburn—but KATHERINE LOCKE (below) is the twenty-five year-old Bostonian whose performance in Having a Wonderful Time wowed New York's hard-boiled dramatic critics. She has been likened to Helen Hayes and Pauline Lord, but she feels safest as Teddy, the girl who meets boy in the Marc Connelly-Arthur Kober story. Here is a blonde the theater will not forget!

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER,
AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

TALL young girls are apt to be pigeon-toed, which makes them self-conscious. . . . Young girls of the tomboy type resent the necessity of *acting ladylike* when they start going to dances. . . . The over-studious girl is often an only child; takes refuge in books because she's really bashful of the boys.

John Ward conducts an interesting school where young ladies and gentlemen of the subdeb age—fourteen to seventeen—are tutored privately in the social graces, taught to walk and talk without awkwardness, how to dance, how to stand still—even how to sit down.

"Let the boys talk to you about themselves," Mr. Ward advises his girl pupils. "For dancing," he says, "wear dresses that give you freedom of movement and are not too frilly in back, where the boy puts his hand. When you sit down, go straight to the chair and *sit* on it. Don't fidget around it, or flop yourself into it." He has worked out a series of special exercises for pigeon-toed girls.

Most of his pupils are society kids from segregated boarding schools. They meet for the first time at vacation dances, through blind dates arranged by their mamas' secretaries. A six-foot girl may find herself dated with a boy four feet high and apparently tongue-tied. But if she's a John Ward graduate she'll soon have the situation under control.

Mr. Ward believes that youth is the best teacher of youth. He is twenty-nine, good-looking, was a Wall Street broker before the depression. Has operated his subdeb school for the past five years. His associates are college girls trained in child psychology.

JOHN WARD

● *Again some notes from my recent lecture trip:*

At Chicago a "hello" message in a gorgeous bouquet from Faith Baldwin, also traveling, and whom I missed, unfortunately, by a few hours. . . . At the J. Walter Thompson Company's model kitchen Ruth Sieskin shows me an exquisite old tile stove, an antique from Italy but fitted now with the most up-to-date of electric ranges. . . . Anna, Irish housekeeper for Clara Laughlin, authoress of the So You're Going books, sorrowfully has changed her canary's name from David Edward to George. . . . John H. Kraft, youngest of the five Kraft brothers, cheeseigneurs, tells me about talking via radio messages from the Hindenburg to a business associate aboard the Queen Mary while the big Zep was flying directly over the big liner—and the radio conversation cost just as much as though it had crossed three thousand miles of ocean. . . . E. R. Stege points out to me the spot in Lincoln Park where his grandpa, the historic brewer, buried two grand pianos during the great Chicago fire; the pianos were dug up after several months' interment, are still going strong in the Stege family. . . . From Thomas L. Williams (his Maybelline darkens our eyebrows and lashes) I heard this story of a Hollywood holdup: On Sunset Boulevard another driver crowded Mr. Williams's custom-built car to the curb. "Say," yelled the holdup man, "where did you get that special body? I want one like it." The holdup man was Cary Grant.

● An attractive young married woman, neighbor and friend of mine, has been in a hospital for some weeks as the result of an automobile accident. Broke her leg in two places. I went to see her. She was happy, triumphant, glad.

"Look at me!" she exclaimed. "I've taken off *fifteen* pounds!"

Not a word about her busted leg, or the shock of the smashup.

Merely pleased that her enforced retirement gave her a chance to diet and reduce.

Feminine vanity has a courage all its own.

● Stylish ladies are choosing floral perfume this season to harmonize with their accessories . . . f'rinstance, a yellow blouse, yellow hankie, yellow carnation on your lapel—and a dash of D'Orsay's Mimosa perfume. Or a touch of rose, the classic summer perfume of Paris, when the color of your hat is garnet, with belt and pocketbook to match.

● The idea of marriage arranged through a professional agent has just been approved by a Canadian judge. Deciding a recent lawsuit in favor of a marriage broker who couldn't collect his fee from the father of the bride, Chief Justice Greenshields of Montreal stated his opinion that any lasting marriage, however arranged, is of benefit to public order and good morals.

Here in the United States we entertain a popular prejudice against any marriage that isn't a *love match*. We also have more divorce than any other nation in the Western World. Is it possible that we exaggerate the worth of love matches?

● Enjoyed reading Jade Lore, all about the precious green stone of China. John Goette is the author. (Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, a John Day book.)

● A *hot* canapé, served along with the cold ones, is always welcome at any cocktail party. Here are two canapé ideas from an old Russian cookbook: Mix 1 cup butter with 1 cup cream cheese, work in 2 cups flour, and chill the dough overnight in refrigerator. Divide in 2 parts and quickly roll out as thin as possible. Stamp with a two-inch cooky cutter. Spread half of each round with (1) 2 tablespoons liverwurst thinned with 1 teaspoon cream and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; (2) Finely chopped anchovy fillets mixed with 1 teaspoon chili sauce. Fold the rounds of dough like turnovers, press edges together firmly, bake 12 to 15 minutes in fairly hot oven. Serve very hot on folded napkin.

DISCRETION *Be Damned*

By ELMER DAVIS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

JOB hunting in Washington, D. C., Sally Phimister finds herself in the midst of a lobbying circle headed up by Milt Soden, a powerful politician. The plan is to wangle a bill through Congress compensating Avis Charlton to the amount of $50,000 for her husband's death during an uprising in the Caribbean republic of Olorosa.

Meeting "Duke" Williams, an ex-aviator, Sally experiences a "crush," even though she has a devoted beau, Phil Strang, cub reporter, and Duke himself is madly in love with the charming widow, Avis. However, Sally becomes the secretary of the ex-aviator, who has been engaged by Milt Soden to organize a gunrunning project down in New Capri, Florida, which is aimed at fomenting fresh revolution in Olorosa. Of course, the girl is given to understand that the business is a legitimate trading corporation.

Avis, sojourning in New Capri for a rest after the strain of Washington, is jealous of the Duke-Sally combination, but quickly realizes her error, especially when Phil Strang appears on the scene. Reporter Phil senses that a dangerous conspiracy is afoot, warns Sally, and takes the trail for a scoop. It may be the making of him in newspaperdom.

Unaware of the turn of events, Duke prepares for the undercover delivery of guns to Olorosa. Meantime, the Charlton compensation bill is passed by Congress. It is up to the President for his signature.

On the eve of his first gunrunning venture, one of Duke's chief aides, Luis Calvo, visits Avis and spitefully reveals what has been going on. She is horrified, and when Duke phones, forbids him to call on her. Grim with determination, he says: "I'm coming—I've got to see you now."

PART SEVEN—MURDER . . AND AN ALIBI

AVIS came to the door, let Williams into the living room—hot and stuffy but more private than the balcony. In the light of the dim lamp her face was haggard, her eyes stony.

"Avis! Why—why did you let Calvo see you?" he found himself asking.

"Why didn't you tell me, Duke? You've known all this time, and never told me. I had a right to know, if I was part of the plot."

"Soden made me promise. I didn't realize how things would turn— He must have made Calvo promise too. Why did he tell you?"

She had dropped listlessly into a wicker chair.

"You know Luis Calvo," she said dully. "And you took this job for my sake, didn't you?" she accused him.

A night of madness, a tragic dawn—now comes the story's swift, breath-taking climax

"For my own sake! I was broke, unemployed—"

"But you didn't take it till we'd lunched together, till you knew— Oh, there's something poisonous about me, Duke! I ruined Jack. I've ruined you— Always bringing tragedy to the people I care for—"

"Avis!" In one long stride he reached her, drew her up in his arms; she lay inert, her face buried in his shoulder. Suddenly she broke out of his arms.

"Let's stop thinking about it!" she said desperately. "Let's go out somewhere and—and get drunk, and forget all about it!"

"You and I aren't going to get drunk to forget things. We're going to look them in the eye and stare them down! . . . Let's go down to the Valencia," he proposed, "and dance."

Later he meant to join Ramon at the warehouse—but nothing would happen there for hours. In the meantime, Soden had advised him to be seen at a night club to get an alibi; but above everything else, he had to get Avis out of this mood somehow. She smiled, a little shakily.

"Wait till I change, darling; I won't be long." Indeed, it was hardly two minutes before she emerged from her bedroom in a summer evening gown. "And now," she said, "let's forget everything except that for the first time we're going out dancing together."

THEY met friends, of course. For a while they were at a table with a party from the hotel, talking, laughing, Avis as gay as anybody else. Gertrude, Duke reflected, wouldn't have liked that; she would expect Avis to be discreet till the President had signed her bill. But discretion be damned tonight; if there was a touch of hysteria about Avis's gaiety, you couldn't blame her.

They danced until the music stopped for good. She rose on tiptoe, her hand tightening on his shoulder; they kissed. . . . "Take me home, Duke."

Their taxi was an old-fashioned Ford, with no partition between them and the driver; no privacy at all. Her hands held his in her lap. They sat in silence, driving home through bright empty streets where the lamplight shone back from white coral rock, coral sand. Before her door he paid off the driver, muttering something about walking on to the hotel, it was so near. He mounted her stair beside her; she unlocked the door

"Do I need to ask you to come in?" she said simply.

He ought to go out to that warehouse; she ought to be discreet. . . .

"You're sure, Avis? Sure it isn't just the—the occasion?"

"It's us, Duke. . . . You know that line of Sally's about the technique of high diving?" He nodded. "Technically," she said, "I suppose I'm falling; but I never had myself so thoroughly under control in all my life."

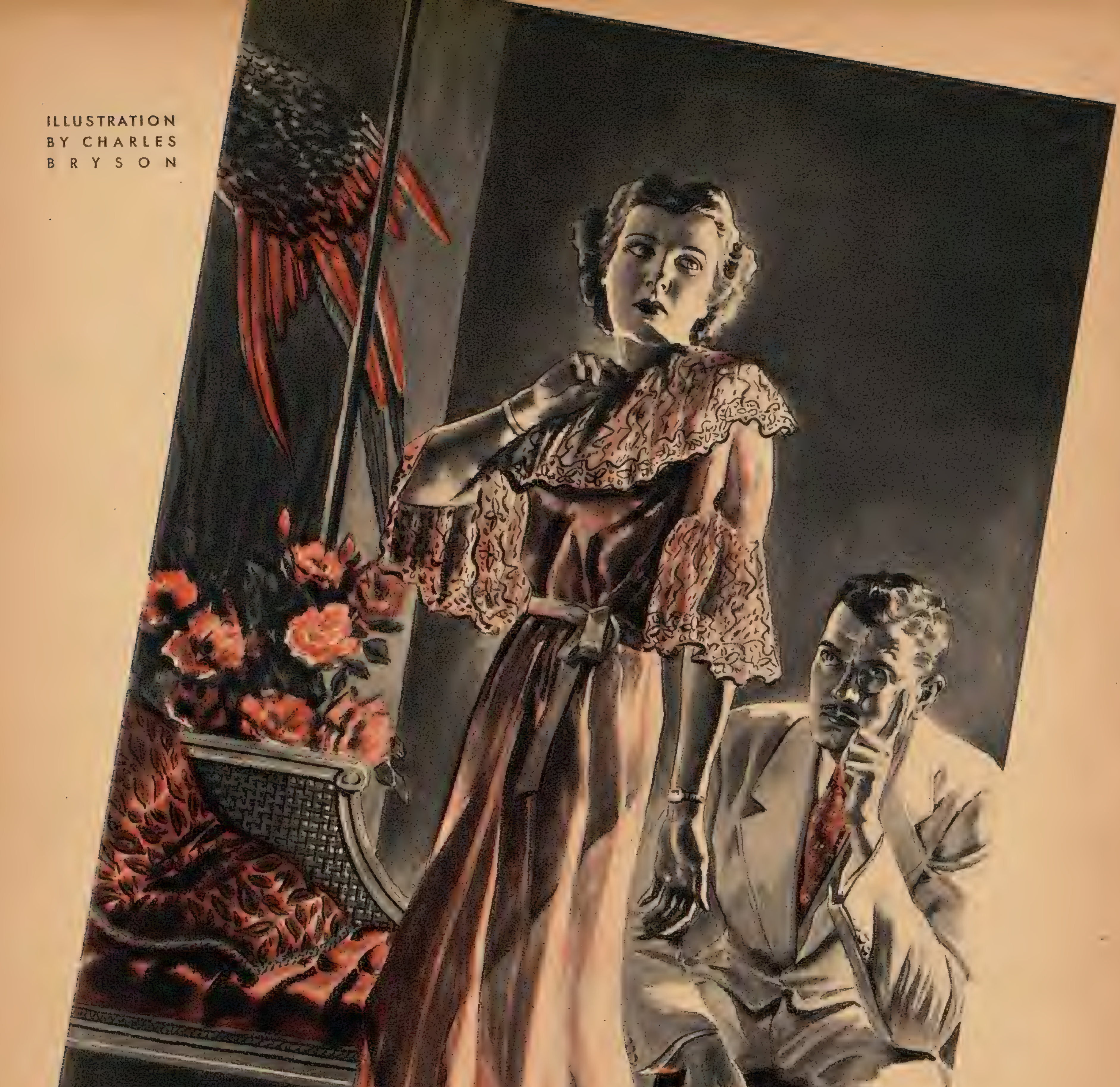
. . . . .

The street lamps had gone out; there was pallor in the eastern sky.

"Avis, I must go. Dawn comes fast in these latitudes." He pushed aside the window curtain, looked out at empty streets, silent houses in the faint clear light. There was no sound but the soft rustle of palm fronds, the low swishing beat of the surf. "Everything looks quiet," he said with relief. "Nothing seems to have happened around town while we were asleep."

She stood up convulsively. "Duke! I'd forgotten that too. You meant to go out to the warehouse, didn't you? And you knew I wouldn't want you to. Do you think"—her eyes were tormented. "Answer this question truthfully, no matter what it may do to us. Do you think I asked you in to—to keep you away from that?"

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON



Her eyes were tormented. "Do you think I asked you in to — to keep you away from that?" inquired Avis.

"Of course not," he said quietly. "I know why you asked me in . . . and why I came in. We'd been through about everything, yesterday evening—and we'd come out of it, together. What was between us, then, outweighed everything else. We couldn't have left each other—and ourselves incomplete."

"No, we couldn't . . . I suppose," she agreed.

He tiptoed down the stairs, walked through silent streets. The sky was bright with the glow of the sun just below the horizon. There was no sound but the rustle of palms—and then, high up and far away, a faint humming drone. Planes—three of them flying in a V from northeast to southwest; as if they had come from Miami, were bound for Olorosa. No regular planes were abroad at this hour; and three of them, in formation—

Vaguely uneasy, he turned into the gate of the hotel. Two men sat in rocking chairs beside the door, waiting for somebody. Bronzed men with light hair—Southerners, not Latins; with holstered revolvers strapped openly on their hips. He recognized them—the sheriff and a deputy. . . .

"Morning, gentlemen," said Duke Williams with a lightness he didn't feel. "You're up early."

"So are you," the sheriff pointed out. "We been up quite a while, as it happens. As a matter of fact we tried to get you on the phone about five o'clock; we called your hotel room, but you didn't answer."

"What did you want me for?"

"That ain't the question just now. The question is where were you at five o'clock this morning?"

"At five?" he said lightly. "Let's see—it's almost seven now. At five I was out and around—I couldn't say where, exactly. I'd been at the Valencia, with a party, and I had a good deal to drink. When the party broke up I decided to walk around a while and clear my head."

"Out and around? Maybe you walked out to your warehouse—the old Valdez factory—to see that everything was all right?"

"As it happens, I didn't. I've got a couple of watchmen out there to see that everything's all right."

"Yeah," said the sheriff. "One of 'em was Steve Lacasca, who's kind of quick on the trigger. I want him for murder, and I expect to get him soon. I may want some other people, too."

"Murder?" said Williams blankly.

The sheriff's eyes were hard.

"I said murder. Seems there was some suspicion about what you had in that warehouse, Williams; the Olorosan consul had a couple of detectives keepin' an eye on it. Along between four and five this morning they see some of our old rumrunning boats come up to the dock, and a mob starts cleaning out the place—with no kick from your watchmen. The detectives thought this was kinda funny. They come up closer, to get a better look—and Steve Lacasca let 'em have it. Well, one of 'em was killed all right, but the other wasn't quite. He managed to drag himself to the nearest house, got the consul on the phone; and the consul got me and the coast guard in Miami. . . . Gunrunning has never been much of a crime in this town, but we take murder seriously. And anybody that hired Steve Lacasca, and might have been around there in charge when Steve cut loose Hadn't you better tell us where you were at five this morning?"

So this was the end—of the revolution in Olorosa, where Gutierrez was forewarned now; of the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation, which could hardly put up the pretense of burglary; of Duke Williams, who faced the certainty of unemployment, the possibility of three years in jail. One thing only could still be saved—Avis and her claim bill. She'd need that money now. If somehow he could warn her, make her understand

"As nearly as I can remember, sheriff," he said thoughtfully, "I was sitting on the beach at five o'clock without any alibi witnesses."

"Then maybe you better come down with us," said the sheriff, rising. "Your memory might work better indoors."

"Do you mean to say I'm under arrest?"

"I wouldn't say just that." But the sheriff took a quick step nearer, patted Williams's pockets, making sure he had no gun. "But I certainly want the pleasure of your company, whether you're an accessory or only a material witness."

. . . . .

If it were arrest, it was mild enough. The sheriff's wife gave him breakfast, and strong black coffee braced him up. After breakfast a wiry young man with spectacles dropped in—District Attorney Fred Halsey with whom Duke had had many a drink at Mora's. Halsey seemed to regard his predicament with the amused concern of a friend rather than the severity of an official. Duke repeated what he had told the sheriff.

"But from two thirty to six thirty you've got no alibi," said Halsey. "Well, Duke, I'm not saying that I don't believe you in my private capacity; but till we get this cleared up I'll have to ask you to stay with the sheriff and take his orders."

"Am I permitted to telephone to a lawyer?" Halsey nodded. "I'll need a local lawyer, I suppose—but I've got a friend who's on vacation in Miami," said Duke. "Milton Soden. Do you mind if I call him too?"

"Call anybody you like," said Halsey.

"Do you mind if I call up my secretary and give her some instructions about office routine? I give you my word she never suspected this gunrunning. I want to talk to her about my legitimate business."

Halsey considered; then, with a shrug:

"All right. But the sheriff has to hear what you say."

"No objection to that," said Duke lightly.

It was still a little early to call Sally; but he had no qualms about calling Soden at Miami Beach. As he talked, with the sheriff listening suspiciously from an armchair, he hoped that Soden appreciated the act he was putting on. A business man who had yielded to temptation; whose side line of filibustering had unexpectedly got him into unforeseen trouble; who appealed, now, to an old friend to come down and help him out.

"I see," came Soden's dry voice. "You seem to forget, Williams, that I'm counsel for the company you work for—a company you may have ruined by your criminal foolishness. I certainly can't do anything for you. There's a newspaperman here now, Williams, in the other room of my suite—one of these Washington correspondents that came down with the President. Somehow he got the story before breakfast from the Olorosan consulate; and he came right over here, making some very nasty insinuations. I told him that if he so much as hinted that the company, or any of its other officials, was mixed up in this, he'd get his paper neck-deep in a libel suit. But you can see now what you've let us in for. I must say, Williams," he finished righteously, "if you chose to take the risk you'll have to take the rap."

And he hung up before Williams could say more.

Damn his soul, thought Duke Williams fervently. He knows that if I turned state's evidence he'd be indicted for conspiracy; yet he dares to double-cross me because he knows I won't. Because he's smart enough to guess that the one thing I've got left now is the fact that I'm not the kind of man who turns state's evidence. . . .

. . . . .

While Sally was at breakfast a wire came from Miami:

HOPE YOU ARE READY TO GIVE UP YOUR JOB NOW STOP AM ARRIVING BY MORNING PLANE AND CAN TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY PHIL

The moment she saw that telegram, knew that in spite of their quarrel he wanted her to give up her job and go wherever he was going, everything clicked into place, and she really understood her own emotions at last.

So she walked down the street smiling—and was a little perplexed at the curious expression on the faces of people she knew, as they nodded to her. She came into the office, opened her desk—and across the next desk Ynez Bonilla looked at her with a face that was a streamer headline announcing disaster.

"Ynez! What's the matter?"

By the time Ynez had finished the story that had run with the speed of a radio broadcast through all the Latin population of New Capri, Sally understood Phil's telegram. . . . So he wasn't making up their quarrel at all; only proclaiming to her that he had been right, she had been wrong. But if he had been right about Duke Williams— The telephone interrupted her thoughts; she picked it up, and heard Duke's voice.

"Sally! I'm not coming into the office this morning."

"Yes, I know. I just heard. Where are you? Not—not in jail?"

"Not exactly; I'm a guest of the sheriff, in his home."

"But, Duke! This isn't true, is it?"

"Some of it—the filibustering. But I haven't gone in for murder yet. If I'd been there, I could have kept Steve Lacasca from letting go."

"But if you got a lawyer, Duke, he could get you out—"

"I'll do that when I get around to it," he said impatiently. "I tried Soden—called him in Miami, but he wasn't interested. I'll get somebody here. But in the meantime, since I can't get to the office—"

HE began to talk to her about details of the business—cargo space, bills of lading, everything he could think of; running on in a soporific monotone, with an occasional hasty glance at the sheriff in his rocking chair across the room. A bilingual sheriff, as fluent in Spanish as in English. He listened at first, suspicious and intent—but all this was too dull to hold the interest of a man who had been up since long before daylight. Little by little, the sheriff began to nod.

"*Comprenez-vous Français*, Sally?" Duke interjected into his monologue, still in that soporific tone.

"What?" she gasped. "Yes . . . . I mean *oui*."

"Then go at once," he went on in the best French he could manage, "to our friend the widow with the white hair. Tell her to say nothing—nothing to any one—except that I left her at her door. She can do me no good and will ruin herself; she will need that money now. Go at once; tell her she must—"

"That's not even bad Spanish!" the sheriff broke in. "Talk something I can understand."

But just that moment gained had been time enough.

"All right," said Sally. "I'm starting now." . . .

Avis at breakfast was a symphony in bronze and silver—brown eyes and sun-tanned skin, a frothy white negligee that matched her hair. She smiled a greeting to Sally in a still intensity of contentment. But the smile faded suddenly. Sally's face, too, was a headline of bad news by this time.

"Avis, I've got a message for you from Duke. I'll give it to you exactly as he told it to me." She began; but after a sentence or two—

"But what's happened to him?" Avis broke in. Sally told her—and saw her face paling, tightening, turning into the stony mask she had worn at Mrs. Grandison's tea. A face that had seen the Gorgon.

"He meant to be there," said Avis dully. "At the warehouse. If he had been, there'd have been no shooting; but— Of course you know what this means, Sally. He was with me. . . . Oh, there's something poisonous about me! I ruin the men I love! He'd never have taken this job in the first place if he hadn't wanted me—"

So long ago as that, thought Sally, a little dazed. Well, well!

"But they can't hold him for this!" Avis insisted. "Can't his lawyer—"

"He hasn't got a lawyer yet. He called up Mr. Soden in Miami and asked him to come down; but he wouldn't help him—"

"What? Soden wouldn't help him?" That dead mask was gone; Avis was alert, peremptory, single-minded. "Why, the whole thing was Soden's idea!" She jumped up, ran to her bedroom; through the open door Sally saw her slipping off her negligee and mules; slipping on a street dress and street sandals. "Go back and tell him, Sally— No, never mind; I'll be there almost as soon as you would. I'm going to tell the sheriff exactly where Duke was."

"But you mustn't! You can't afford it! Wait till the President has signed your bill—"

"Wait? How long? And leave him in jail? What would you do, Sally, if you were in my place?"

Sally shrugged. "As a woman I agree with you ab-

"CLOSER..CLOSER!...THEY ALMOST HAD THEIR MEN..WHEN *BANG!* A BLOW-OUT!"

S. S. VAN DINE
Celebrated Author

Read S. S. Van Dine's breath-taking description of Sergeant McCabe's* thrilling man hunt . . . .

"THERE they are! Not more'n a quarter mile ahead of us. We'll overhaul 'em before they reach the Bad Lands." Sergeant McCabe's voice was excited and triumphant.

And just then a sharp explosion rent the air, and the police car leaped from the narrow road at a sharp angle and lurched crazily to a sudden stop in a rock-strewn sandy field.

"A blow-out!" snarled the driver. In the distance the faint tail-light of the criminals' car could be discerned, rapidly disappearing into the now unbroken blackness.

"No chance now," the Sergeant complained sullenly. "They've escaped." The criminals did escape that time. But, thanks to the persistence of Sergeant McCabe and his men, they were later captured.

The solution to this havoc caused by blow-outs has seemed to me to depend on the manufacture of a *safer* tire. That's why the invention of the Life-Saver Golden Ply by Goodrich should be the "good news" to every American motorist that it was to me. As one of the Goodrich engineers explained, "This Golden Ply, which is now found in every Silvertown Tire, is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific blowout-causing heat generated inside *all* tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply provides motorists with *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs."

Motorists all over the country are changing to Golden Ply Silvertowns. They're playing safe. These life-saving Silvertowns can be purchased at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY

**Names and localities are fictitious, but the episode is suggested by an actual occurrence.*

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

Now, I'll Dictate to You!

During Colds adopt the

KLEENEX HABIT

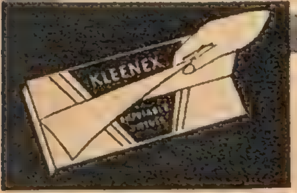
in your office!

● When sniffles start, put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. Kleenex Tissues tend to retain germs, thus check colds from spreading to others. Simply use each tissue just once—then destroy, germs and all.

Once you have Kleenex handy in your desk, you'll find the Kleenex Habit makes many tasks far easier—just as it does at home!

Keep Kleenex in Every Room And in Your Car, too.

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge... To dust and polish... For the baby... *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

solutely. But as Duke's messenger—Can't you imagine how he'd feel if you saved him by ruining yourself?"

"Can't you imagine how I'd feel if I didn't? As for ruin—" Avis smiled, "I hope it would take more than that to ruin me."

"I'm talking about money!" said Sally desperately. "Everybody would admire you, but what would you live on? . . . Duke's going to need money too. He can't have saved much in the first month of his job. And even after they get rid of this nonsense about the murder, he'll need high-priced lawyers to defend him on the neutrality charge. How could he pay them unless you get your money?"

"I see. Decency comes high, doesn't it?" said Avis wearily. "But to let him stay there in jail, to let the story get into the papers, when I could so easily—"

"Please wait a little while, Avis. See what happens today."

"All right; I'll wait—a little while. . . . Thank you so much, Sally. I've got some other things to do now, but I'll see you downtown later."

Avis, left alone, picked up the telephone, her brown eyes implacable.

"Long distance, please. . . . I want to talk to Milton Soden at the Minaret Hotel at Miami Beach." And presently: "Mr. Soden? This is Avis Charlton. I understand you've refused to help Duke Williams."

"My dear Mrs. Charlton, how could I help him? My practice is in Washington. If he's accused of complicity in a murder in Florida—"

"It won't be hard to get rid of that silly murder charge—but he's also accused of violating the neutrality laws. A federal offense. A man who's got all your influence ought to be able to help him about that."

"But I don't see how I can do that, Mrs. Charlton. I'm counsel for a company he betrayed—"

"Don't waste time talking nonsense," she interrupted. "I know all about that company. I know all about everything."

WHAT? Be careful what you say!" he cried in alarm. "You don't know who may be listening in!"

"I don't care who may be listening in. I know the whole story—"

"Damn that Williams! I thought I could trust him to—"

"To take the rap in silence, like a gentleman? Oh, you could, Mr. Soden. I got the whole story from Luis Calvo. Unless you come down here right away, I'm going to tell the whole town what Calvo told me. You'd better hire a plane, Mr. Soden, and get down here in another hour. The deadline is one o'clock."

. . . . .

There was no crowd waiting to meet the plane this morning. Phil ran up the steps, saw Sally standing there, would have kissed her— But she slipped out of his reach, her eyes thunderous.

"Have you given up that job?" he asked her.

"Certainly I haven't. Do you think I'd run out on Duke Williams just because he got himself in a jam?"

"You'd better; this thing goes deeper than you realize. This is a pretty shabby lot you're mixed up with—Williams and Mrs. Charlton. I'll tell you about it."

Side by side they strolled along the causeway that led to the business section, and at every step Sally felt a little more of the brightness of the morning fading out.

"So you seem to have started all this," she commented at last. "And you feel pretty well satisfied with yourself, don't you?"

"Why not? It's a whale of a story. All the papers will get some of it, of course; but the background that ties it together, that's exclusive. Nobody's got it but me and the Olorosan consuls, here and in Miami; but they've promised to keep it to themselves."

IT'S all my fault that you ever stumbled on to this story. If you hadn't come down here to see me you'd never have recognized Lacasca—and started something that's got my best friends in trouble."

"They got themselves in trouble; I'm only the recording instrument."

"I can't believe that Avis Charlton knew what was behind her bill. Duke—I wouldn't have believed this of him either," she said wearily; "but evidently some of it's true. . . . But can't you leave Avis out of it? You wouldn't have got the story at all if you hadn't come to see me, and if I ask you to leave her out—"

"They don't hire me to leave things out," he insisted stubbornly.

"I've heard of newspapermen not rushing into print with all they know."

"Well, of course, if somebody tells them something in confidence—"

"I see. . . . Phil, the only one your story can really hurt is Avis. You can't prove that Soden did anything criminal—anything but the sort of wire-pulling that always goes on in Washington. Duke—you can't get him into much worse trouble than he's in already. But if you tie up the Charlton claim bill with this plot, the President will veto it, and then—Phil, I'm going to tell you something in confidence, so you can't print it. Duke and Avis are—are engaged," she said, flushing a little. "The reason he can't prove he wasn't at the warehouse last night was because he was with her. . . . Yes, I mean just that. She wants to tell, and he won't let her—"

"That's a politician's trick," he complained. "You tell me something in confidence that I might have found out anyway; and now, even if I do—"

"You can't print it," she said triumphantly. "You've got your points of professional honor, just like Duke Williams. I know you'll live up to them. . . . But look, Phil—she's trying to save him, no matter what it costs her; and he won't let her, on account of her bill; and now you come along with something that would ruin the bill anyway. Won't you leave out that angle—to please me?"

"I'd do pretty nearly anything for you, but the thing I'm for is to get news—"

She stood glowering at him. "All right!" she said suddenly. "It's my fault that Avis is in trouble and it's up to me to get her out. So I'm going to give Duke an alibi for last night."

"You? How?" She told him. "But, Sally! Don't be a damned fool! You can't do a crazy thing like that!"

"Oh, can't I? And plenty of people around New Capri will be ready to believe it," she flung at him as she started on.

Is it possible that the loyal Sally will go as far as that to save her friend Avis? And if she does, would Duke accept such an alibi? What can rescue them all from their fearful plight? You must read the great final installment in the next issue of Liberty to see if the story turns out as you think—or want.

GOOD BOOKS

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **THE CAT CLIMBS** by C. A. Tarrant. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A perfectly delightful gentleman crook makes his bow. A most immoral book—in so far that this reporter, at least, caught himself cheering the villain from the first page to the last.

★ ★ ★ **GALLOWS HILL** by Frances Winwar. Henry Holt & Co.

A sharply visualized novel of Salem, Massachusetts, in the late seventeenth century. It portrays a Puritan reign of terror, compared to which Bolshevist outrages seem decidedly milksoppy.

★ ★ ½ **CENTRAL STANDARD TIME** by Harlan Hatcher. Farrar & Rinehart.

This story of business tradition, labor trouble, romance, and tragedy—intelligently but not too grimly treated—offers no solution to the American economic problem, but it does provoke thought.

★ ★ **LUCIFER IN PINE LAKE** by Samuel Rogers. Little, Brown & Company.

A well drawn portrait of a completely selfish man and of his deadening effect on the lives about him. Soundly written.

★ ★ **NINE DOCTORS AND A MADMAN** by Elizabeth Curtiss. Simon & Schuster.

Here is a perfectly swell murder mystery laid in an insane asylum. The plot is logical, and the characters so well drawn that one forgives their occasional talkativeness.

★ ★ **THE MOON SAW MURDER** by Gail Oliver. The Macmillan Company.

A workmanlike murder mystery well told. But if the author's knowledge of other technical matters is no more to be trusted than that concerning "the management" of a "national weekly," then she needs to write about matters upon which she is better informed.

Chew with a Purpose
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
ORALGENE FOR ORAL HYGIENE 5¢
ORALGENE Chewing Gum

A delightful new chewing gum for mouth health

THESE 3 BENEFITS

1 Oralgene is tougher, more "chewy." That's to provide beneficial exercise for your mouth, teeth and gums.

2 Oralgene is the only chewing gum which has milk of magnesia (dehydrated).

3 It helps keep teeth clean. So, after every meal, chew Oralgene (the very name means mouth health).

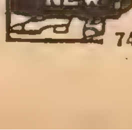
ORALGENE... pronounced ORAL GENE (mouth health)

Each piece individually wrapped

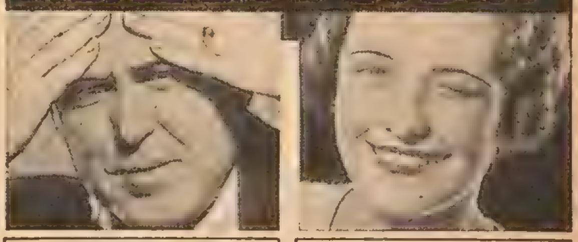
Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Druggists now have a scientific doctor's prescription called Cystex for these troubles. Helps nature in 48 hours. Guaranteed to fix you up in 8 days, stimulate vigor and make you feel years younger or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

Dr. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician



LAME PEOPLE need my Nature form Extension Shoe. No matter how short one may be, makes both feet look alike. Ready-made shoes worn. Distance no barrier. Write for booklet. A. L. M. SINN, 748 BergenSt., Newark, N. J.



REAL LIFE STORY

TIRED ALL THE TIME

SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

FEELS LIKE NEW!

THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE..

HE wasn't himself. Had too many restless nights, too many tired days. Seemed to lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too smart to let this go on. She insisted that he try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and he found out what a surprising difference it made to use a laxative of entirely vegetable origin. He didn't mind taking NRs at all, they were so gentle, and non-habit forming. They simply made him feel like a new man. Get a 25c box at any drugstore today.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 94D-15 St. Louis, Mo.

Gaston B. Means—
MASTER BAD MAN

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding"

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN last week's opening installment Mrs. Thacker described the incidents that launched archcriminal Means on his career of crime, climaxed by his $104,000 hoax of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean—a deed that put the glib-tongued faker in Leavenworth Prison under a sentence of fifteen years.

What happened to that stupendous sum is still a mystery, baffling Department of Justice agents. But Mrs. Thacker, once a victim of Means' evil devices herself when she wrote for him The Strange Death of President Harding—later repudiated by her—believes the solution lies in a between-the-lines study of his bizarre past.

From the time he was seven years old, when he committed his first offense by robbing his mother's missionary bank and successfully putting the blame on a servant girl, money was the motivating power behind all of his crimes—money and revenge.

As a child he lived an ordinary enough life. He attended grammar school in Concord, North Carolina, and hung about the Concord mills of J. W. Cannon, multimillionaire cotton manufacturer. After being graduated from the University of North Carolina, Means taught school for a short time, then went to work as a salesman for the Cannon Mills. He became involved in a breach-of-promise suit, evaded it, and next hit the papers in an entanglement with the Pullman Company, settling out of court.

In Chicago he met and married Julie Patterson, but not before her uncle had hired Detective William J. Burns to investigate his background.

When it was discovered that Means was posing as the son of his employer, he was fired. That night he returned home to Julie, handing her a roll of bills—two thousand dollars.

And that was no more than the beginning.

The inside story of America's most bizarre and baffling career of crime

PART TWO—WHO MURDERED MAUDE KING?

THE device employed by Gaston B. Means to make an easy two thousand dollars in one day was comparatively simple.

When, that morning, he received a note of dismissal from the Cannon Mills, he mentally checked over accounts that were due, or almost due. Then he started out to collect.

Breathless, he burst into the offices of his customers. He was at once hurried, apologetic, and confidential. But most of all he was hurried.

"Sorry to do this, but the Mills have a huge note to meet before the banks open in the morning. Unprecedented situation. Haven't time for details, but they need every cent of cash they can lay their hands on immediately. Hope you won't mind."

Few of the customers did. Obligingly they paid their accounts in cash, many of them still under the impression that they were dealing with towel manufacturer Cannon's son.

Such time-consuming trivialities as receipts were passed over in this moment of crisis. Means took their money, wrung their hands gratefully, grabbed his hat, and smilingly promised:

"I'll put that receipt in the mail to you tonight."

Thus did Gaston Means earn two thousand dollars in a single day and, having earned it, carry it home to place in the tiny hands of his breathless bride.

The Cannon Mills did not wish to invite unpleasant publicity. There was no prosecution.

Gaston and Julie Means moved to a hotel. Shortly thereafter they appeared in New York City, where they took rooms in a modest brownstone walk-up on West 107th Street.

It was characteristic of Gaston B. Means that he endeavored to turn to his financial use everything that even remotely touched his life. His encyclopedic mind had never forgotten that, before his marriage, he had been "investigated" by that famous sleuth William J. Burns, at the behest of Maisie Melvin.

One day he appeared at the offices of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency in New York, where he lied so glibly about his exploits as an investigator that he won himself a job with that organization.

It was while working for the Burns agency as a private detective—Means, however, continually referred to himself as an "investigator"—that he developed what may be best described as the "entanglement" method of investigation. It was a method that was to serve him well for the rest of his life, and consisted simply of this:

Placed on a case, he would do just enough investigation to acquaint himself with the basic facts of the problem. Then he would sit down and leisurely put his fertile imagination to work. After that he would write his report.

The report would be nine tenths fiction—but what fiction! All of the essentials of good melodrama would be there: clever detective work and hairbreadth escapes of which he invariably was the hero; astounding revelations; false leads by the score, all made plausible.

It was such masterful coloring of his case reports that quickly earned Means considerable stature as a private investigator. And it was his ability to unearth new and sensational angles of a case—angles which existed only in Means' clever imagination but which, of course, necessitated further "unearthing" at full pay—that kept him steadily and profitably employed.

About this time Means discovered that commercial espionage was a lucrative field.

"I was more or less familiar with the cotton-mill business," he once explained, "and I wrote for the Journal of Commerce on textile questions. That attracted the attention of German secret commercial agents."

Whatever the circumstances, he began—for the Germans—an investigation of English goods being sent into the United States, so that the Germans could duplicate these goods and undersell their British competitors.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL

In the summer of 1914, while he was thus engaged, Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria stepped into the path of an assassin's bullet and Europe plunged into war. Means, supreme opportunist, now offered German agents his wartime services—for a substantial fee.

So convincingly did he pretend to have exclusive knowledge of Allied plots against Germany that he actually worked under Count Bernstorff, and became ultimately confidential man for the Kaiser's most notorious spy in America, Captain Karl Boy-Ed, military attaché of the German embassy in Washington. In working with the latter, Means referred to himself by the mysterious designation E-13.

Later, he told of meetings with Boy-Ed in Central Park, and once spoke of hiding for Boy-Ed a cool million dollars in a satchel in Trinity Churchyard, Manhattan.

It is doubtful that Gaston Means ever handled the millions he so often bragged about. But I do believe that he completely sold the Germans—for excellent fees—his pretended ability to uncover plots and produce documents; for in August of 1915 he moved from his humble 107th Street rooms, with Julie, to an exclusive apartment on the tenth floor of 1155 Park Avenue.

Undoubtedly, during this period, he was giving the Germans a fine line of fiction and making big money, for he told me of an incident that happened at this time.

Gaston Means came home, one day, with a paper-wrapped package.

" Hide it," he told Julie.

She unwrapped the package, and her hands trembled a little as its contents came into view. Before her, in bills of huge denomination, was more than $100,000!

Long after Means had told me of the incident, I asked Julie, one day when I was alone with her, about it. She recalled the incident immediately. Her eyes were bright as she smiled, told me where she had concealed that great fortune.

" I remember," she said. " I sewed it in the back of my corselette."

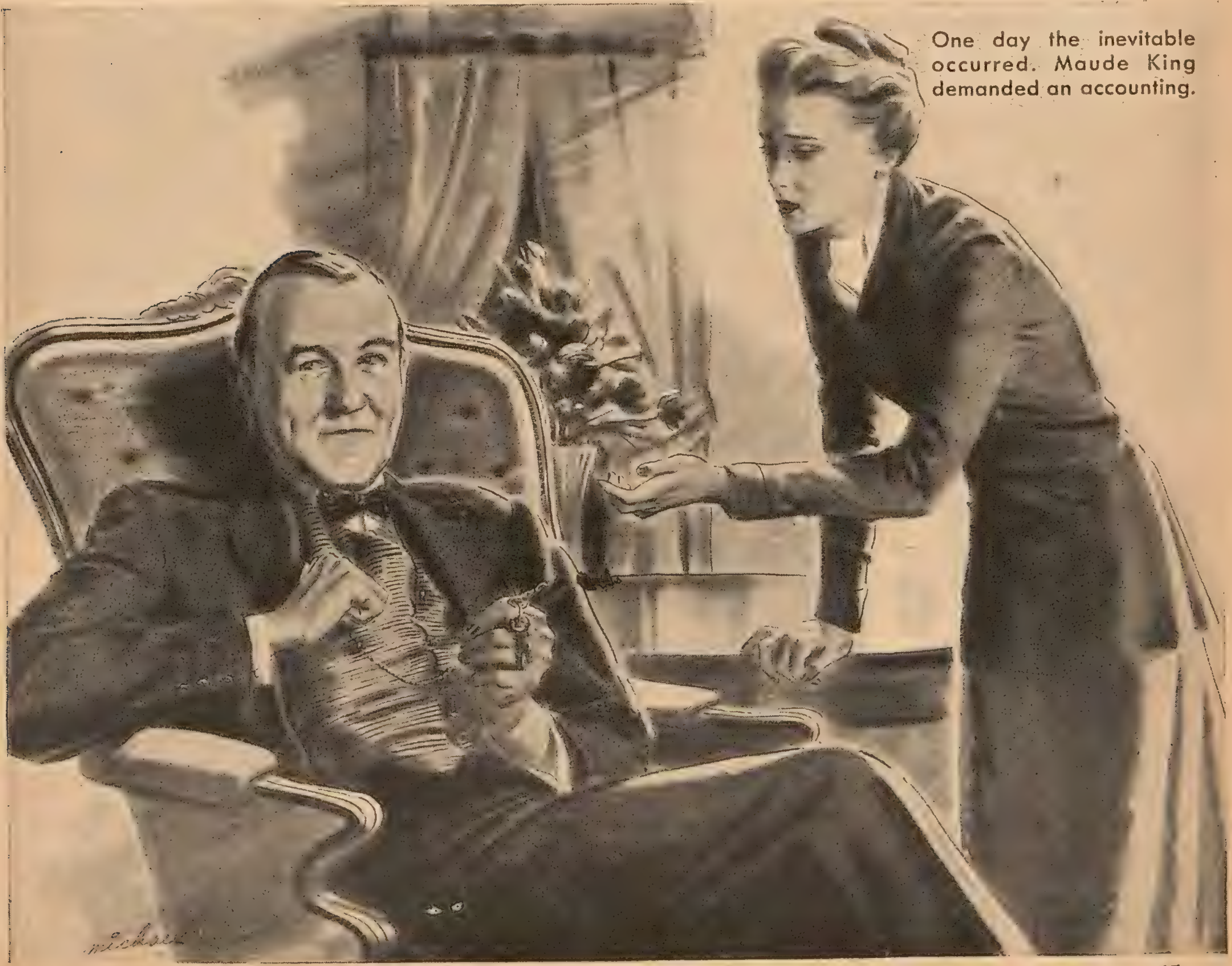
While Germany was paying him a hundred dollars a day to turn up Allied spies for them, to shut off the flow of British goods into America, and to purchase supplies for Germany with the million dollars of the Trinity Cemetery episode, Means obtained sensational " information " that further impressed his Teutonic friends.

First, he claimed to have learned that British warships off the Atlantic coast were being supplied with American foodstuffs. He reported this to Dudley Field Malone, then Collector of the Port of New York.

There was no more truth in this " information " than in another report made public by Means in which he accused Charles M. Schwab and J. Pierpont Morgan of building submarines in America and shipping them to Canada for assembly and sale to Great Britain.

Both stories, however, hit the front pages of a lot of newspapers, created a national furor, and convinced his German employers that Gaston B. Means was a skilled investigator who should be kept on the pay roll.

Means' pro-German activities almost got his boss, the late William J. Burns, into serious trouble. The Burns



One day the inevitable occurred. Maude King demanded an accounting.

FRED, YOU STAGE HANDS SURE KNOW YOUR SHAVING. SINCE YOU ADVISED ME TO USE GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR MY FACE FEELS GREAT
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

A New Shaving Thrill Awaits You

—when you use the blade that was made for your razor

Days seem brighter when you start them off with an "All-Gillette" shave. That means using a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor—the shaving combination that is world-famous for comfort.

The Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade are *made for each other.* Every detail in their manufacture is planned to make them work perfectly together. That's the secret of the better results you get when you shave the "All-Gillette" way.

Amazingly Sharp Edges

Giant four-ton sharpeners, as delicately adjustable as fine watch-making machinery, finish Gillette Blades to microscopic perfection. Honing wheels of exclusive design, giving 50 times the results of old methods, produce shaving edges of unbelievable sharpness. So keen are these edges that they are *invisible*—and can be measured only by a beam of light cast by a special photo-electric tester.

If you are using other make blades in your Gillette Razor and want to experience a new shaving thrill, buy a package of Gillette Blades today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow and start the day with the most comfortable of shaves.

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.

Gillette
BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

agency, at the time, was guarding munitions factories and was doing some work for British interests. It is likely that Means knew these things on the day that he walked into Burns' private office and told him that he, Means, had been authorized to pay Burns $100,000 retainer to do work for the German government. Burns rejected the offer, but it is likely that it rocketed his regard for Gaston B. Means. To the day of his death, Burns regarded Means as one of his finest operatives.

The State of New York, learning that Means was working for German interests, sought to have the license of the Burns agency revoked; but nothing came of the attempt.

Means was melodramatically trailing a suitcase filled with important documents stolen by British agents when the United States entered the World War. His espionage and $100-a-day fees ended simultaneously, and Means found himself cooling his heels in the Burns agency offices.

He was not idle long, however. In Europe, at that moment, an almost incredible series of events was taking sinister shape.

A wild young widow, possessed of beauty, a lightweight mind, and more money than was good for her, was having man trouble.

A natural and attractive target for fortune hunters, the young lady quickly managed to get herself entangled with a tall and handsome lover who professed to be a count and who actually was the suave ringleader of an organized band of international crooks.

The young widow was Maude King.

Maude's older sister and inseparable companion became frightened by this new complication and begged Maude to return to America. Maude's aged mother, who had accompanied the girl to Europe, added her pleas. Maude, who was finding Continental life one long waltz, refused.

Her sister booked passage on the first boat for New York and hurried, on arrival, to the William J. Burns International Detective Agency. Would Detective Burns rescue her sister?

He would. He had the very man for this assignment.

AND so Gaston B. Means was assigned to the case. In Burns' office, that day, he met Maude King's sister. She was, of course, Maisie Melvin, who a few years previously had engaged the Burns agency to investigate Means himself, then planning to marry the daughter of Maisie's one-time neighbor and friend in Morrison, Illinois.

The weird stroke of fate that now brought all of these persons together seemed—at the time—a particularly happy one. Gaston Means took Mrs. Melvin home with him to see Julie, daughter of her former friend and neighbor in Morrison. It was a gala and neighborly little reunion. Julie was especially delighted.

"Don't you worry about poor Maude," Julie counseled Maisie. "You just let Bud handle everything. Bud's awfully clever."

Maisie was pathetically grateful.

"This isn't just another case, to Bud," Julie further explained. "You're my friend and you were mother's friend. Bud will work night and day for you—for old times' sake. He'll get poor Maude out of this scrape. Now don't you worry your head about it another minute. Everything is going to be all right."

Gaston Means was hired by Maisie, at a fat salary, to rescue Maude. And rescue her he did. The exact details of that spectacular rescue have never been published. I shall disclose them later. For the present, it is enough to note that the generally accepted version of the incident—that Gaston Means sailed for Europe, broke up the romance, and brought Maude home—is in error. Gaston Means has never crossed the ocean. He didn't have to, in this case; for Maude came home, bringing her lover with her.

UPON landing in America, however, she vanished with the count. Neither Maisie nor Maude's mother, who had also returned home, knew where she was. Means, after long weeks, found her in California, and restored her, somewhat battered, to the bosom of her family.

For this, Maude's mother and sister were eternally grateful. And that pathetic gratitude gave the villainous Means the very chance he needed to fasten his relentless fingers about the lives of three women.

Gaston Means' interest in Maude King, her mother, and her sister can be traced to one simple fact.

Maude King was worth more than a million dollars. Means was determined to get his pudgy unscrupulous hands on that money.

Maude, some years before, had married James C. King, a Chicago multimillionaire lumberman. At the time of their marriage, Maude had been twenty-seven, King seventy-two. Upon his death, she obtained $1,238,000 of his three- or four-million-dollar estate. The remainder went to a Chicago trust company to finance a home for old men.

Maude, a beautiful girl and a born coquette, put $150,000 in trust for her mother, following King's death, and set out to spend some of the rest in Europe.

Constantly in hot water, the vivacious and somewhat giddy Maude met and married an American dentist then living in Paris. She divorced him, and immediately found herself in the clutches of the phony count from whom Gaston Means rescued her.

Gaston Means became, from that moment, Maude King's protector and unofficial adviser. Within a short time, so cleverly did he ingratiate himself with the three women, he became Maude's official business manager, handling her money and her investments.

He persuaded Maude, her mother, and her sister to move to New York, where they occupied an apartment in the same Park Avenue building in which Means and his wife were living. Means gave up his job with the William J. Burns Agency to devote all his time to the handling of Maude's financial affairs.

This incredible situation continued for nearly two years. Then, one day, the inevitable occurred.

Maude King demanded an accounting. She insisted that Gaston Means show her, penny for penny, how he had managed her huge fortune for more than the past two years.

Means agreed to do so—soon. How he expected to keep his agreement, no man can say; for in those two years of management Maude's fortune had been squandered, lost.

For Gaston Means there loomed, not far off, a crisis. He knew that.

For Maude King—whether either she or Gaston Means knew it that day—loomed something far more sinister.

In the hot August of 1917—a few weeks later—Gaston Means and Maude King and Maisie Melvin were guests at the Concord, North Carolina, home of Gaston's father, Colonel W. G. Means.

GASTON MEANS, on August 28, bought a little pistol for Maude from a local dealer. He told her of the fun of target practice. Shooting seemed to be the smart thing to do down in that country, and Maude was ready to try anything that promised excitement.

Late in the afternoon of the following day—August 29—Maude and Bud drove to Blackwelder's Spring, several miles out into the country, for target practice. A Negro drove the car. Afton Means, Gaston's older brother, with a friend, Captain W. S. Bingham, a local dog trainer, went with them.

Maisie stayed at home with the Means women.

I have visited Blackwelder's Spring. A deathly silence broods over the spot. To reach the spring, one walks for a considerable distance through broom sedge over the gravel and sandy soil in which poor Negro tenants try to grow cotton.

The spring is farther on, in a deep ravine surrounded by thick clumps of cottonwood and sumac and persimmon trees. Tangled briars seem to bar visitors from its loneliness.

It is an evil spot, dark and desolate and weirdly forbidding, shunned by Negroes, abandoned by whites, given over to the bats and the owls and the snakes that people its haunted gloom.

On dark nights, legend has it, one can sometimes see there the wretched ghost of a woman wringing her hands and pleading for mercy.

When the "shooting party" arrived at Blackwelder's Spring, Bud and Maude, stumbling in her ridiculous high heels, set off down the winding road toward the spring. Afton Means and Captain Bingham took another road, alert for rabbits. The Negro driver remained in the auto.

Side by side, the frivolous, pleasure-loving Maude King and her huge crafty-witted companion walked in the hushed gloom of twilight around the bend in the road to Blackwelder's Spring and vanished from sight.

It was perhaps three minutes, possibly five, when the sound of a single shot cracked out in the eerie half-darkness, echoed and died between the gaunt walls of the ravine.

More minutes passed, and from the hidden depths of the ravine came a bellowed call for help. Afton Means and Captain Bingham, who had paid no attention to the shot, now hurried, alarmed, toward the winding spring road. They plunged down it, rounded the bend.

There, thirty feet from the spring, stood the huge silhouetted figure of Gaston Means. At his feet lay the crumpled quiet body of Maude King.

"She shot herself. It was an accident," he said.

They carried the limp body of the girl, still breathing, to the car and hurriedly drove to a hospital. But, when they arrived there, pretty, fun-loving Maude King was dead.

To this day, we have no other account of what happened at Blackwelder's Spring than that which Gaston Means gave after the shooting.

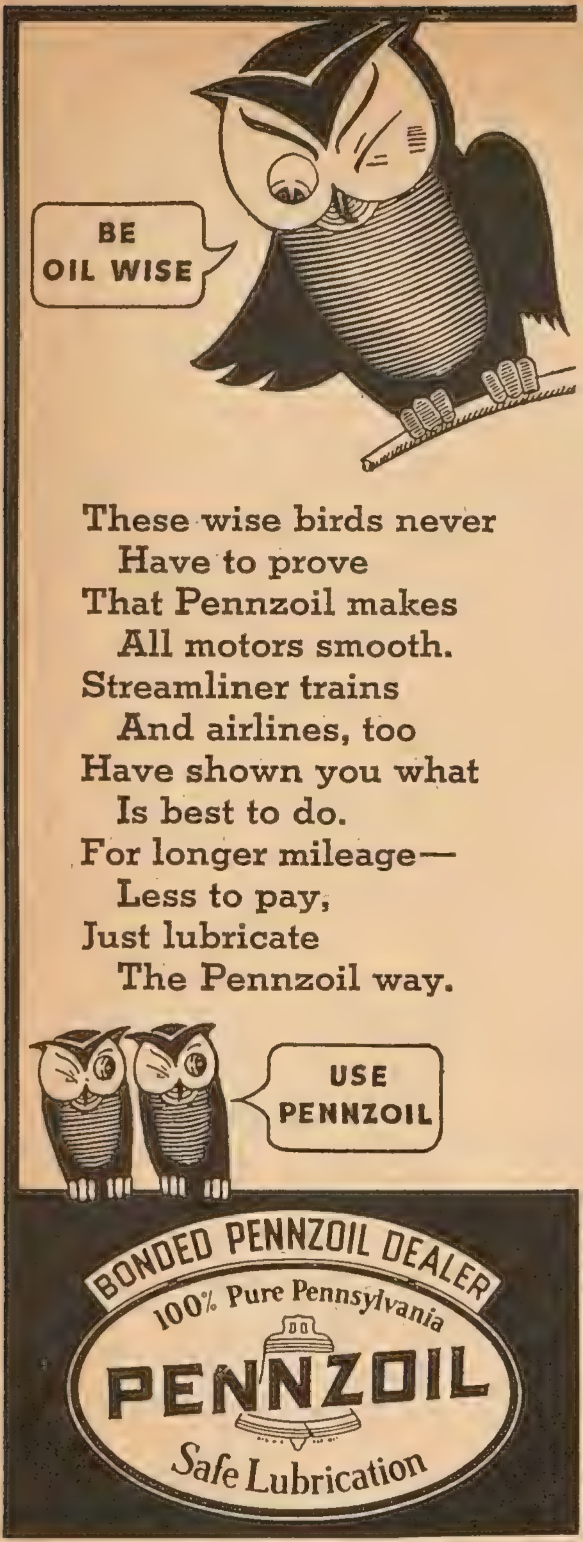
BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!
YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!
MEANWHILE...
MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT ... GUESS I'LL DO WHAT THE ADS SAY AND SEE MY DENTIST
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

3 WEEKS LATER . . . THANKS TO COLGATE'S
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!
I KNOW... UNCLE JIM! OH, GEE, THAT'S SWELL!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

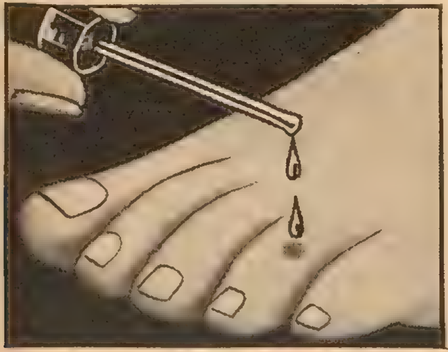
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢



These wise birds never
Have to prove
That Pennzoil makes
All motors smooth.
Streamliner trains
And airlines, too
Have shown you what
Is best to do.
For longer mileage—
Less to pay,
Just lubricate
The Pennzoil way.

QUICK WAY TO REMOVE CORNS

no cutting . . . no pads



RELIEVE CORN PAIN QUICKLY

If you want to remove those aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. The pain is quickly relieved. Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly removed. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

White and shaken, reproaching himself violently and gulping whisky, Gaston Means gave his account a few hours after the shooting.

"My God," he said, "I should never have allowed Maude to get that pistol into her hands when I was not at her side! It's all my fault. The poor woman was so flighty. I should never have bought a pistol for her, in the first place. I don't know what I was thinking of!"

He shook his head.

"It was getting dark when we reached Blackwelder's Spring, and I was afraid it would be too late to see a mark; but Maude wished to go down to the spring anyway for a drink.

"Maude stopped about thirty feet from the spring. I had her pistol in my pocket. I wanted a drink, and knew I'd have to stoop over and scoop it out in my hands.

"To be on the safe side, I took the pistol out of my pocket and placed it in the crotch of a tree — a cottonwood tree. I walked over to the spring, and was just bending over when I saw Maude take the little pistol in her hand. She was twirling it.

"'Don't do that!' I shouted to her. 'That gun's loaded. Put it back where it was.'

"I knelt down at the edge of the spring and struck a match to see if there were any bugs on top of the water. Then I heard a shot. I jumped up and whirled around. Poor Maude had just crumpled to the ground."

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Tune in these stations for the late evening news brought to you by the best known and most widely followed news commentators.

WABC—New York . . . Andre Baruch
11 P. M. Each Weekday Night, Except Thursday

WLW—Cincinnati . . . Paul Sullivan
11 P. M. Each Weekday Night (10 P. M. Central Time)

WBBM—Chicago . . . Tod Hunter
10.30 P. M. Each Weekday Night and Saturday

That was Means' story. He told it just after the murder, and he told it a day or two later at the coroner's inquest, where he was the chief witness. There was no other witness to contradict it.

If his story were true, Gaston Means was a man to be pitied. A guest in his own home had shot herself before his very eyes.

IF his story were false, Gaston Means was a callous and brutal murderer who had viciously shot down a helpless woman in cold blood.

The coroner's jury accepted Gaston Means' version of the "accident." The incident was closed.

But the incident was not closed. Muttered suspicions arose. Some one sent a letter to the coroner, in Chicago, suggesting that Maude had been murdered. The young widow's body was removed from its mausoleum there and examined. She had been shot once, behind the left ear.

The examination disclosed that it would have been physically and muscularly impossible for the pretty woman to have killed herself.

She had been murdered!

Almost simultaneously, in New York City, authorities began a study of Gaston Means' handling of the Maude King finances. They were never able entirely to unravel all of the financial maneuvering. But one thing was clear. In two years Maude King's finances, under Means' "management," had dwindled from $1,238,000 to $40,000.

Gaston Means was arrested and charged with the murder of Maude King.

No sooner had he been arrested than into this twofold mystery of what happened to Maude King and her money stalked a third enigma—the mystery woman of the case.

That woman was Maisie Melvin.

Her position in the case was unique. She was the sister and had been the inseparable companion of Maude King since childhood days. Yet, from the very moment Means entered the King household two years before, she had been his confidante and partner.

THOUGH her own mother, Mrs. Robinson, now grimly and openly voiced suspicion of Gaston Means, Maisie hurried to his defense.

"Before God," she told reporters, "that boy is innocent."

No one could understand why Maisie, who was concededly fond of her sister, should now champion Gaston Means, the man charged with Maude's murder. Then it was disclosed that Maisie Melvin had been named sole beneficiary to Maude's estate.

Rumor grew vicious. It was hinted that Maisie Melvin had conspired with Means to murder her own sister. It was charged she was Means' mistress.

Gaston Means was tried for Maude King's murder, and at his trial Maisie testified for him. Her own family broke with her.

Means was acquitted.

Within a year after Maude's murder, Maisie Melvin, key woman of the enigma, had dropped from sight. With her, apparently, vanished the public's last chance to learn the true story of North Carolina's most famous murder mystery.

Eleven years after the murder of Maude King—late in the fall of 1928—I was collaborating with Gaston B. Means, in Washington, D. C., on The Strange Death of President Harding.

Means and I were at work in his hotel suite there one morning. Julie and their son, Billy, were downstairs at breakfast. Means, in an easy chair behind the table at which we worked, had been dictating for perhaps an hour.

Suddenly Julie appeared in the

open door of the room where we worked. Her eyes were wide and frightened, her face pasty, and she was actually trembling.

When she spoke—out of breath, gulping the words—she said:

"Bud! Maisie is downstairs!"

Out of the dismal decade of a forgotten murder mystery had appeared the person who—Gaston Means excepted—could throw more light on that baffling drama of death than any person in the world. What did she want?

I looked across the table at Gaston Means.

Not by the flicker of an eyelash did his face betray emotion; not a muscle in his body moved.

"Tell her to come upstairs," he said quietly.

Julie just stood there. She seemed indecisive, petrified with fear. She glanced uncertainly at me, started to speak, stopped. Finally she turned and disappeared down the hall toward the elevator. Then Means spoke to me, with drawling, amazing calmness:

"Where was I? Read the last sentence or two I dictated."

But, if he was calm, I was not. I had lost interest, for the moment, in our work. The celebrated Maude King case flashed back into my memory. I put the question to him boldly:

"Is that Mrs. Maisie Melvin—the sister of Maude King?"

"Yes. What of it?" he snapped. Then his voice resumed its usual soft drawl. "Ever meet her?"

"No. Where is she living?"

He pursed his lips derisively and was silent. His eyes wandered down the hall and became fixed on the corner toward the elevator. Suddenly, without a word, he got up and went into the adjoining room, leaving me alone in the room.

And I was alone there when, from around the corner of the hallway, appeared the bedraggled figure of a woman.

SHE was old—nearly seventy—and ugly. Though it was late fall, her shabby and none too clean dress was of white-and-black summer voile. Perched at an unbecoming angle on stringy white hair was a large hat of black lace straw. In her pathetic face were many wrinkles.

Only the large dark-brown eyes, the straight brow, and the sharply chiseled features gave hint of former beauty.

Julie, who followed close behind her, darted swiftly and silently into her own room and closed the door.

At that instant Means emerged through the communicating doorway.

As I look back upon that scene in light of the things I know today and did not know then, I think I understand why he was not in the room when Maisie Melvin entered. He wanted, I feel sure, a peep at the woman before she saw him. I believe he was wary of her—of what she might have carried into that room in her hand or concealed in her handbag. She carried nothing, however, but a soiled crumpled handkerchief.

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
When ladies are dressing is a good time to enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum! Helps beautify the mouth.
R-106

Did you ever take an INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema. The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Nurse Uses Cascade on Nearly Every Case

I have this to say now and always. I sure could not and would not be without a Cascade for my own use. I also use one in my work on nearly every case I go on. I enjoy using it because I can always depend on good results; it never fails me. I surely have had some wonderful results by the use of the Cascade. I guess I could fill a book with my different cases and the results I have had. I just couldn't nurse any more without it.

Lena Lierman, R.N,
1731 Delaware St.
Anderson, Ind.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc. Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L-424, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L-424, New York, N. Y.

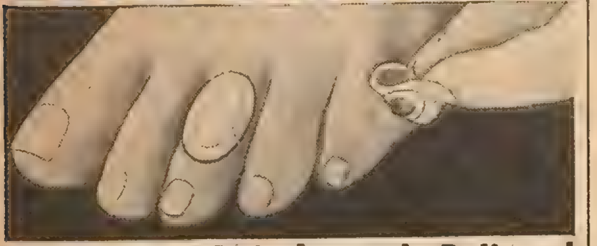
Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

OUT COMES THE CORN!

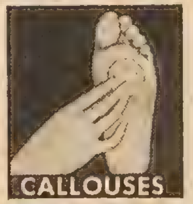


No Waiting—Pain Instantly Relieved

Get rid of corns by using this famous triple-action, scientific treatment—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—and then keep rid of them. It's easy, safe, sure. Just these soothing, healing, cushioning pads *alone* on corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions give you the most grateful relief imaginable—*instantly.* Put them on tender toes caused by friction or pressure of new or tight shoes and you'll stop corns before they can develop!

Used with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove hard corns, soft corns between toes or callouses.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, velvety-soft, waterproof. Don't stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

SEE NEW YORK • 3 DAYS • $11

This low price includes: de-luxe room (bath) at the 26-story Piccadilly; meals, Hollywood Cabaret, sightseeing, etc.! Reservations necessary! Write L-Travel Dep't., 227 West 45th Street (Times Square), New York City.

HOTEL PICCADILLY

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer. 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine 63rd year in business. . . Write today!

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 44, TOLEDO, O.

2 DOG WORM CAPSULES *Now Combined in* ONE TREATMENT

NO LONGER need you guess which kind of worms afflict your dog—or guess which type capsule to use. Pulvex Worm Capsules expel "all three": Tape *and* Round, *and* Hook worms. Now you can be *sure* of worming your dog correctly. Easily given. No gassing, gagging or harmful effects. Guaranteed. At pet, drug, department stores, 75c.

Expels HOOK, TAPE *and* ROUND WORMS

PULVEX WORM CAPSULES

When he did come in, he was a blustering, smiling, swaggering Means greeting a dear old friend.

"Well, Maisie!" he boomed. "Is that really you? Where did you come from?"

When she spoke, it was in a shrill, age-cracked voice.

"Glad to see me, Bud? It's been a long time."

Means purred: "Yes, hasn't it? Sit down, Maisie."

He introduced me. Mrs. Melvin peered at me suspiciously. A woman who trusts no one, I thought.

"Bud," she shrilled, "you owe me money, and I've got to have it. I haven't a cent."

Means casually lowered himself into his chair behind the table.

"Where are you living?" he asked.

"With a friend. A Mrs. Smith. She took me in."

"Here in Washington?"

"Yes. I've been waiting for you."

Means was idly tapping a pencil against the table's edge.

"Now, I'll tell you, Maisie," he began easily. "I've been intending to look you up soon as I could get around to it. I've been awful busy. I've got no money, myself . . ."

"What did you do with . . ."

His voice cut her off quickly:

"I've got no money, understand, but what I make. However, there is some unfinished business connected with Maude's estate . . ."

"I'll say there is. Never has been settled. And Maude's jewelry. She had a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. Whatever became of it, Bud?"

Means lost patience. He tossed the pencil down on the table, stared hard at this shrill-voiced old lady.

"You know what became of it," he snapped. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Now see here, Maisie. I've got no time to harangue with you. I'm writing a book."

His voice grew suddenly soft, persuasive.

"You do what I tell you and everything is going to be fine. Go into Julie's room now, until lunchtime. Then we'll make arrangements."

THE arrangements he made were extraordinary. From the first moment that Maisie Melvin unexpectedly appeared, Means never let the old woman out of his sight—or away from the watchful eyes of Julie.

She did not return to her Washington friend's home that day. Instead, Means sent a messenger for her clothes, moved her into a room directly across the hall.

Means kept her a virtual prisoner in the hotel.

She seemed apathetically satisfied with these unusual arrangements. She had shelter and food and the forlorn hope that she would one day get money that belonged to her.

"There's about forty thousand dollars that the Chicago trustees should pay you, Maisie," he told her. "It belongs to you. After all, you're Maude's only heir. I'll get in touch with them right away. I'll get that money for you. It'll take a little time, of course. You know how those things are." He shrugged, continued smoothly. "In the meantime, you just take life easy here, with us. If there's any little thing you need, you let me know and I'll advance the money."

And so Maisie Melvin bought herself a few cheap dresses and settled down to wait. Somehow, though I was by this time frankly curious about her, I never had a moment alone with her. On my repeated visits while writing the book, Maisie and I were kept apart.

I HAD about decided that I would never have a moment alone with Maisie Melvin when, one day as Means and I were at work, he left the room for several minutes. I was alone when Maisie Melvin came in. She wasted no time in preambles.

"I like you, Mrs. Thacker," she said in a lowered voice. "I want to talk to you sometime."

She peered about her furtively, cautiously, before she continued in an even lower voice.

"I'm in Gaston Means' power," she whispered. "I don't know much about business, and everything has been in such a tangle since Maude's death. Well, there ought to be some money coming to me, but nobody knows the particulars except Gaston Means. If I'm ever to get that forty thousand dollars, it must be through him."

I spoke to her gently, as one speaks to a person old and broken in body and mind.

"Don't you think it would be wise to wait, to give him a chance? He seems to be anxious to help you." She seemed to have only the haziest idea of her financial affairs, so I added, "Haven't you a lawyer?"

She shook her head.

"Lawyers cost money. I've no money. You know, Mrs. Thacker, I trusted Gaston Means. I believed in him—fully. Now Maude, my sister, never did trust him."

That came as a surprise to me. If Maude King had not trusted Means, how explain, then, the fact that she had let him manage her affairs?

"I was under the impression," I told Maisie, "that he had her full confidence."

Again she shook her head.

"Oh, no. No indeed! He fooled her. He fooled Maude terribly."

Into this broken old woman's brown eyes at that moment came ineffable sadness. She shook her head.

"He fooled Maude," she repeated. She sighed deeply. "And I helped him . . ."

Gaston Means came into the room where we sat, at that moment, and smiled benignly at Maisie Melvin.

"Julie's looking for you," he said. "She wants you to go to a movie with her."

Maisie nodded, and went to join Julie.

Some days afterward occurred one of those rare occasions when I was to speak to Maisie Melvin alone for a second time. On this occasion she slipped into my room, a flustered, worried, pathetic creature desperately eager to talk with me.

"You're writing that book for Bud," she said. "I want you to write a book for me. You know, I've a story to tell. I want you to write my story. Will you?"

I parried the question politely. The old lady looked at me, her brown eyes intense.

Some of the fears that haunted her —ridiculous fears, I felt then—were in her voice as she spoke.

"You be careful here, Mrs. Thacker. You watch your step. Gaston Means is a devil. And you know the old saying: 'If you sup with the devil, you need a long spoon.'"

I averted my eyes. The poor old thing was crazy! Or *was* she crazy?

"Gaston Means," she mumbled softly, "has killed everything and everybody he has ever touched. He is killing Julie. She is not the same person . . ."

There was a soft rap at the door. It opened. Julie came into my room. She sat on the bed, talked pleasantly with both of us about trivial things. But I noticed that when, finally, she left, her round baby face placid and innocent, she found some pretext by which to take Maisie with her.

When Means and I had finished our day's work, at about ten o'clock that evening, I retired to my room.

As I lay perplexed and wide awake in the darkness, I pondered these puzzles:

How had Maude come to trust her fortune with a man she did not like? How had Means managed his obvious domination of her? How had Maude King really met her death?

Maisie Melvin, I realized anew, could tell the true story—the story never before told.

But there was little chance that I would ever hear her story. Since the morning she had entered the Means household to become a voluntary prisoner, I had not been permitted five minutes alone with this old woman who still lived with the desperate pictures of her puzzling past.

I turned on my bed lamp, looked at the clock. It was nearly midnight. I switched off the lamp, tried to forget Maisie, Means, and the ghost of Maude King.

I was in that unique state of half-sleep when I heard it—a soft tapping on my door. I jerked awake uneasily, listened. I was half convinced that the sound had been born of my own raw nerves, when it came again—timid, yet persistent.

I switched on the room lights, got out of bed, and put something around me. I walked over to the door, unlocked it, threw it open.

A woman stood there. A torn, soiled kimono was hugged about her. Two bright red spots burned in her withered cheeks; her tousled gray hair hung in stringy wisps. Genuine terror was in her eyes as they glanced uneasily up and down the hotel corridor. She turned those startled eyes upon me, and my heart went out in pity to the poor broken creature.

"I must talk to you, Mrs. Thacker," she whispered hoarsely. "I must! There are things . . ."

I opened the door wider, smiled at my midnight visitor.

"Of course," I agreed gently. "Come in, Maisie."

What startling secrets did Maisie Melvin tell on this mysterious midnight visit? Did they concern the strange web of evil circumstances around the murder of Maude King? Read next week's installment for new light on that sensational case, and new heights of infamy in the career of arch-criminal Means!

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Born at Appleton, Wisconsin, he highly developed a technique of muscle control that enabled him to get out of tight places. Although the subject of this week's photo exposed spiritualists, his wife recently ended a ten-year vigil, awaiting his spirit's return. Who was he?

2—Is a hippocampus large or small?

3—In the Bible, who gave kid soup to an angel?

4—What comedy team made a hit in The Wizard of Oz (1903)?

5—Which college for women is affiliated with Harvard?

6—Who was president of the A. F. of L. before William Green?

7—Copper, pottery, and coral are appropriate for which wedding anniversaries?

8—What alphabetical agency is the FFMC?

9—Which African skunk rhymes with gorilla?

10—If Thomas Jefferson's birthday was the thirteenth of this month, when will U. S. Grant's birthday be celebrated?

11—What color are sugar beets?

12—Is Panama in North or South America?

13—Portraits of Secretary Chase, President Madison, and President Jefferson appear on United States notes of which denominations?

14—Who signed his cartoons "Tad"?

15—If a solid has a fixed volume and shape, what has neither fixed volume nor fixed shape?

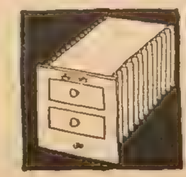
16—What kind of shoe is made like a bat used in net games?

17—The last names of David Glasgow ——, William Tecumseh ——, and James A. McNeill —— are what?

18—Which President vetoed the Eighteenth Amendment?

19—In what other way can an electric refrigerator be more rapidly defrosted?

20—Who proposed a chamber of horrors for the coming New York World's Fair?



(Answers will be found on page 54)

Are you keeping tabs?
Make Olive Tablets your favorite laxative

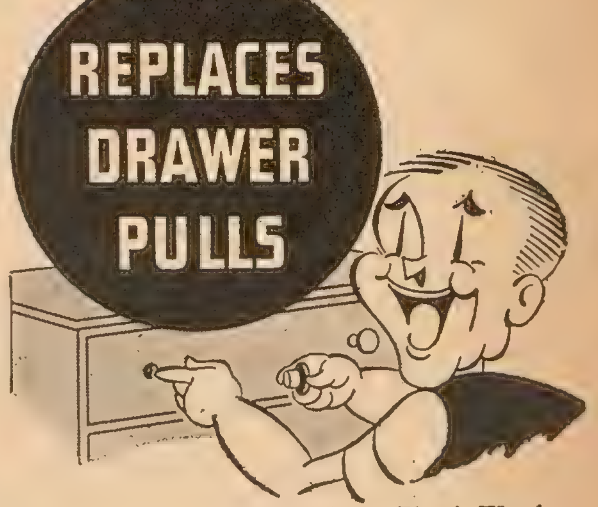
Think! Has more than one day gone by without adequate elimination?

If so, take Olive Tablets before you turn out the bathroom light tonight.

Prescribed for years by an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now one of America's best known proprietaries—famous because they are so mild and gentle.

Keep a supply always on hand. Remind the whole family to think of them on the second day. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢—at all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



With this wonderful discovery . . . Plastic Wood . . . you can make 1001 household repairs, in just a few minutes—**repair furniture, reset loose drawer pulls, bathroom fixtures, fill old screw holes, cracks in floors, baseboards, etc.** It handles just like putty, and quickly hardens into lasting wood that sticks to wood, metal, glass, plaster—wood that holds nails, screws and can be painted. Get genuine Plastic Wood at hardware, variety, paint stores.

Use Genuine PLASTIC WOOD

PLASTIC WOOD

Be lovely!—here are Hollywood's secrets of make-up magic unveiled

★ Fascinating

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"WOMEN," said Westmore, "are never beautiful *but* dumb. If a woman today is not beautiful she *is* dumb!"

Now, personally, I much prefer any lulu with looks to any ostrich with spectacles. But it was sort of a shock to hear that the lulus are the gals with the brains.

"I mean," said Westmore, going into a mild trance, "the art of make-up today has become so true an art that any girl who fails to achieve beauty can blame her failure upon herself."

"Hot dog!" I said. "I suppose you have a system which will show girls how they can be beauties?"

"Oh, my, yes," Westmore said. "I indeed have a system. And I will now give it to you, for the world."

"Time out, please," I said, "while you get introduced to the customers."

"Westmore" is a family of brothers. There are six. The youngest is still going to school. The other five are the recognized princes of make-up in Hollywood. And of the five, Perc Westmore is undisputed czar.

Together, the Westmores dominate the beauty standards of the film capital, and thus to a large extent the beauty standards of the world. They hold almost all the top jobs. Perc reigns at Warner Brothers-First National and employs brother Buddy as his first assistant. Ern, who is Perc's twin, is make-up chief at Twentieth Century-Fox, and also frequently hops over to M-G-M to help out. Brother Monty's services are given regularly to Walter Wanger productions, and Wally's to Paramount.

Anyway, Perc Westmore sits in a rather neat position for talking with authority on make-up art.

Back of any art there must be not only some special talent or genius, but a special technique, a method of working. Such a technique, invented by the Westmores for make-up, has been largely responsible for raising make-up into an art—at least in Hollywood—but it is a technique which Perc claims any girl can apply to herself, with or without assistance from the local beauty shop.

"We consider any face a canvas," Perc said, "which we must convert into a beautiful picture. But no painter simply starts to paint without first examining the size, shape, and texture of his canvas. Nor do we.

"Suppose a young girl comes into a film studio. First we make careful line drawings of her face, exactly as she looks without any make-up. Any one can make such a drawing of herself by tracing her own photograph. We then divide the face into six sections by drawing a line vertically down the middle, a second line horizontally through the eyebrows, and a third line horizontally across the face at the bottom of the nose. By a careful study of these six sections, their comparative sizes, and sizes and proportions of the features, we can analyze what we've got.

"Sounds simple, doesn't it? It *is* simple. But thousands, perhaps millions, of women miss being beautiful because they never know what they've got, never understand what Nature *did* give them."

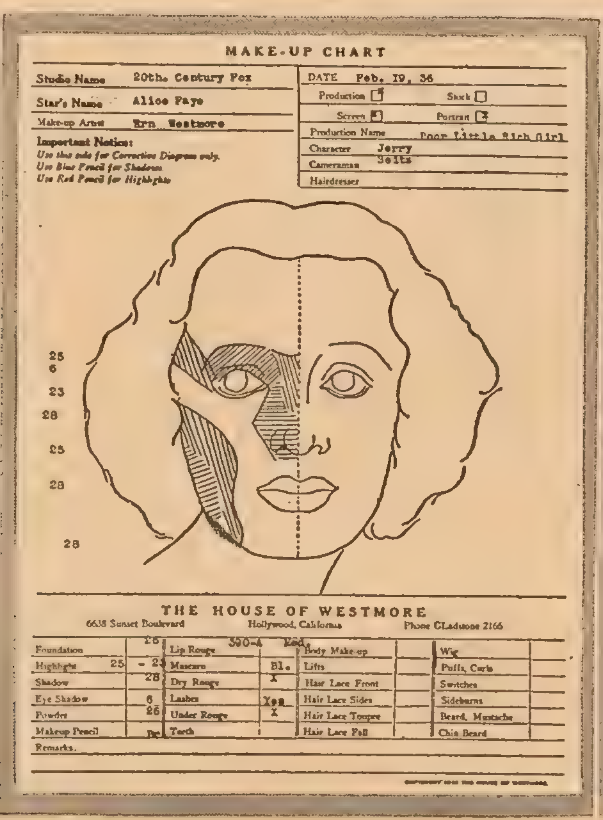
According to the Westmore system, all faces can be classified into the following general types: Oval; round; triangular, the entire face narrowing down from a wide forehead to a pointed chin; oblong; diamond; and square-jawed, inverted triangular.

"No face is perfectly balanced. One cheek may be rounder than the other. The mouth may quirk downward on one side only. Wherever we see something which could be improved, we mark the facial chart."

The Westmores do not work for a standardization of beauty—in fact such a suggestion would probably get you thrown out of their studios. "But we use a good deal of common sense," Perc said. "Here's an observation: Curves are feminine; angles and squares are masculine. We consider the oval face the most perfect because it has the most curves; and the square face the least perfect for the opposite reason. Therefore, in creating feminine beauty for the screen, we attempt to give curves to all feminine faces, and to create an illusion of an oval outline. Starting with several different types, naturally we get several different results. But any one of the results can be beautiful.

"Similar results can be accomplished by any woman for herself—provided only that she will throw all prejudices to the winds, and experiment time after time—heedless of criticism—till she satisfies herself."

ALICE FAYE


MAKE-UP CHART

Studio Name	20th. Century Fox
Star's Name	Alice Faye
Make-up Artist	Ern Westmore

Important Notice:
Use this side for Corrective Diagram only.
Use Blue Pencil for Shadows.
Use Red Pencil for Highlights.

DATE Feb. 19, 36
Production ☑ Stock ☐
Screen ☑ Portrait ☑
Production Name Poor Little Rich Girl
Character Jerry
Cameraman Seitz
Hairdresser

25
6
23
28
25
28
28

THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE
6638 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood, California Phone GLadstone 2166

Foundation	25	Lip Rouge	390-A Red.	Body Make-up		Wig	
Highlight 25	- 23	Mascara	Bl.	Lifts		Puffs, Curls	
Shadow	28	Dry Rouge	X	Hair Lace Front		Switches	
Eye Shadow	6	Lashes	Yes	Hair Lace Sides		Sideburns	
Powder	26	Under Rouge	X	Hair Lace Toupee		Beard, Mustache	
Makeup Pencil	Br.	Teeth		Hair Lace Fall		Chin Beard	

Remarks.

JANET GAYNOR

Faces—To Order

BY ROBERT NEAL LEATH

Achievement of beauty, according to the Westmore credo, is not only a right of modern womanhood but a duty. Yet only a minute percentage of women attack the problem in the Westmores' common-sense, artistic way.

The newcomer to Hollywood who can go before the motion-picture camera without benefit of alteration in the make-up department and remain perfect, or even beautiful, is so rare as to be almost nonexistent. A face which would be considered lovely in everyday life, when blown up two hundred times larger than life by a picture close-up, suddenly reveals irregularities, shadows, and high lights in the wrong places. Yet the make-up departments must, and do, make all faces beautiful, each after its own fashion.

Studio make-up is applied according to the routine which all beauty shops employ. First the foundation goes on—one or more grease paints for pictures; one or more foundation creams (also called powder bases) for street make-up. Next, eye shadow—on the upper eyelids and in all the area below the brows. Then rouge, if any—screen rouge is a wet paste, as contrasted with the dry cake rouge of ordinary use. Next, the eyebrows are drawn on with a soft pencil—and they do not, necessarily, follow the natural growth. Then mascara for the lashes. Next, the entire face is dusted with powder, and softly brushed with a rabbit's foot or a fine powder brush. Lips go on last. For the screen, another brush is used, and a liquid paste instead of a lipstick.

Make-up for film purposes is, of course, different from make-up for street wear or evening. For the screen the skin must have a darker coloring—tan—because tan photographs white; dead white itself goes gray on the screen. But the general principles of both types of make-up—screen and everyday—are precisely the same.

These principles are a simple application of the rules of high light and shadow. High lights attract attention; shadows divert it.

In the Hollywood studios this business of high light and shadow has been reduced to a science. Two, and only two, brands of film make-up are used by the Westmores—the two brands which dominate the theatrical field and also lead commercially. In one system, No. 26 is neutral; below No. 26, the shades produce shadows; above No. 26, high lights. The second system drops the 2 and establishes 6 as the neutral shade.

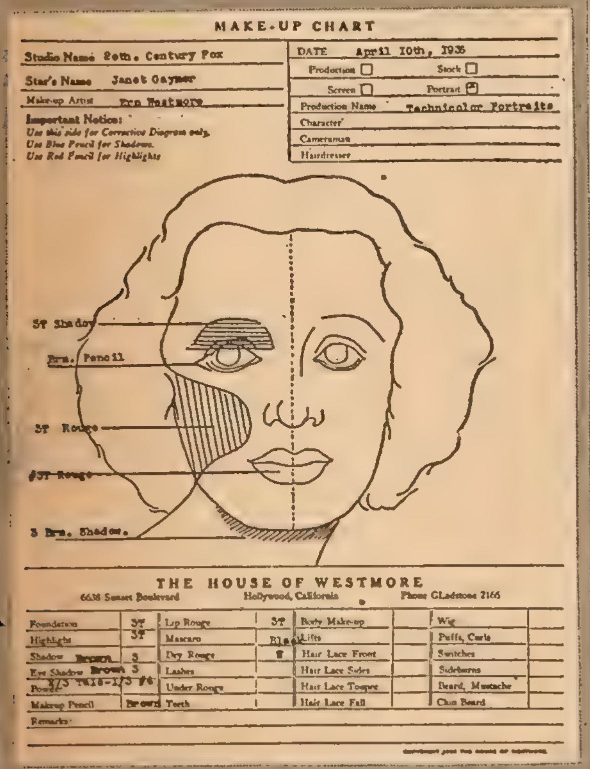
Such elaborate choices, however, are not available to the casual purchaser who gets her cosmetics in the corner drugstore. There are only a few shades to choose from in drugstore cosmetics, and "medium" in one brand is often quite different from "medium" in another. Consequently each woman must decide where she wants the shadows and high lights on her face, and experiment till she finds the cosmetics which produce them.

"The system is clear," I said, "but how is some little siren of a steno going to apply it to her own map?"

And promptly I was handed some actual secret charts of film stars' faces, which are reproduced herewith, as well as photographs of the stars made up.

ALICE FAYE. This face, gay and piquant though it is, is definitely round. The nose I could call snub. In fact I do call it snub. Westmore make-up artists consequently concentrate upon giving additional length to the face, and causing the nose to appear more aquiline. They start with not one but two foundations. For the screen, grease paints; for ordinary purposes, foundation creams. Although Alice's hair is very blonde, her skin naturally is tan, almost olive. And since tan photographs white, the main background of the Faye map, so to speak, is a neutral, or No. 26, grease paint. Upon this are laid high lights in a *lighter* grease paint: across the bridge of the nose, to bring the bridge out; across and up the temples, from the eyes; out, across, and down the cheeks, to lengthen the face. Additional length is apparently imparted by applying shadows at the angles of the jaw, under the ears, directly beneath the cheek high lights.

These particular shadows, obtained by grease paint darker than the principal foundation, happen in Miss Faye's case to continue under her chin, because, although her chin certainly does not sag, the bony structure of her face permits the skin flesh to be seen and, when either a camera or yourself looks at her, you might conceivably get an *impression* of sag. Shadows also are applied to the tip of the nose and at the sides; the areas between eyes and eyebrows also are darkened to bring up the eyes themselves, which are blue and not particularly large. And note Alice's coiffure. Always high off



MAKE-UP CHART

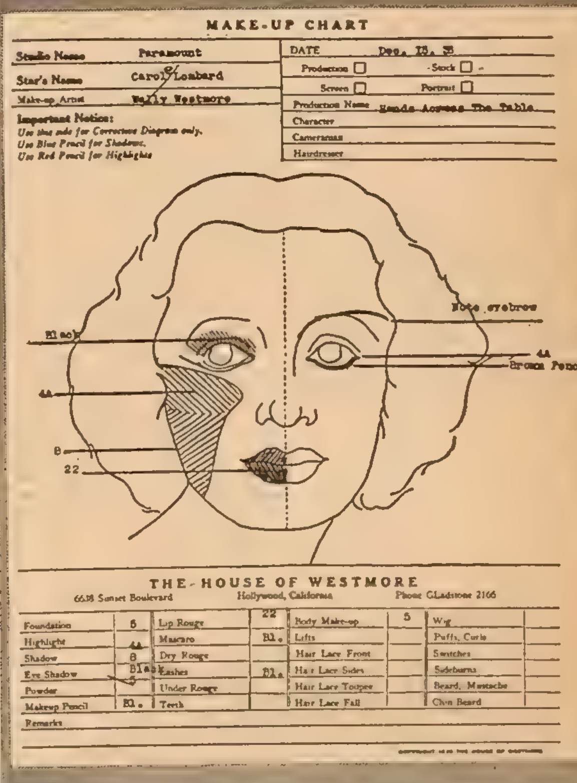
Studio Name 20th. Century Fox	DATE April 10th, 1936
Star's Name Janet Gaynor	Production ☐ Stock ☐
Make-up Artist Ern Westmore	Screen ☐ Portrait ☒
Important Notice:	Production Name Technicolor Portraits
Use this side for Corrective Diagram only.	Character
Use Blue Pencil for Shadows.	Cameraman
Use Red Pencil for Highlights	Hairdresser

3T Shadow
Brn. Pencil
3T Rouge
#3T Rouge
3 Brn. Shadow.

THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE
6638 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood, California Phone GLadstone 2166

Foundation	3T	Lip Rouge	3T	Body Make-up		Wig	
Highlight	3T	Mascaro	Black	Lifts		Puffs, Curls	
Shadow Brown	3	Dry Rouge	[illegible]	Hair Lace Front		Switches	
Eye Shadow Brown	3	Lashes		Hair Lace Sides		Sideburns	
Powder 3/5 [illegible]-2/5 #6		Under Rouge		Hair Lace Toupee		Beard, Mustache	
Makeup Pencil	Brown	Teeth		Hair Lace Fall		Chin Beard	
Remarks							

CAROLE LOMBARD



MAKE-UP CHART

Studio Name Paramount	DATE Dec. 15, 35
Star's Name Carole Lombard	Production ☐ Stock ☐
Make-up Artist Wally Westmore	Screen ☐ Portrait ☐
Important Notice:	Production Name Hands Across The Table
Use this side for Corrective Diagram only.	Character
Use Blue Pencil for Shadows.	Cameraman
Use Red Pencil for Highlights	Hairdresser

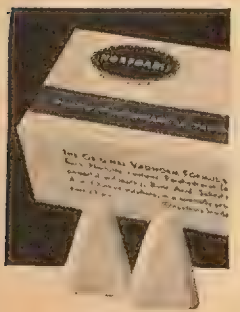
Note eyebrow
Black
4A
Brown Pencil
4A
8
22

THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE
6638 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood, California Phone GLadstone 2166

Foundation	5	Lip Rouge	22	Body Make-up	5	Wig	
Highlight	4A	Mascaro	Bl.	Lifts		Puffs, Curls	
Shadow	8	Dry Rouge		Hair Lace Front		Switches	
Eye Shadow	Black 5	Lashes	Bl.	Hair Lace Sides		Sideburns	
Powder		Under Rouge		Hair Lace Toupee		Beard, Mustache	
Makeup Pencil	Bl.	Teeth		Hair Lace Fall		Chin Beard	
Remarks							

FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER! Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the dainty, modern, *easy* way to feminine hygiene.



THINK BACK to the awkward old ways of feminine hygiene. Contrast them with the *new* way, the convenient, simple *Norform* way. These easy-to-use suppositories have revolutionized feminine hygiene for millions of women.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing an effective yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged soothing contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. *Parahydrecin* is the reason why Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, *makers of Unguentine.*

NORFORMS

© N. P. C. 1937 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

the forehead, for facial length, always close to the head at the sides. (Incidentally, to appear in public with the face which the camera reports, Alice must start with a very light foundation in order to whiten the skin.)

JANET GAYNOR. Her skin is darker than Alice's, and must be given a lighter cast than the tan movie neutral. Her small face might easily appear round, or triangular, or oval, depending upon make-up. Two high lights across the cheeks prevent both roundness and triangularity, and bring the cheeks out. Janet's hair helps a great deal. Red, it photographs dark brown. Her widow's peak cuts the circle at the top, and the mass of her coiffure is always brought well below the eyes to broaden the bottom part of her face. A pencil lengthens her brown eyes, and shadows above dramatize them. Shadows beneath the chin eliminate the possibility of any *high light* there. (In the diagram, the "Ts" after the cosmetics numbers stand for "Technicolor," because that particular chart was made for Technicolor portraits, which require make-up that, although special, follows the same general system of all studio make-up.)

CAROLE LOMBARD. One of the greatest glamour gals of the land, she nevertheless has a face which tends toward the oblong. Weight is lifted off the lower part first by high-lighting her cheekbones straight across under her eyes, and by shadowing the area, to the cheekbones, directly under the high lights. Her lips, naturally full and dark, require one of the lightest rouges. Her eyes are lengthened with black mascara on the upper lashes, high light on the edge of the lower lids, and brown pencil under the lower lashes, which continues beyond the actual lashes themselves. Her left upper eyebrow tends to curve too much, but this is corrected and lifted. Regarding coiffure, Carole is happily fixed. She can wear her hair low, high, or intermediate.

I said, "That ought to give them the general idea. But suppose some gal does not understand. Then what?"

"Then she can write us a letter," the Westmores announced, "and she can tell us how she looks or send us a photograph, and we will give her personal advice."

"Free?" I said.

"Free," they said calmly.

"Listen," I said with polite suspicion. "Do you realize I am about to haul off and write this information down, and then try to peddle it to a magazine which is read by at least seventeen billion women?"

"We are answering gobs of letters all the time," they assured me. "Don't let it worry you one minute!"

Consequently I am not letting it worry me one minute.

Always the Westmores have worked together, a closed company, and all their achievements are a monument to one man—their father George.

George Westmore was a wigmaker in Canterbury, England. Emigrating to the United States by way of Canada, he settled first in St. Louis and began following the circuses, because circuses used wigs. With the birth of motion pictures, he came to Hollywood and opened a little shop called The Wiggery. Soon he was in the studios as a make-up expert.

"Make-up some day will be one of the most important industries in the world," George told his sons before he died. "I want you boys to stay in the make-up business. Working together, you may become a power."

So each son chose some aspect of make-up in which he would specialize. One chose wigs, another cosmetics, another the business end.

The Westmores believe that any girl can do for herself everything which the studio make-up departments do for picture actresses—and go the studios one better. Beauty on the screen remains predominantly a matter of black and white. Whereas beauty in real life can use the Westmore system plus the entrancing colors of complexions, hair, and eyes.

Gals—get on the bandwagon!

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 51

1—Harry Houdini (1874-1926).

2—Small, being the fish known as the sea horse.

3—Gideon, Judges 6:11, 19—"And there came an angel of the Lord, and sat under an oak . . . And Gideon went in, and made ready a kid . . . and he put the broth in a pot, and brought it out unto him under the oak, and presented it."

4—Dave Montgomery (as the Tin Man) and Fred Stone (as the Scarecrow).

5—Radcliffe College, founded in 1879.

6—Samuel Gompers (1850-1924), one of the founders of the American Federation of Labor.

7—The seventh, ninth, and thirty-fifth.

8—The Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation, created by Congress (approved 1934) chiefly to aid farm-debt refinancing.

9—Zorilla.

10—The twenty-seventh of April. Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743; Ulysses S. Grant in 1822.

11—White or yellowish white. They contain up to 20 per cent of sugar, averaging about 15 per cent.

12—In North America; while Panama is among the six republics and British Honduras which make up Central America—a part of the continent, North America.

13—$10,000, $5,000, $2.

14—The late T. A. Dorgan.

15—A gas.

16—A snowshoe.

17—Farragut, Sherman, and Whistler.

18—None, since proposed amendments to the Constitution of the United States become law after being passed by a two-thirds vote of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and being ratified by three quarters of the state legislatures.

19—By filling the ice-cube trays (after switching off) with very hot water and putting them back in the cooling unit.

20—

Mayor of New York City

HARLOW HEPBURN AGAINST THE WORLD

Two distressed heroines of twice-filmed stories emerge in new Hollywood guise—out of the past comes an exciting panorama of Russian revolution

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor in a scene from Personal Property.

★ ★ ½ PERSONAL PROPERTY

THE PLAYERS: Jean Harlow, Robert Taylor, Reginald Owen, Una O'Connor, Henrietta Crosman, E. E. Clive, Cora Witherspoon, Marla Shelton, Forrester Harvey, Lionel Braham, Barnett Parker. Screen play by Hugh Mills and Ernest Vajda from the comedy by H. M. Harwood. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 84 minutes.

PROBABLY you will remember Robert Montgomery in this British comedy when it was screened as The Man in Possession. It is the romance of the bad boy of an English family who falls in love with the blonde American widow of a British big-game hunter. The poor girl has been left terribly in debt and is pursued by bailiffs with writs of attachment. Our hero gets a job as a bailiff's man, and as such is legally installed in the widow's house — until the claims are paid.

When you realize that Robert Taylor, Hollywood's 1937 gift to the world, is the bailiff's man and Jean Harlow is the blonde widow, you may well anticipate some fervid fun-making. But the spontaneity doesn't come off. Taylor is a nice, ingratiating young man in the right sort of roles, but he still lacks enough experience to provide the necessary touches of comedy. We shudder to imagine what the Taylor army of fans will think of their idol in La Harlow's late husband's oversized pajamas. There's nothing like deglamoring an idol! Jean Harlow isn't exactly suited to her role, either, but she is far more successful.

There are two neat bits: Forrester Harvey's cockney bailiff about to become a father, and Barnett Parker's inarticulate Englishman.

VITAL STATISTICS: Since this is the first time that Harlow and Taylor have twined in film, Bill Powell took no chances. Every morning there were fresh flowers in the Harlow portable dressing room and for some reason or other Mr. Taylor was emphatic in pointing out they weren't from him, or Miss Stanwyck either. . . . Picture halted a week during production so's Miss Harlow could kiss congressmen and Mr. Taylor turn the American female head—never very strong. On their co-star personal-appearance trip they made twenty-two personal showings in a day. They lunched at the White House with Mrs. Roosevelt, were taken on a tour of inspection by her, were presented to the President. . . . During all this whoopee-making in Washington, back in Hollywood Louis B. Mayer brooded over his beer, thinking of the good old Hoover days, of how much more wonderful if it were Landon that Harlow were goo-goo-eying, and would his brightest boy and girl succeed in winning Democratic favor for his dear old M-G-M. . . . Catapulted to the dizzy places, Bob Taylor got but $200 a week for his work in The Magnificent Obsession, while Irene Dunne was getting $8,500, netting herself $125,000. Now Bobsie-boy knocks off around $2,500, is busier than a bird dog, has had his wheels balanced by Stanwyck, still looks on the blue-black-unshaven haggard side. . . . Reggie Owen's the other man, for a change, and doesn't have to get off that acrobatic rubber-mouthed sneer. Boasts he's never been kissed in pictures, never expects to be. Has never got the girl either, and thinks as soon as he begins to he's through. From start of his mimery he's never ever been between engagements; he's a big Garbo fan; an accomplished outdoorsman; a hobbyist playwright; a cat and dog lover. Would like to be in England's forestiousness, nature communing, now that April's there, but is too busy sneering at Hollywood baby faces. . . . E. E. Clive's claim to fame is that he gave Spangler Arlington Brugh his first pro stage job on Spangie's graduation from Pomona College. . . . Billing reads W. S. Van Dyke II, now that W. S. Van Dyke III has arrived.

★★ ½ TSAR TO LENIN

A documentary film edited and compiled by Max Eastman, collected and produced by Herman Axelbank. Running time, 66 minutes.

THIS is an amazingly complete and exciting panorama of the Russian revolution from 1912 to 1922, compiled by Max Eastman. It is built chronologically of curiously unrelated scenes taken from pictures made by the Czar's own photographer, by Soviet cameramen, by movie men with the French, English, and Japanese armies of occupation, by the German general staff, and by American war correspondents.

The scenes are frequently dulled by aged, scratched, and worn film. But this parade of history, running from shots of the Czar and his family and court at play, through the first rumbles of revolution, into the World War, on to a great section of the world in open revolt, has tremendous interest and power. Eastman's pro-Soviet editing reveals his distate for Stalin, his liking for Trotsky, but on the whole it is a fairly objective survey.

Best shots: of the little Czarevitch, marked for early death, learning to ride; of Lenin, steadfast and casual in the face of the bedlam of revolution; of an unknown condemned soldier laughing in the faces of a firing squad over the edge of an open grave.

VITAL STATISTICS: Max Eastman took fifteen years to compile this. Got idea when he first looked into rich collection on subject made by his friend Herman Axelbank. Wrote out a scenario, found enormous holes in it, set out scouring the world film libraries for necessary shots. Those shots of the Czar and his palsies swimming in the royal nothing in the royal swimming hole; the Czar playing tag, and sulking because no one would chase him; the Grand Duke Nicolai showing his entire seven feet—these were found in Berlin, were taken by the Czar's own cameramen, and cost Eastman $1,000. That shot of Rodsianko sending the famous telegram to the Czar on the Duma midst the February revolt, Axelbank found in Chicago and walked in with just as Eastman was penning the lines surrounding it. That Bolshevik soldier dying with a smile on his lips is the real thing, directed by no Hollywood imaginist. Some of the shots are Red propaganda, some are White; but all are accurate, authentic, carefully checked and double-checked by Eastman. Even the gag of the little white-bearded zhulik who, overjoyed at his release by the onrushing revolutionists, makes two exits from prison, so's he can be mugged twice, is spontaneous, real, and the inspiration of many a Hollywood queen attending a Hollywood première. . . . Eastman claims he tried his uttermost to be unbiased in presenting this, making it not for the present but for his great-great-grandchildren and theirs. Has been accused of being pro-Trotsky because there is but one shot of Stalin in the thing and thirteen of Trotsky. Is amused by charges, and counters that in the period he deals with herein Stalin was an unknown soldier. Ransacked the world to find a shot of Stalin during these times but was unable to do so. That shot of Stalin that's caused all the controversy is but fifteen feet. Incidentally, there are fifteen shots of Lenin, thirteen of Trotsky; but Trotsky fails to get any billing. . . . The censors cut the awfulness out of the execution scenes.

Out of the Gale Came Cries of Men . . .

Fishermen Blown to Sea in Sinking Boat Saved as Mate Checks Strange Light

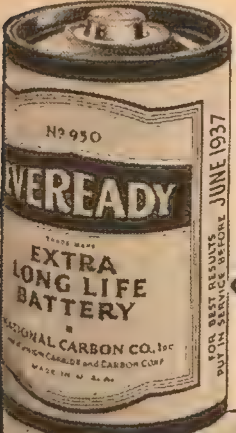
"Two days and two nights... drifting helpless in the gale, and all the while we pumped to keep afloat," write William Neher of New York and Warren Brown of Beverly, Mass.

"Time and again we'd sight a ship during the day, but couldn't make them see us. They'd go on by . . . leaving us to pump again . . . and put off drowning a little longer."

"But the second night, we figure our pumping is about over, our hands are so swollen we can hardly grip the pump handle, our backs ache like toothache, and we're beginning not to care much when, way off come the pin points of steamer lights. For hours, as those lights came nearer we signalled with our flashlight and when there was a chance of hearing us through the gale, we yelled like wild Indians.

"We owe our lives to Third Mate Charles Guy of this ship, the Tanker A. S. Hansen, of the Sabine Transportation Co., and to the *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries in our flashlight. For it was the light that attracted Mr. Guy, and made him change his course. Soaked by the storm, in use hour after hour, those DATED 'Eveready' batteries lived up to their reputation. If they hadn't we'd be down below there now with Davy Jones.

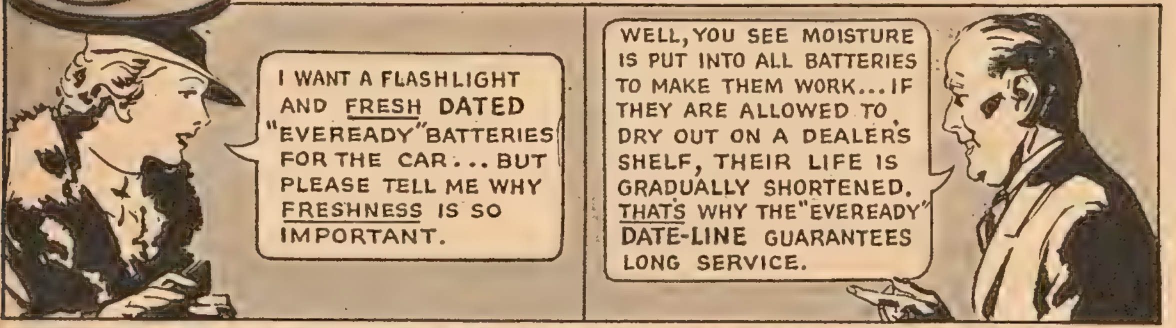
(*Signed*) W. Neher.
Warren S Brown"



"EVEREADY" BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

The DATE-LINE guarantees FRESHNESS

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., 30 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.


I WANT A FLASHLIGHT AND FRESH DATED "EVEREADY" BATTERIES FOR THE CAR . . . BUT PLEASE TELL ME WHY FRESHNESS IS SO IMPORTANT.
WELL, YOU SEE MOISTURE IS PUT INTO ALL BATTERIES TO MAKE THEM WORK . . . IF THEY ARE ALLOWED TO DRY OUT ON A DEALER'S SHELF, THEIR LIFE IS GRADUALLY SHORTENED. THAT'S WHY THE "EVEREADY" DATE-LINE GUARANTEES LONG SERVICE.

IVER JOHNSON

FOR THREE GENERATIONS
AMERICA'S FINEST BICYCLES
$27.50 UP

IVER JOHNSON STREAMLINE

You'll be Happier and Safer on an Iver Johnson—

Send for color folder 12-B describing many models for Boys, Girls, Men, and Women.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
61 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.

New York	San Francisco	Montreal
85 Chambers St.	731 Market St.	Coristine Bldg.

Agents Wanted . . .

This is an opportunity to earn extra money in your spare time with an excellent chance of building a permanent and well-paying business of your own. Write today to the address given below for full details.

(Applicants must be over 18 years of age.)

Sign and Mail This Notice Today

Desk L-0247, Macfadden Publications, Inc.
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once full particulars of your Subscription Agency proposition. I need money and am willing to give your plan careful consideration.

Name.......................................
St. & No....................................
City..............................State..........

★ ★ ½ QUALITY STREET

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Franchot Tone, Eric Blore, Fay Bainter, Cora Witherspoon, Estelle Winwood, Florence Lake, Helena Grant, Bonita Granville, Clifford Severn, Sherwood Bailey, Roland Varno, Joan Fontaine, William Bakewell. Screen play by Mortimer Offner and Allan Scott from the play by Sir James M. Barrie. Directed by George Stevens. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 85 minutes.

THE faults of this newest version—it was done in 1927 by Marion Davies—of Sir James M. Barrie's whimsey, Quality Street, are pretty numerous. The film strives terribly hard to be gentle, fanciful, romantic, Barriesque. The star, Katharine Hepburn, tries terribly hard to realize the fragile love-starved heroine of the first romantic days of the nineteenth century. The director, George Stevens, tries terribly hard to recreate the stiff and stilted English Hepplewhite era upon which Napoleon Bonaparte cast his ominous shadow. The cumulative striving is worthy of better results. For all the effort, the film remains slow, labored, and unspontaneous. Maybe—whisper—we have outgrown the whimsey of Barrie.

The younger of two sisters of Quality Street loses her heart to a dashing doctor, but he goes off for ten long years to fight Napoleon. When he comes back, still in gay and dashing uniform, the two sisters, now conducting a select school for youngsters, are pretty tired and worn by their struggle with life. But Sir James solves the problem of Phoebe Throssel and her Dr. Valentine Brown in a completely happy fashion.

Miss Hepburn works hard to realize the romance-hungry Phoebe, and Franchot Tone is properly casual as the unromantically romantic Dr. Brown. But such honors as there are to this 1937 Quality Street are stolen by Fay Bainter as Phoebe's homely, self-sacrificing sister, Susan.

This all depends upon your capacity for whimsey.

VITAL STATISTICS: Aside from opening up for a few interviews with the fan maggies, Kitty Hepburn's Hollywood's most anonymous. Lives alone, but for three servants, in a $600-a-month Bevhills rented house with swimming pool, tennis courts, and four acres. Sees nobody socially aside from pudgy-wudgy George Cukor. Denies he's her heavy. Never goes a-visitin'; has no girl friends with whom to giggle confidences. Her chief amusement is playing Sunday golf with the pro at the elegant Bel Air C. C. Shoots in the low 80s. Sends her excess profits to her Eastern father to invest. Has been killing 'em in the sticks for the Theatre Guild in Jane Eyre. Is fussy about her food; dines in bed. Never touches alcohol; smokes but occasionally. Never talks about herself; when she does open up, 'tis always about books, people, plays, or mental stuff. . . . I'm supposed to sweep you away with the news that in this Heppie wears 1,000 yards of ruffles, 100 ostrich plumes, 600 yards of lace in her various frame covering to be quality on the street. . . . Fay Bainter really debuts in this, but she's been seen in something else prior. Fay used to be known as Two-Year Bainter because her plays ran along B'way that long. A Los Angeles gal, she was wise enough to leave it as soon as she could. Born with grease paint in her veins, she was on the road at fourteen, in musichoruses at sixteen, the lead in Arms and the Girl at twenty-four, thenafter a lovely B'way thing in The Kiss Burglar, East Is West. Los Angeles claims her again; she's recently Dodsworthed. Reginald Venable Jr. was born thirteen years ago. She doesn't diet or care for food; phones her boy and husband every other day East. Though modest about the movies, can give a few cards and spades and still play Hollywood queens. . . . Estelle Winwood's kicked the stage around a bit; is of Kent, England. . . . Helena Grant's of Liverpool; 's a Burke. Her great-grandpaw Sir Joseph Burke is almost a legend in County Galway history; reputed to have shod his hosses in silver. Helena debutted in the original Charley's Aunt; was in Brown of

Hahvahd years ago. . . . Roland Varno was born in India of French-Englishers; got established as a Dutch citizen; had a crack at Germany; and wants to know what he really is. . . . Master Tone didn't mind removing his wedding ring herein, being unsuperstitious. Usually they're taped over. . . . Biggest production problem in this was to age the sets from 1805 to 1815. Great care was taken to grow the roses a couple of stories, hollow out the porch steps. . . . That's pall-mall, the original croquet, they play. . . . Researchers discovered that in Q. S. times, if a man after hitching found he'd married a fresh young thing with false teeth, or that she'd won him by cosmetics, high heels, hoops, or facial paint, he could get annulment. Hoops, indeed!

★ ★ SWING HIGH, SWING LOW

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Charles Butterworth, Jean Dixon, Dorothy Lamour, Cecil Cunningham, Harvey Stephens, Charles Arnt, Franklin Pangborn, Anthony Quinn, Harry Semels, Ricardo Mandia, Enrique De Rosas, Chris Martin, Charles Stevens. Screen play by Oscar Hammerstein II and Virginia Van Upp from a drama by George M. Watters and Arthur Hopkins. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 97 minutes.

FRED MACMURRAY again plays a wild, scatterbrained trumpet player. Mustered out of the army in Panama, he joins forces with a manicurist out of a job. She helps him find himself for the moment. He gets a job in a Panama night resort and he goes on to horn-tooting success in New York. Meanwhile he marries the girl, forgets her, breaks her heart. And his own enlarged head and thirst soon send him from the Broadway electric signs to the Broadway gutter.

Director Mitchell Leisen has tried to hit upon a casual, studiedly untheatrical style of telling this story, particularly as to dialogue. It is an attempt to translate drama in terms of the almost inarticulate patter of the everyday. But somehow the whole thing never hits its mark. That, too, despite the fact that MacMurray is pretty good as the hot tooter and Carole Lombard is decorative as the manicure who becomes an inspiration. Miss Lombard doesn't approach her work in My Man Godfrey, but she does sing—for the first time in films—several songs in a Panama honkytonk. And Charles Butterworth is the piano player of the joint. But somehow the casual spirit of the proceedings engulfs him, too.

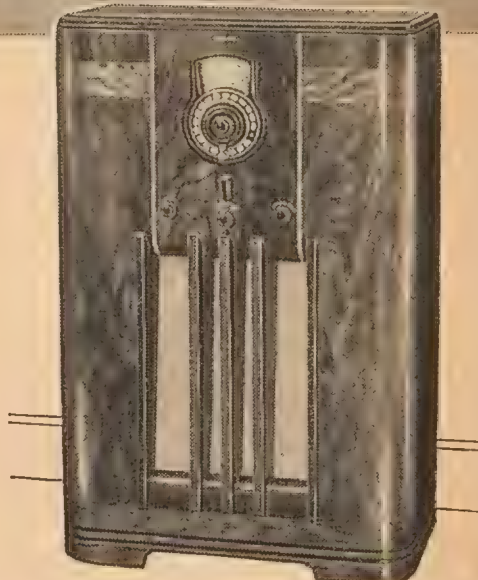
VITAL STATISTICS: As a member of Mack Sennett's little group of bathing-suit intellects back in '28, Jane Peters was a big clown, 119 pounds, 5 feet 5½ inches in height. She had coarse hard-to-handle hair, 36-inch hips, a 24-inch waist, a 37-inch bust. Today Jane's become Carole Lombard legally. Her hair's grown soft and silky and several shades lighter; she weighs 113½, fights to keep it that sans diet, has a 22-inch waist, 34½-inch hippies, and a 35½-inch bust. Her shoulders are heavier, her legs slimmer, and she refuses to show the latter in film. Says she's past leg-showing days and a girl doesn't have to any more to make good. Conscious of her character metamorphosis, Carole says she's through with clowning and sophistication and you're gradually seeing her real self more and more on the screen. First big change came when Mitch Leisen bawled her out seven years ago for her clowning, got her serious and a big part in Dynamite. She's never resented that dressing down; says it's the best thing that ever took place in her life. Before that her hoydenishness had been knocked out of her by a motor accident that left her with a scar. Is glad she isn't a beauty, thinks her prominent cheeks and jaw her selling points. Hates women of the press because they keep popping trick questions designed to make a public life out of her private one. Doesn't mind gents of the press. Can handle same. A big nicknamer, she is "Missy" to the boys on the set; calls Leisen "Popsy," her favorite cameraman Retzlaff "Rembrandt," MacMurray "Spike," Butterworth "Tarzan," Gable "Butch." A big practical joker, she avoids sensitive spots in her victims' make-ups. Recently, when press was raving about Gable's work, she sent him a big ham with his picture pasted on it. In payback, Gable sent her a sulky and hoss, which she drives! Hearing Leisen wanted to own a horse, she sent him a hobbyhorse. Learning Babs Stanwyck and Zeppo Marx were going in for horse breeding, she had a four-dollar mule and a ton of hay delivered on the Stanwyck front lawn. That fifteen-dollar wrecked Ford T she sent Gable was fixed up for $1,200 by him. Gable tried to return it to her, she refused it, it's now on the market. Insists she's introspective and uses same to decide on what clothes and make-ups fit her best. Denies all marriage-to-Gable talk. Has a rooster named Edmond, many nondescript pets, a straight $200,000-a-picture contract for three to come, a tendency to use picturesque language, an eye to Garbo silence, a knack of helping girls out of stenographic seats into stardom where possible. . . . MacMurray is veddy, veddy happy; denies he was ever any more romantic unmarried than he is now; doesn't believe he has brought suicide into the young girl world by his rash maritaling. Thinks acting a business; owes everything to two gals—not his mother and his wife, but Colbert and Lombard. He big-time debutted opposite Colbert in The Gilded Lily. His knees and heart knocked so loudly at time, he almost lost a career, except Colbert winked at him, and therefrom he was completely dejitterized forever. Lombard since has given him balance. . . . Jean Dixon, who plays mostly parts in which she gives advice to heroines, gets hundreds of fan letters asking her advice about life and the pursuit of males and happiness, embarrassing her no end. Says her advice is rotten, has had enough trouble ordering her own life and wants to be made dramatic instead of heart-of-goldy. Is dotter of Eugene Jacques, old-time theater man, and Annie Louise Ames, actress; is married to artist Edward Ely. . . . Jane Weir's new, twenty, sister to Mary Logan Vanderbilt Brett, who's been married to Waldo Logan, Corny Vanderbilt, Jr., Thomas Brett. Undismayed by her sister's social whirl, Jane prefers Hollywood struggle to social ease and will continue on and upward in film. . . . Charles Butterworth is being divorced from his wife Ethel Sutherland, and it isn't a gag. Charles has a Palm Springs home; was too busy to visit it during the swanky season. Is building a Holmby Hills home; was too busy to drop around and see if the house was going up on the right lot. Plays yet more hypochondriac in this; is seldom ill; wants to know if you know any new gags. Collapsed when a pet dachshund tried to kick over a car and broke a leg, subsequently plaster-casted. . . . Mitchell Leisen, who got going in movies because he had such beautiful paws, is an architect, artist, moralist, man of affairs. Is of Menominee, Michigan, not Paris Left Bank. . . . Paul Wing, who almost died in that plane crash a few years back, almost got bit by a bushmaster filming backgrounds in the Panama bush. . . . Cecil Cunningham, who is a she and plays Murphy, chorined in the original Mlle. Modiste, grew to be the Pink Lady in the Pink Lady, has six brothers and sisters, all big in art or education. Her paw played pro ball as Patrick Henry Cunningham. She's of St. Louis, and making people glad they know her is her hobby. . . . Harvey Stephens is glad to be out of woman-preying, yellow, double-crossing roles into sympatheticos. Says he doesn't know how he got started heavying, and really has a nice kind face, when you come to look at it. . . . Anthony Quinn is of Chihuahua, the sneeze place of Mexico, of an Irish father who looked Aztec and an Aztec mother who looked Irish. As a child Tony had blond hair, blue eyes, dark skin, was pet of Pancho Villa. Sat on Villa's lap, played with his guns. A writer and sculptor, he crashed movies for grocery reasons.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.

★★★—History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona.



It's an AUTOMATIC TUNING PHILCO and $10 down puts it in your home!

PHILCO 9X* $100 Less Aerial

RADIO'S greatest convenience . . . Philco Automatic Tuning . . . can now be yours for a down payment of only ten dollars! For that small sum, your Philco dealer will install an Automatic Tuning Philco in your home . . . all ready to play . . . with the call letters of all your favorite stations right on the Automatic Tuning Dial.

From then on . . . you can forget "numbers." Choose your station . . . a flick of your fingers . . . *CLICK* . . . *there it is!* Tuned instantly, silently, automatically. Ask Your Philco dealer about his $10 down plan!

**Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.*

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

HOME RADIOS . . . $20 *to* $600
AUTO RADIOS . . . $39.95 *and up*

Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

INSIDE DOPE ON THE PENNANT

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

ASK almost any fan who can control fervor for his home nine long enough to give a fair answer, " Who will win the American League pennant? " and he will more than likely blurt out, " The Yankees."

But the same thing was said about the Tigers last spring. The Tigers had won the 1935 World's Championship, and who knew Mickey Cochrane and Hank Greenberg would be injured? The club came in second.

The Yankees are going to have at least four and perhaps five clubs to subdue before they can win. They must batter down a parade of sharpshooters and ace hurlers day in and day out, all summer, and not even the All-America baseball nine would be sure to do that.

Here is the way I look for them to finish—and why:

New York, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Washington, St. Louis, Philadelphia.

The Yankees have a solid background—last season's triumph was not a flash in the pan. They may not smash or tie fifty-two records, as they did in 1936, but until a better team comes along—and it isn't in sight as yet—they rank No. 1.

Crosetti, Rolfe, DiMaggio, Gehrig, Dickey, Selkirk, Powell, Lazzeri, Jorgens, Glenn, Ruffing, Gomez, Pearson, Hadley, Murphy, Malone, Brown, Wicker, and Sundra is your 1937 World Series line-up after burning the midnight oil over the dope books. Babe Dahlgren, acquired from the Boston Red Sox; and last year's utility men, Heffner and Saltzgaver, form a bulwark of reserve infield defense. Myril Hoag will be ready for outfield duty again and Ernie Koy looks like big-league material. The rookie list includes many promising youngsters.

Here is what Manager Joe McCarthy has to say about the situation himself: " The Yankees showed their mettle last year, and, while we realize we can't rest on our 1936 laurels, I believe the team has displayed it knows how to fight. Opposition all over the league looks tough and we're all getting away from the barrier on an even start."

Detroit to finish second again. Even though their pitching staff collapsed last year on top of the loss of Mickey Cochrane and Hank Greenberg, the Tigers shone through the clouds of a dismal season at the last minute. They are a fighting ball club. In 1937 they will have practically the same team that won in '34 and '35, and if Mickey and Hank are shipshape the Bengals look like the outfit to give the Yankees the stiffest argument for the flag. The Tigers have probably the best pair of pitchers any team can boast in Bridges and Rowe, and many experts aver that for sheer class Charley Gehringer is the best ballplayer in the land. Bill Rogell and Marvin Owen on the left side of the infield, and the outfielders Fox, White, Simmons, Goslin, Laabs, and Walker are very much on the job. Rudy York heads the promising list of rookies.

Manager Mickey Cochrane himself sums it up this way: " After two years with good luck in the matter of injuries the jinx caught up with us last year; but it's our turn now for a good break. The Tigers finished second in 1936 in spite of all our troubles, but now we're starting a new season with high hopes."

Cleveland in third place. The Indians made forty-one more base hits than the Yanks last year, and its batting average was four points higher than the world champs'. In Harder and Hudlin, Cleveland has two great mound stars, though both had off years in '36. But this is another year. They hope Harder's arm is in trim again. In addition to Mel and Willis the Indians can boast of such veteran hurlers as Earl Whitehill, Joe Heving, Whitlow Wyatt, Allen, and Charley Fischer. In acquiring Paul Andrews the pitching staff was rounded out. But the big " if " is Bob Feller, starting his first full season in the majors. Can he follow through in the grand style he started in '36?

The line-up from top to bottom is crammed with dynamite—Averill, Campbell, Hale, Hughes, Pytlak, Sullivan, Solters, Trosky, Lary, Weatherly, and Galehouse—all have played big roles in the box scores.

The popular Cleveland manager Steve O'Neill says on the subject: " It is too early to predict where we will finish, as we don't know just how the other clubs will line up, nor are we sure of our own. However, I will say my team will be a much better ball club than last year."

Chicago in fourth place. Manager Jimmy Dykes has done a remarkable job of building himself a young ball club which seems to be improving in rapid strides. The veteran third sacker developed Vernon Kennedy and John Whitehead into stars, also bringing along Monty Stratton, Russell Evans, Ray Phelps, and Italo Chelini. Then

By C. T. DONNELLY

RACES—THE MANAGERS' FORECAST

IN MY LEAGUE

BY FORD C. FRICK

President of the National League

THE 1937 baseball season should prove to be one of the greatest races in the history of the game. New faces up from the minors; veterans, traded in winter deals, appearing in unfamiliar uniforms; and, best of all, a string of evenly matched teams lined up for the long campaign, assure the fans one of the liveliest summers in years. I don't see how anybody can answer the question, Who will win the National League pennant? The teams which struggled for last year's championship all seem improved, and there is new life and spirit in the teams which finished in the lower brackets.

IN MY LEAGUE

BY WILLIAM HARRIDGE

President of the American League

THE optimism that goes with a new race, spreading among players and fans alike, is plainly evident this spring. There isn't a team in the league that doesn't entertain high hopes, and I believe that the spirit caught by the fans is one reason why the public turns to the national game with such fervor. Two of the most interesting points in this year's campaign are the experimenting by managers with various stars in new positions and the second-year efforts of last year's rookie stars. As I see it, 1937 should be the most torrid race the league has seen in many years.

he has good old Ted Lyons, Sugar Cain, Bill Dietrich, Vernon Wilshere, and Thornton Lee.

Appling led the league, and Radcliff, Bonura, Hayes, and Kreevich were among the .300 hitters last year. A lusty lot. Haas, Piet, Rosenthal, Luke Sewell, Walker, and Dykes are other samples of white-hosed players who help make up one of the most cantankerous clubs on the circuit.

Skipper Jimmy Dykes has to say about '37: "We are counting on our young pitching staff to display improvement over last year's good showing. Our team is on the upgrade."

Boston at the top of the second division. With names like Cronin, Grove, the Ferrells, Foxx, Cramer, and Higgins on its roster, you can't scratch the Boston Red Sox from the running; but unless the other talent as well as the "big names" comes through, Boston can't hope for much better than fifth place this year. If they get off on the right foot, with Ostermueller and Marcum or Wilson, McKain, Bowers, Henry, or others clicking with Grove and Ferrell, the Red Sox certainly should be hard to stop. But, like their outfield, their pitching staff is too uncertain at this time.

THE Sox are rich in infield talent, with Foxx, Cronin, Higgins, Melillo, and McNair, to say nothing of Bobby Doerr from the West Coast, who looks like a beauty. But for outer garden berths there will be a wide-open race. Maybe the team scouts have dug up a rookie who will be just what the doctor ordered. Berg, Mills, Almada, DeSautels, and Williams are valuable assets.

Joe Cronin, buoyant manager of the Red Sox, says: "We aren't in the least discouraged by last year's showing. It takes time to build. The Yanks, with their young team, are a hard assignment to beat, but second place was wide open last season and is open this year too, and when you get up there lots of things can happen. Our friends won last year's pennant for us on paper, but the Yankees were better. We'll be hustling to see if we can't make our last year's friends a-year-ahead-of-time prophets."

Washington in sixth place. The Senators have a good team but apparently not quite strong enough to make a real rush for the flag. DeShong, Newsom, Cascarella, and Appleton are the early nucleus of the mound corps; but if Weaver, Salveson, Linke, and Lanahan or Syd Cohen deliver the goods they've been promising, Washington should more than worry the five teams picked to beat them to the wire. If Fred Sington can smack them as he did in the minors, the outfield should shape up strong with Stone, Chapman, Hill, and Reynolds. And if Buddy Myer comes back in his 1935 glory there is no telling how far the Senators will go. Kuhel, Travis, Lewis, Kress, Mihalic, and Bluege are a mighty comfortable handful of infielders. Bolton, Hogan, and Millies make up the catching department.

Manager Bucky Harris says: "If several of our pitchers live up to our hopes the Senators should be more than just a first-division club and also should have something to say about the pennant."

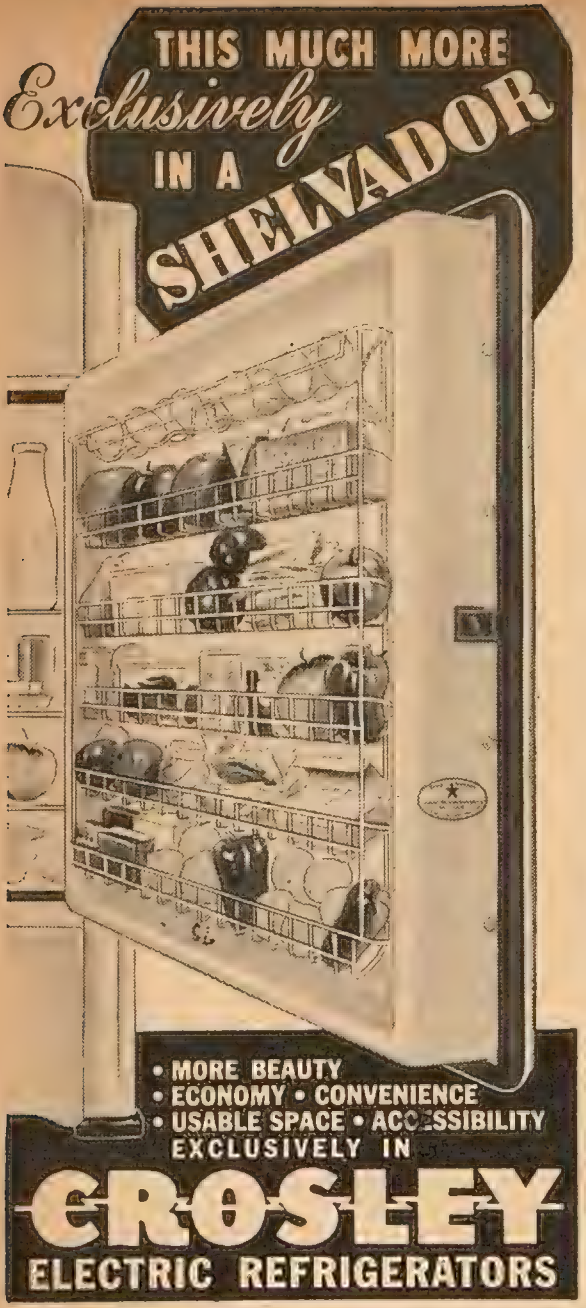
St. Louis in seventh place. Donald Barnes, the new chief of the St. Louis Browns, bought himself the makings of a good ball club, but it isn't ready to pay victory dividends. Rajah Hornsby has the fancy Harry Davis and veteran Jim Bottomley for first base; Carey, Knickerbocker, Clift, and Bejma in the infield; Bell, who outhit DiMaggio last year; Vosmik, a near hitting champion who may come back this year; West, Coleman, and Allen on the outfield patrol; the much sought Ralston Hemsley, Guiliani, and Heath behind the bat; and the key to the whole problem—the pitching department—consisting of Oral Hildebrand, Earl Caldwell, Elon Hogsett, Harry Kimberlin, Jack Knott, Glenn Liebhardt, Les Tietje, Roy Mahaffey, Al Thomas, Russ Van Atta, Jim Walkup, and Lou Koupal.

Rogers Hornsby says: "With some young fellows added and with the impetus of new ownership, the Browns hope to take a new lease on life this season. We started to come along near the finish of last year. The Browns are on the way up now."

Philadelphia in eighth place. Connie Mack is building a new ball club. The tall tactician of the Athletics was building players and clubs before any of the present roster was born, and he knows it requires plenty of time. The As hustled last year; their esprit de corps was good and they are ambitious.

Mack developed several good young pitchers, Lee Ross probably the best of the new lot. Philadelphia has a fairly good infield with Dean, Cissell, Newsome, Werber, Peters, utility infielder; Bob Johnson, Finney, Parker,

Who'll win? The men who should know best ponder the prospects for 1937



THIS MUCH MORE
Exclusively
IN A
SHELVADOR

• MORE BEAUTY
• ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE
• USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY
EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

How to
WORM YOUR DOG
Safely

• *All puppies* should be wormed when 4 weeks old. *All dogs* should be wormed in the Spring and Fall.

There are different kinds of worms. No one medicine can safely be used for all kinds or for all size dogs. Don't gamble with your dog's life. Use these safe, sure, effective treatments: Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules (or Liquid) for Roundworms and Hookworms in grown dogs and large puppies; Sergeant's Puppy Capsules for these worms in puppies and toy breeds. For Tapeworms in puppies and dogs, use Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine.

There are 23 tried and tested SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES. Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Sold under a Money-Back Guarantee by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs or write:

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1515 W. Broad St. • Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

and Moses in the outfield; Hayes and Berry behind the plate; and Benton, Caster, Doyle, Fink, Gumpert, Kelley, Ross, and Turbeville listed as pitchers.

This is what Manager Connie Mack has to say: "My young team of 1936 should be a better knit club as a result of playing a year together. I feel we will make a better showing against the first-division teams. We make no claims but are hopeful."

. . . . .

Invariably the team winning the pennant the previous year maintains practically the same line-up, defies the rest of the league to "come and get us," and reigns as the team to be beaten when a new race starts.

With two regulars, Manager Bill Terry and Captain Travis Jackson, missing from last year's pennant-winning club, the New York Giants are starting fresh like the others, however, thus throwing the National League race into a wide-open, come-and-get-it, knock-down-and-drag-out free-for-all. And the first instinct in such a situation is to have that rambunctious St. Louis Gashouse Gang on your side.

The clubs are so well matched, no team has been able to win two pennants in a row in six years.

I figure them to finish like this in 1937:

St. Louis, Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia.

Picking St. Louis for the pennant entails placing great confidence in Branch Rickey's ability to dig up Gashouse boys. But, leaning heavily on the Cards' young fellows, they look very much like the pennant winners.

WHAT other team would essay to open the season without an honest-to-goodness experienced catcher? Yet St. Louis is so confident that Mickey (Cowboy) Owen, its sensational young backstop, can step right into the majors from Columbus that up to press time it didn't bother to sign up a tried-and-true veteran. Rickey says that Owen is the greatest catching prospect he ever saw, and that includes Mickey Cochrane. At any rate, the regular array—Mize, Captain Durocher, Gutteridge, Medwick, Terry Moore, and Pepper Martin—looks like the line-up for the National League's representative in the 1937 fall classic. The pitching staff is Manager Frank Frisch's biggest worry this spring, but it may turn out to be his pride and joy. Dizzy Dean and Lon Warneke, in their finest fettle, are probably the greatest pair of pitchers any team ever had to open a season; Jim Winford looks good; and although Paul Dean's status is doubtful, the Cards hope that from Si Johnson, Ray Harrell, Bob Weiland, Bill McGee, and Ed Heusser a winning staff will be formed.

Other players on the St. Louis roster are Lynn King, Mike Ryba, Bill Walker, Brucie Ogrodowski, Frenchy Bordagaray, Chick Fullis, and Henry Pippen.

Manager Frank Frisch puts it this way: "We are bringing up a lot of apprentice 'Gashouse Gang' candidates this spring which should blend well with our veterans. I believe the addition of Lon Warneke will be a large help. We have a fast bunch and are ready for another typical National League race with a raft of clubs taking part right down to the final weeks."

Pittsburgh in second place. The No. 1 slugging outfit of the National League has lacked only a little stronger pitching to put it over the past few seasons. This season it looks as if that added zip from the mound has been signed. Manager Pie Traynor's pitching staff, his big hope, numbers Cy Blanton, Jim Weaver, Waite Hoyt, Ed Brandt, Bill Swift, Red Lucas, Mace Brown, and Jim Welch. It is an experienced staff which Traynor may manipulate into a World Series.

THE Pirates have boasted the last three league champion hitters, Paul Waner and Arky Vaughan, and carries further punch in the form of Slugger Suhr; Little Poison Lloyd Waner, who hit .319 last year; Brubaker, Todd, Schulte, Jensen, and Young, any one of whom can step up and break up the ball game. Others who may be expected to come through strongly are Tommy Padden, Handley, Browne, and Dickshot.

Manager Pie Traynor has this to say: "The Giants, Cubs, and Cardinals, in winning the last three National League pennants, had ace twenty-game winners, something we've lacked for several years. However, I believe our pitching staff is much stronger this year and we're ready to put up a big pennant argument."

New York in third place. With Travis Jackson on his last big-league legs at third base, and Manager Bill Terry and Sam Leslie hobbling through the season at first, there is no doubt the Giants were a slow team. Cruel baseball critics said the Giants were lucky to win in 1936. Maybe they were, for the first thing Terry did for 1937 was to repair these three items. He grabbed Lou Chiozza to play third; Haslin and Thevenow to replace Mayo and Koenig as utility men; and Jack McCarthy to play first base with Leslie, now his old self. Yes, sir, the Giants have certainly plugged the weak spots. Chiozza and McCarthy, who followed Burgess Whitehead and Jimmy Ripple into the New York fold, are fast. So are Haslin, Davis, Bartell, and Moore. The rest of the line-up—Mancuso, Leiber, and Ott—are stars, all in all forming an entry which will be shooting for the third Giant pennant in Manager Bill's five years as full-time manager.

The Giants' victory last year was an exhibition of never-say-die baseball.

Freddy Fitzsimmons, Hal Schumacher, Clyde Castleman, Al Smith, Harry Gumbert, Cliff Melton, Dick Coffman, and Frank Gabler form a great pitching staff behind the leadership of Carl Hubbell, the Giant ace.

Manager Bill Terry declared this spring: "I look for the Giants to finish one-two. If Whitehead and Bartell cover the keystone in 1936 fashion and Leiber and Castleman deliver, we will be confident of winning. We have added much needed speed and have a team that has proved it can and will hustle and fight."

Chicago in fourth place. The team which won twenty-one straight, blazing through September in '35, just couldn't stand the pace when their batting dropped off in '36. To bolster the batting, Manager Charley Grimm corralled Ripper Collins, the Card slugger, for first base, and signed up Joe Marty, Pacific Coast swatter, to work side by side with such hard hitters as Demaree, Hartnett, Herman, Galan, and O'Dea. Grimm feels both Hack and Jurges will have a good year this season. Linus Frey, a Brooklyn ex, replaces English.

The Cubs have always had a robust pitching staff. This year it has no Warneke, but with French and Lee to begin with, Chicago has the makings of a mighty crew if Tex Carleton, Parmelee, and Davis come through. Then they have Root, Bryant, and Shoun, plus the newcomers.

Manager Charley Grimm's view is: "With Jim Collins, Joe Marty, Linus Frey, and others added to the roster, and some of the boys expected to come back to their past hitting form, the Cubs ought to have more punch this season."

Cincinnati in fifth place. The Reds have one of the most talked-of clubs in baseball. Charley Dressen, the Cincinnati manager, has gradually pulled his team back to the estate of flag fighters. While Lombardi, Derringer, Frey, Cuyler, Hallahan, and other long experienced stars were carrying on, Scarsella, Kampouris, Myers, Riggs, Goodman, Hub Walker, Hollingsworth, Schott, Campbell, Peaches Davis, and Nelson were developed into good big-leaguers.

Now Dressen is bringing up some more, such as Frank McCormick, Dee and Lloyd Moore, Vander Meer, a strikeout artist, and Jim Outlaw. Nevertheless, keeping in mind that they must have veterans to blend with, he acquired Virgil Davis, Charley Gelbert, Phil Weintraub, and Jack Rothrock.

THE effervescent Manager Charley Dressen has this to say: "We climbed to fifth place last year, and are starting this season aiming for a first-division berth at least, and hoping to give our fans a winner."

Boston in sixth place. Deacon Danny MacFayden and the rest of Bill McKechnie's pitching staff accomplished mighty deeds last year in spite of the fact that the Bees had the lowest team batting average.

The Bees accordingly set about adding some wallop to the '37 team. Debs Garms, Texas League slugger, was obtained along with the veteran Frank McGowan, heavy-hitting International Leaguer; Jim Mosolf, a swatter from the West; Vince DiMaggio, Joe's older brother, a good hitter from the Pacific Coast; Elburt Fletcher, and others. McKechnie knew he must add pitching strength, so this year added Lou Fette, a star from the American Association; Bill Harris, Vic Frasier, and Ira Hutchinson, former big-leaguers.

Tony Cuccinello, Baxter Jordan, Bill Urbanski, Rabbit Warstler, Wally Berger, Gene Moore, Al Lopez, and Ray Mueller are back on the job.

Manager McKechnie says: "With many new men, the Bees have a harder punch and stronger pitching. To me the National League race shapes up as one of the most interesting of my career, and I'm sure that we'll have a lot to say in the '37 season."

BROOKLYN in seventh place. Bringing the fighting figure of Burleigh Grimes from Louisville to Brooklyn, the Dodgers instilled new pep and life into the club. He immediately plunged in with his characteristic enthusiasm, and secured a raft of new players, including Woody English and Roy Henshaw from Chicago; Cookie Lavagetto and Ralph Birkofer from Pittsburgh. Grimes set about to equip himself with the best center line possible—the life line of a ball club—stretching from catcher, through the box, past the keystone, into center field. Phelps and Gautreaux, English, Lavagetto, Cooney, and Tony Malinosky are expected to take care of that line.

Brooklyn's pitching department is headed by the great star Van Lingle Mungo. Others the Dodgers will rely on for mound service are Frankhouse, Butcher, Clark, Eisenstat, Jeffcoat, and Baker.

Hassett, Stripp, and Bucher round out the infield in good shape for the club, while for outfield duty Burleigh has a herd of men, including Heinie Manush, Gilbert Brack, the hard-hitting rookie from Louisville, Ed Wilson, Ed Morgan, and Jack Winsett.

Burleigh Grimes says: "The Dodgers are a new team this year, and while it is too early to make promises on how good they will be, I will say they will be a hustling ball club. I have played with most of the veterans and know what they can do. The young crop is promising."

Philadelphia in eighth place. With Chuck Klein, Dolph Camilli, Johnny Moore, Earl Grace, and Pinky Whitney, the so-called lowly Phils may not be as low as eighth place when the final averages are tabulated.

With Walters, Bowman, and Passeau, Wilson has a fine trio to build his pitching staff around.

Manager Jimmy Wilson says: "With a few trusted veterans to start with, a new Phillies club is being built which may surprise the fans this year."

That's the way that I figure the teams. Now paste this in your hat: The New York Yankees will again win the World Series—beating St. Louis four games to three.

THE END

"MARTHA WASHINGTON" ENSEMBLE SET

CHINA, GLASSWARE, SILVERWARE

76 Pc. Complete Service For Six $40

Here's a NEW idea—a complete matching set of silver, china and glass—76 pieces, in the modern, "Martha Washington" ensemble. Flatware is full A-1, 35 year plate, guaranteed. Knives have stainless blades. China has platinum and 22 kt. gold decoration. Glass has platinum type rims. OPEN STOCK.

If you cannot secure the "Martha Washington" Ensemble or open stock at your local jeweler or department store, send coupon for illustrated folder today.

Est. NATIONAL SILVER CO. 1891

National Silver Company, 61 W. 23rd St., N. Y. C.
Without obligation, please send illustrated folder describing your "Martha Washington" 76-piece matching Ensemble Set and tell me where I can buy it in my locality. 6

Name

Address

Baldness unnecessary!

X-ER-VAC treatments

● NOW AVAILABLE-IN YOUR HOME, BARBER SHOP, BEAUTY SHOP AND LOCAL HAIR-GROWING SALON

Therapeutic Method for Hair Growth Developed by Dr. Andre A. Cueto, M. D. Manufactured under patents issued and pending solely by The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio

Based on an approved therapeutic principle, the XERVAC has been clinically tried and found effective in the successful treatment of baldness, falling or lifeless hair. For further information see your barber, beauty shop operator or your local Crosley radio and refrigerator dealer. If you prefer, write The Crosley Radio Corp., Cincinnati, stating whether you desire (1) to purchase the XERVAC for home use; (2) to make money by giving commercial treatments as a barber or beauty shop operator; (3) to obtain XERVAC treatments—in which case send us the name of your favorite barber or beauty shop. Licensed exclusively under Taylor Instrument Companies Letters Patent No. U. S. 2055128—Other Patents applied for.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Dept. 437-L CINCINNATI, OHIO
Copyright 1937, The C. R. Corp.

GET INTO THIS NEW GAME TODAY

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS STILL EXCELLENT!

ALPHA CONTEST

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!

ORDER YOUR OWN SET OF MASTER FIGURES NOW!

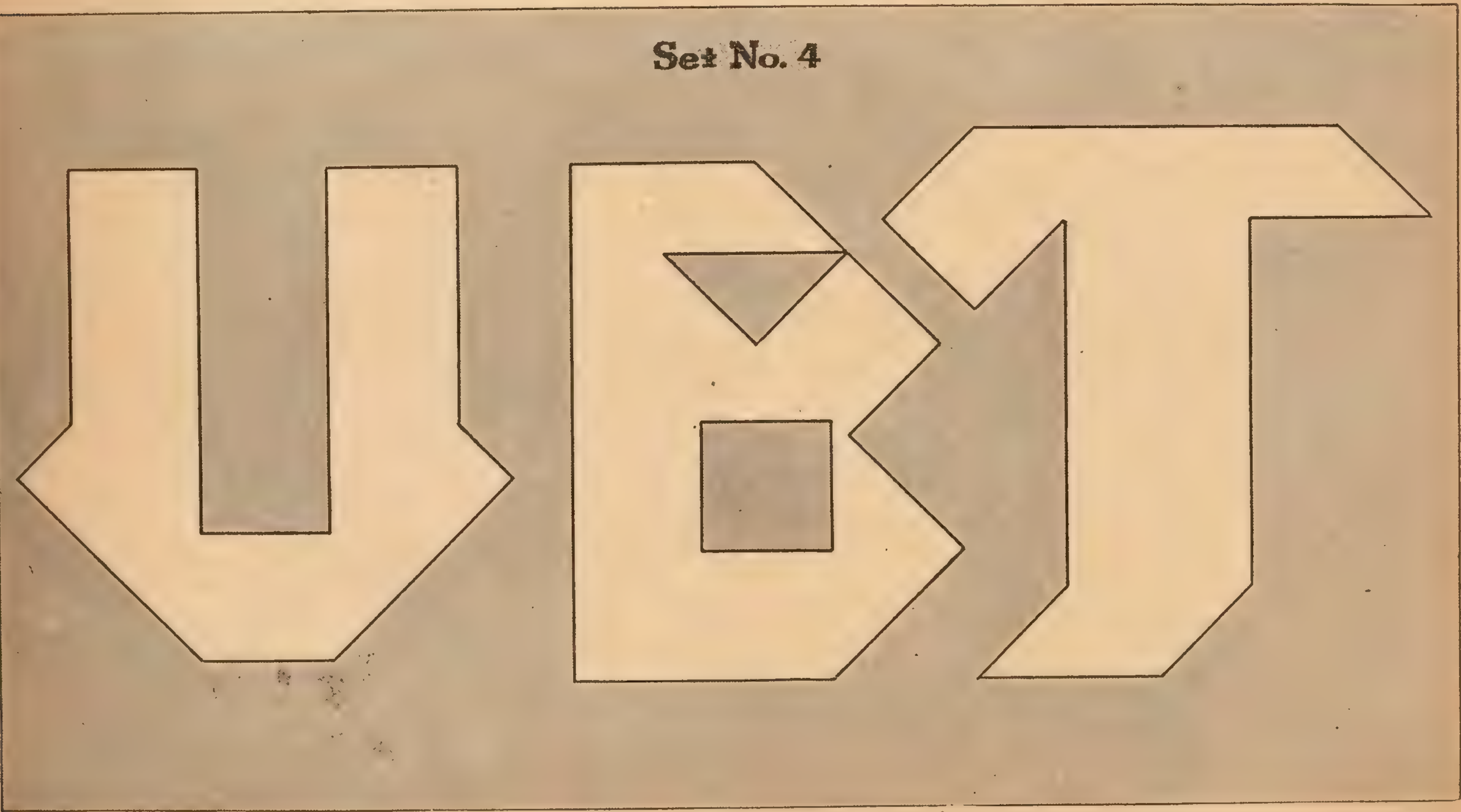
THE Alpha Contest enters its fourth week on this page. If you have started your entry in this great $2,500 cash competition, you need no further information. However, if you have delayed entering, please read this carefully. This contest gives you a chance to earn as much as $1,000 in cash. That is the first prize Liberty is going to award. And there are 232 other cash awards, each one worth the winning. Now, about the game. The problem is to discover the combinations of the seven master geometric figures which will construct each of the letters printed in outline in these contest pages. It is necessary for each contestant to obtain a set of these master figures which are not only the keys to the outlined letters but must be superimposed upon the final letter in your entry. Request them from the address in Rule 7, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover the cost of printing and handling. With them will be enclosed the first three sets of outlines so that you will be able to bring your entry even with the field forthwith.

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

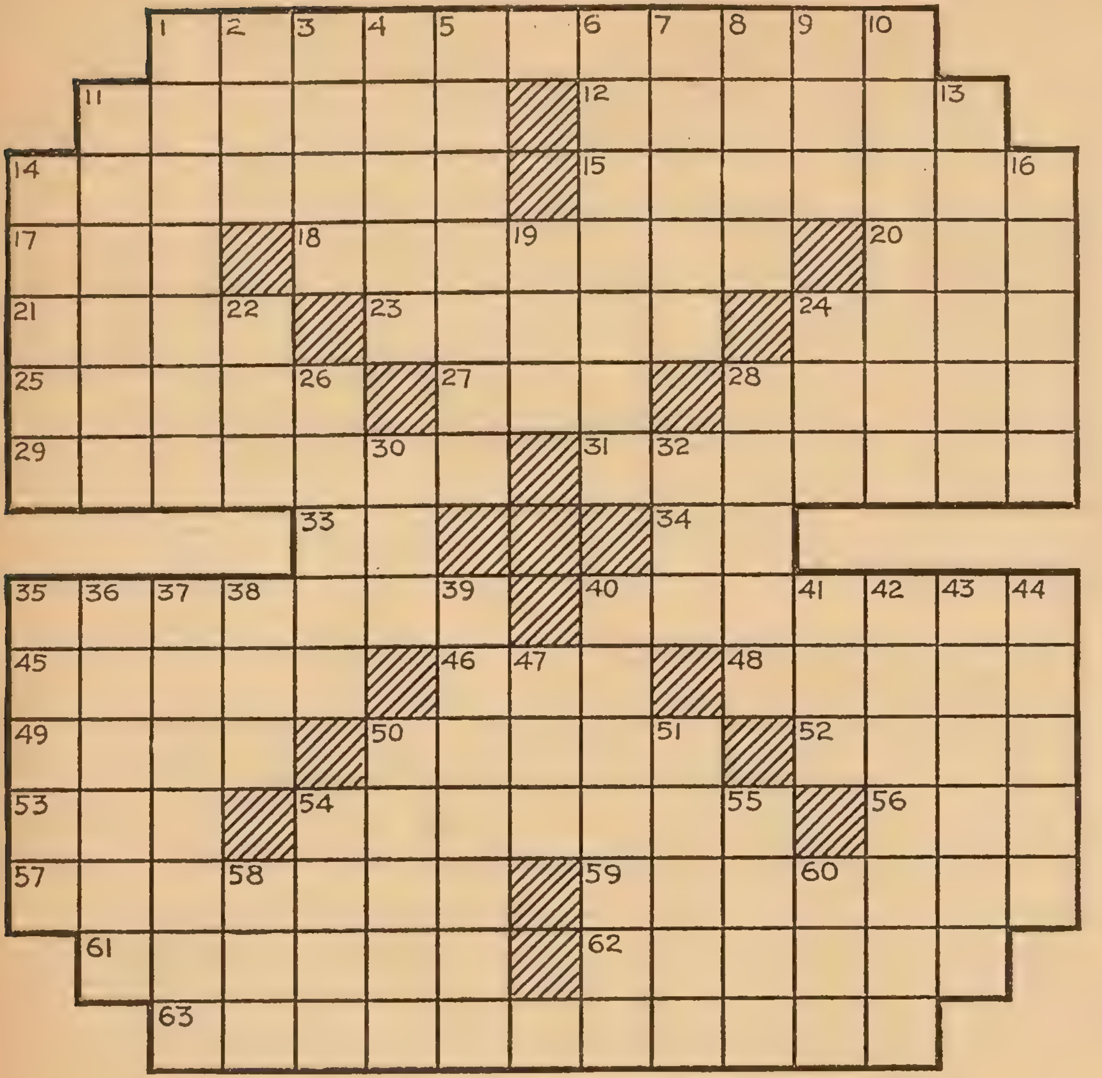
1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish three outlined letters of the alphabet formed by using the set of five triangles, one square, and one parallelogram which comprise the master set of Alpha Contest geometric figures. Every master figure is used just once in the formation of each letter.
2. The perfect solution for each outline letter will find all seven master figures so combined that they will leave no area uncovered and will not extend beyond the outline at any point. When you have a letter so solved, make dots at the corners of the master figures, remove the figures, and draw in their outlines. Your solution will then show the outlines of the seven master figures within the letter as illustrated in the sample letters W and L supplied with your master set.
3. Sets of the seven master figures are obtainable by written request to the contest address in Rule 7, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of printing, handling, and mailing. When your master set has been used to solve all the letters in this contest, paste it upon the final letter before your entry is submitted. Each entry must include the master set used in its preparation.
4. Do not send in separate solutions. Mail them all at the same time, as a unit, at the end of the contest and include a statement of not more than fifty words telling why you have been interested in this contest.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved letters accompanied by the clearest, most interesting statement will be awarded the $1,000 first prize. On this basis, in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive awards according to the accompanying prize list. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, June 2, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries by first-class mail to ALPHA CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

Set No. 4



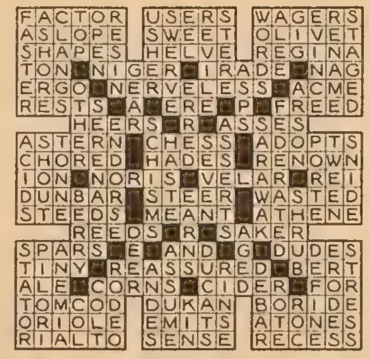
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 La Goof (she raves over the Nat'l Nutworks) (two words)
11 Q.: Why was he a tight comedian? A.: Because he saved shows!
12 Perennially blushing Americans
14 Wasn't it rotten about Hamlet?
15 He got burned up when they said he was different
17 A big thing Mrs. Astorbilt has to choke her horse
18 Presidential tonic administered to Congress
20 A balled-up set
21 Things men have waited for women
23 Receptacle for storing alcoholic liquids
24 Ancient stream flowing through barbershop quartets
25 Bosky, bovine, & boobish
27 Caesar often said this
28 What women often make up on a jury
29 Kind of occasion Hitler rarely enjoys
31 A movement to speed up things for those who fiddle around for a living
33 What Joosh doctors make patients say
34 A little of each
35 Fruit that caused the downfall of man
40 They're full of the most awful chokes
45 Aids to X-worders
46 The English translation of this is, "I trust the day finds you in excellent health and spirits"
48 A brilliant leader, a charming gentleman, a dazzling intellect, a magnificent athlete, a great lover, a truly great great wit—but slight-[illegible]yed!



FACTOR USERS WAGERS
ASLOPE SWEET OLIVET
SHAPES HELVE REGINA
TON■NIGER■IRADE■NAG
ERGO■NERVELESS■ACME
RESTS■A■ERE■P■FREED
HEERS■R■ASSES
ASTERN■CHESS■ADOPTS
CHORED■HADES■RENOWN
ION■NORIS■VELAR■REI
DUNBAR■STEER■WASTED
STEEDS■MEANT■ATHENE
REEDS■R■SAKER
SPARS■E■AND■G■DUDES
TINY■REASSURED■BERT
ALE■CORNS■CIDER■FOR
TOMCOD DUKAN BORIDE
ORIOLE EMITS ATONES
RIALTO SENSE RECESS

Answer to last week's puzzle

49 A plant that grew and grew
50 Silly females
52 Cockney tickers
53 Kind of life that Kelly leads
54 Scotch orchid
56 Equipped with alcohol hic lamps
57 It's dancing but it's awful fancy
59 Tuesday's children
61 What there is of free speech in Europe
62 When you see her you see her double
63 The holiest of European accomplishments (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Silly males
2 Pirate pop
3 He became a victim of his own rib
4 Her daughter went to hell, but she was a big cereal heroine
5 Exhilarating—like radio commercials
6 This renders dames speechless
7 She was a pushover in 1914
8 Bait, as used by the weaker sex
9 Summer in France
10 Tablecloth spread around a mosquito's dinner
11 Kind of famous boots, size 7, I believe
13 All right, ball fans: Who was the most famous player that the St. Louis Browns ever had?
14 Half pint
16 They saw it and saw it, it never falls apart, yet it's always heard in pieces
19 The cry that arises after accidents
22 Parked
24 The questionable beginning of The West
26 These are kings on Mane Street
28 Agley gangers
30 The way all Romans traveled
32 Where the bossy goes to get her fresh air and her good food
35 Despite their unpopularity they're certainly cleaning up among the younger generation
36 This is never at home
37 The sewers of Paris
38 Gobbled the goulash
39 Slip ons
40 You can get an awful bhang out of this
41 Mixed-up hag
42 She pants
43 This is all
44 Cheep flats
47 Followed by more, it means encore
50 Guys wot never slug a dame wot's holding a kid in her arms
51 Weird to the wise
54 Kari's deadly pal
55 Birthplace of bulls
58 What they taught the young idea to shoot with
60 Small numbers

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Announcing a new arrival in the Carter Family

"CUBE STAND Jr."

Now featured at all dealers with a Cube of Carter's finest fountain-pen ink . . .

both for 20¢
25¢ in Canada
CARTER'S INK

Smart enough for any desk—this new Junior "Cube-Stand." Its black rubber base holds the 10¢ Carter Cube firmly in place . . . assures non-skid firmness. Any pen fits the holder. Easy Cube replacements. Below—Carter's original "Cube-Stand." Available at special combination price, too —39¢ for both "Cube-Stand" and extra-big Carter Cube.

CARTER'S INK

CARTER'S INK

FINEST FOR FOUNTAIN PENS
ALSO ADHESIVES • CARBON PAPER
TYPEWRITER RIBBONS • FOUNTAIN PENS

HAIR GOING?

Glover's System of Hair Culture is based on scientific findings KNOWN to be favorable to hair growth. It consists of Glover's Mange Medicine and Massage. For the Shampoo use Glover's Medicated Soap. Your Druggist sells Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap. Or have your Barber give you Glover's.

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

Vox Pop

Where to Have a Baby, By Nurse, Doctor, Father

NORWOOD, R. I.—Why did Liberty publish such an article as I Am Going to Have My Baby at Home? (March 6 issue).

As a mother and registered nurse I feel you should question this woman's standing in her profession before publishing such statements. It is enough to scare some women to death! This country is trying so hard to lower the death rate, and you print this. Why didn't you go to some woman who had had experience and was qualified to advise the women who face this problem every day?

I have never known an obstetrician to prefer a home delivery, and, as he is the one responsible for a live mother and child, he is the one to be considered at that time.

As for having the husband present at the actual delivery—heaven forbid! Send him over to mother's with the goldfish and canary.—*1930 Grad.*

DAYTON, OHIO—As an answer from the opposite sex, I would like to speak for Jeannette Blanchard Kaley's article on maternity.

As a father of two children and a witness in both cases, I enthusiastically agree with her in every point. As a nurse she is authority for the fact that having a baby should not be considered a major operation, as some young couples seem to believe, and does not really require the services of the most expensive specialist to be found.

Being present at a birth certainly gives one a new feeling of reverence for the Creator. Aside from the mutual comfort the presence of the husband gives, why should a man allow himself to be excluded from the most wonderful revelation of nature?

I would like to see more education along the lines of this splendid Kaley article.—*J. C. Wheeler.*

SEARCY, ARK.—What a woman! So sensible not to go to a hospital reeking with germs!

This writer has delivered more than a thousand babies, every one in a home, and his mortality rate will equal that of any hospital. No big bills to pay, either.—*F. P. Hardy, M. D.*

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.—The nurse who wrote the article in Liberty a short time ago telling why she chose to have her baby at home took a slap, perhaps unintentionally, at all the progress medical science has made in regard to childbirth for the past two hundred years.

There are thousands of babies being born every year in the thousands of hospitals in this country, and the accidents are negligible. Doctors and hospitals do not look for publicity, but the work they do should be appreciated.

The difference, in my mind, between having a baby at home and having it in a hospital is the same as being in great danger alone in the darkness and being in the same peril with an armed bodyguard in attendance.

Yes, I'll have mine in the hospital, thank you.—*Lillian C. White.*

SWEEPSTAKES ANNUITY PLAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial in February 27 Liberty, Billions Lost to This Nation Through Anti-Gambling Laws, hits the bull's-eye.

What we need is a monthly sweepstakes at the cost of one dollar a ticket, to be handled through the Post Office Department and split into units of $750,000 each.

The prizes in each unit should be split into six parts, in the form of ten-year tax-exempt annuities, as follows:

1st Prize—$200 a week for 10 years
2d Prize—$150 a week for 10 years
3d Prize—$125 a week for 10 years
4th Prize—$100 a week for 10 years
5th Prize— $50 a week for 10 years
6th Prize— $25 a week for 10 years

In ten years this would amount to $338,000 paid in prizes. The Post Office Department would receive 10 per cent, or $75,000, for handling and distribution, and Uncle Sam $337,000 for his part, to be applied against the balancing of his budget.

I estimate that at least seven and one half million persons would participate monthly in such a plan.

Under this annuity plan the government would also have the use of annuity money till paid.

Mr. Macfadden has started the ball. Why not put such a plan as this up to Liberty readers in the form of a poll or a vote?—*J. J. K.*

THE WITCH'S PASTE AT WORK

MADISON, WIS.—I am very much interested in what results Eternal Ponce had from using the "witch's paste" (December 19 Vox Pop), which I suppose he got from Professor Steinach. He should have had effects by now.

Perhaps you can get Eternal Ponce to answer this, or at least tell a feller where he can buy the rejuvenating stuff.—*Paul A. Keller.*

[In answer to the above, Eternal Ponce writes: "The effects of this salve are truly magical. I am ten years younger already. My wrinkles are smoothing out, my gait is faster, everything about me more boyish and gay. By June I shall be an infant once more—if this keeps up!"]

YIP! YIP!

DULUTH, MINN.—Our Dog House Club (March 13 Vox Pop) was a howling success, but, ye gods! did we bark up the tree—Danes, setters, mongrels, bulldogs, and all! Here we are, swamped with charter orders and cards.

Where the heck does your circulation stop, go to, or what have you?

Now the Great Kennel of the Dog House Club here at the Port of Duluth doth decree upon you the Great Dane-Mastiff of all Kennels, with the right to growl, bite, with full control of all posts. Yip! Yip!—*C. A. Meyer, Great Leader of Pack; William Meyer, Great Growler of Pack.*

HOW ABOUT ONE PRESIDENT FOR EACH JUSTICE?

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—With the great issue at stake of Roosevelt vs. the Supreme Court, I am in accord with our President in having fifteen—or five hundred—justices, if necessary; but I also believe we should have a Board of Presidents, composed of one President for each justice, with Roosevelt acting as Chief President. Also I would advocate a three-quarters vote for a quorum or majority.—*Ronald McMillar.*

DENTISTS, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

MOBILE, ALA.—Why is it science has overcome some of the most dreaded diseases in the world and let a seemingly simple but dangerous one escape its notice—tooth decay?

Is dentistry a billion-dollar racket, or are the dentists doing all within their power to prevent it?

Shall the human race go on forever suffering aches and expensive dental bills, or will some one with knowledge and courage enough expose it, if there is anything to be exposed?

Let some one come forward with an article and let a wondering and suffering public know the truth.—*A Fellow with a Toothache.*

SKATING WITH BARE LEGS

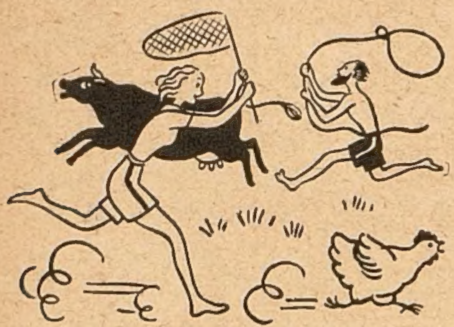
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—How about that picture on the cover of March 6 Liberty, showing a pretty girl out skating on the ice with her legs all bare, jumping over a man that had fallen down? Did that really happen (the bare legs, I mean) or was it just a picture?

I was born and raised up North and skated plenty—boys and girls together—but I never went out skating in zero weather with my pants off

Stevenson.

WHEN CIVILIZATION FLOPS

SPOKANE, WASH.—Many writers tell us that in the event of war civilization will be doomed. The end of civilization is also promised by certain reformers. They predict that civilization will meet its doom through liquor, or through communism, or because women smoke cigarettes, or because there are not larger families.



Maybe they are right. But if civilization flops, will we lose so much? Modern civilization means living in prisons of steel and brick fifteen or twenty stories above ground, adding up tiresome columns of figures all day in another prison called an office, then hanging on a strap for an hour to return home, and for diversion witnessing moving pictures which are as far removed from art as Bob Burns's bazooka from Zimbalist's violin.

When we become roving nomads, with no taxes, no radio announcers, and no autos, chasing our food across the veldt, then life will take on new freshness. We will regain our pristine vigor.—*J. T.*

DOG-ROOM FAVORITE

FORT KNOX, KY.—May an admiring artilleryman sit in for a word or two?

First, a word of praise for your magazine. It's a favorite with soldiers in every branch of the service. I've never been in the dog-room of any outfit yet that didn't have Liberty on the reading table. We sure do like it.

Keep up the good work with Liberty and give us lots more good stories. Some of the army stories give us a good laugh—we enjoy them as much as if the authors had meant to be funny. —*E. T. Davis.*

SIT-DOWN STRIKE FOR TAXPAYERS

TOLEDO, OHIO—Lack of law enforcement in this nation today is appalling to all citizens (except to criminals), especially so to taxpayers, who are gouged at every turn to keep policemen and officers to protect them and their property. Then they are gouged again to keep politicians who, in many cases, keep these same officers from doing their duty.

I would like to see every taxpayer in this nation go on a sit-down strike (since they are so popular) and refuse to pay his taxes or vacate his property. Taxpayers should show politicians what would happen to them if taxpayers refused to pay the bill. Our congressmen, with a few exceptions, are merely court jesters to F. D. R. So let him keep them going. Lawlessness, especially among the very young, is increasing by leaps and bounds. What can you expect when strikers take over private property and hold it for ransom—and get away with it?

It looks now as if mob rule is the order of the day.—*Evva S. Tomb.*

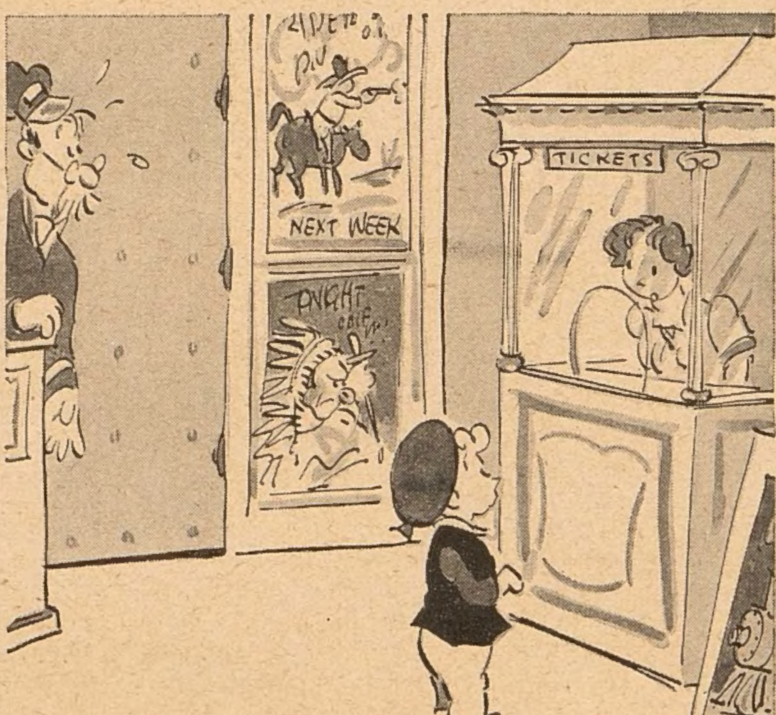
"SIT-DOWN STRIKES—COSTLY TO WORKERS"

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I have just finished reading the very able editorial written by Bernarr Macfadden entitled Sit-Down Strikes—Costly to Workers (March 6 Liberty). This article certainly carries a lot of truth, and to be affiliated with a labor organization is to fully appreciate the full meaning of this article.

Our organization has been doing considerable work in the hope of putting a stop to the "racketeers" who are causing so much trouble in industry. We have been spending considerable time, energy, and money in getting out propaganda making an exposé of the situation as it exists in many of the strikes of today.

We feel that the time has arrived for organizations such as our own to come out in the open and declare ourselves, and your magazine, which is read by all classes, is the logical avenue to further our endeavor.—*Maurice R. Franks, National Business Agent, Railroad Yardmasters of North America, Inc.*

"HARDTACK"



"Can I open a charge account?"

AN AAA PUN

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In Liberty, February 13, Dr. Stanley High says: "The policy back of the AAA has been called a policy of 'scarcity.'" To call it a policy of "scare city" might be more appropriate.—*L. W. Brown.*

ERASES ALL DUNKLE'S "DIDS"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—There is one writer who gets in my hair—that guy, Norman Anthony, who writes Mr. Dunkle's Diary. Why does he have to use so many "dids"? I have to go all over the page and erase the "dids" and then reread it; so you see I must like his articles or I wouldn't go to so much trouble, would I? But have you ever thought what you pay for his "dids"?

It takes 4 minutes 10 seconds to read Dunkle's Diary, and it would only take 2 minutes if he'd leave out the "dids." —*Miss J. A. Frazier.*

DID
DID
DID
DID
DID
DID
DID
DID
DID
DID
DID
DID

DICK WILLIAMS COMES BACK AT "JERSEY" JONES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. "Jersey" Jones, Madison Square Garden's ice-hockey press agent, took exception (March 6 Vox Pop) to a statement written by me for Liberty to the effect that basketball was paying Madison Square Garden better (or bigger) returns than hockey. Mr. Jones asserted that hockey drew $750,000 into the Garden, basketball only $100,000.

While insisting on accuracy, Mr. Jones might report that basketball in 1936, a full year, drew slightly more than $125,000, whereas hockey in its biggest year to date has drawn somewhere between $725,000 and $730,000.

Moreover, in 1936 Mr. Jones offered ten basketball dates, and hockey, in its biggest year, offered approximately seventy-five dates, including the Stanley Cup play-offs, which are world-championship events.

Now, Mr. Jones will scarcely claim that it does not cost the Garden slightly more to prepare for a hockey game than a basketball game. Thus, if I have ten pieces of merchandise which cost me approximately one dollar each and I sell them for $125, I feel that the merchandise has paid me bigger returns than seventy-five pieces of merchandise costing $1.25 each for which I receive a gross return of $730.

Or am I wrong?—*Dick Williams.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

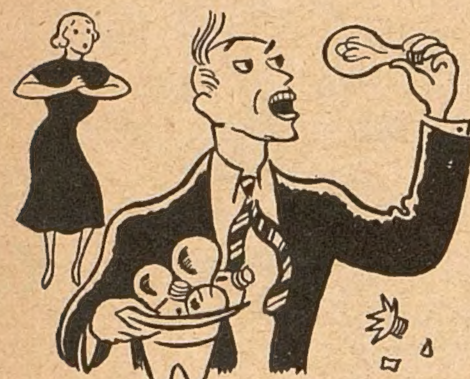
KOPJES, ORANGE FREE STATE, SOUTH AFRICA— A woman voter received the following notice from the electoral officer in her constituency:

"Madam:

"I have to notify you that your name has been removed from the Voters' List for the Electoral Division of Vredefort for the reason that you are deceased.

"If you consider that your name should not have been removed as indicated above, kindly advise me, stating reasons."

CHICAGO, ILL.— Physicians extracted splinters of seven light bulbs from Joseph Varga's mouth and stomach. Police said his wife told them that Varga came home in festive mood, and unscrewed and ate the bulbs, one by one, when she remonstrated with him.



DULUTH, MINN.—John G. Ross, Humane Society director, was talking to a man reported to have mistreated his horse.

Ross found the reports groundless. He also found an unusual reason for keeping a horse.

"Just why do you have the horse?" he asked the owner.

"To cut hay," the man replied, pointing to a small field.

"There's not much room for hay," said Ross. "Why do you need hay?"

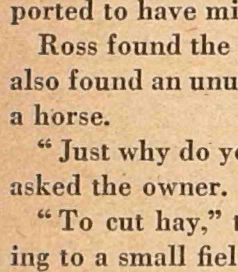
"Don't be silly," was the reply. "The hay's to feed the horse, of course."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on a Minneapolis streetcar:
"*Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.*"

In an Idaho cemetery:
"*Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves.*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE



Well, unemployment is somethin' which I am a good sampel of. The way I see it, unemployment is like the weather: Everybody talks about it but nobody does anything about it.—EZRA DILL.

CONTENTS

Editorial Law Enforcement the Only Remedy.......Bernarr Macfadden 4

Short Stories Be-Kind-to-George Week.........Josephine Bentham 9
The Father Who Wouldn't Pay Ransom...........Llewellyn Hughes 16
The Tip-Off—Liberty's Short Short................William C. Lengel 26

Serials Secret Child—Part IV...........................Patterson Dial 28
Discretion Be Damned—Part VII.........................Elmer Davis 38
Gaston B. Means—Master Bad Man—Part II.....May Dixon Thacker 44

Articles Who Will the Six New Justices Be?........Frederick L. Collins 7
Marriage Begins at Nine..........................Edward Doherty 14
I Lived with the Girls of the "Lost Generation" and They're No Longer Lost!..........................Irene Kuhn 22
Fascinating Faces—To Order....................Robert Neal Leath 52
Inside Dope on the Pennant Races—The Managers' Forecast C. T. Donnelly 58

Features Comers by Ed Sullivan 36; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 37; Good Books by Oliver Swift 43; Twenty Questions, 51; Harlow, Hepburn Against the World—Movies—by Beverly Hills 55; $2,500 Alpha Contest, 62; Crossword Puzzle, 63; Vox Pop, 64; It Happened In—, 66.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY REVERE F. WISTEHUFF

WHAT CHANCE HAVE EDWARD AND WALLIE FOR HAPPINESS?

On one side they have money, position, health, and love, plus the good wishes of millions.

One the other side—

There arise visions of Wilhelm of Prussia, of Alfonso of Spain, of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, of Zita and her children.

Do Edward and Wallie face a future such as these?

What will their status be? In Europe? And even in England—for, as Frederick Lewis points out, they can and probably will return there. Don't miss this sympathetic revelation about the future of the world's best known couple in Liberty next week!

WHITEWASHED LADY

A sun-drenched Florida key, a beautiful girl—alluring daughter of a big-time gambler who operates a palatial yacht—a disabled launch amid shark-infested waters. In this setting Dorothy Speare's new serial gets off to a thrilling start next Wednesday. Love, adventure, romance, danger, and flashing action will rivet your interest from the first word to the final curtain.

Photo, Vandamm Studio

KATHARINE CORNELL

I'LL NEVER MAKE A MOVIE SAYS KATHARINE CORNELL

One of the world's foremost actresses, with triumphs in The Barretts of Wimpole Street, as Juliet, and as St. Joan lifting her to new heights, Miss Cornell steadily refuses the lavish offers of movie producers—princely salary, choice of stories, the pick of a supporting cast. Why?

Frederick James Smith, who knows the inside of the movies and also knows Miss Cornell, draws aside the curtain of silence next Wednesday and in a sparkling interview discloses the real reason.

Also stories and articles by Scott Littleton, Irene Kuhn, Hilda Mauck, Bert Green, and others

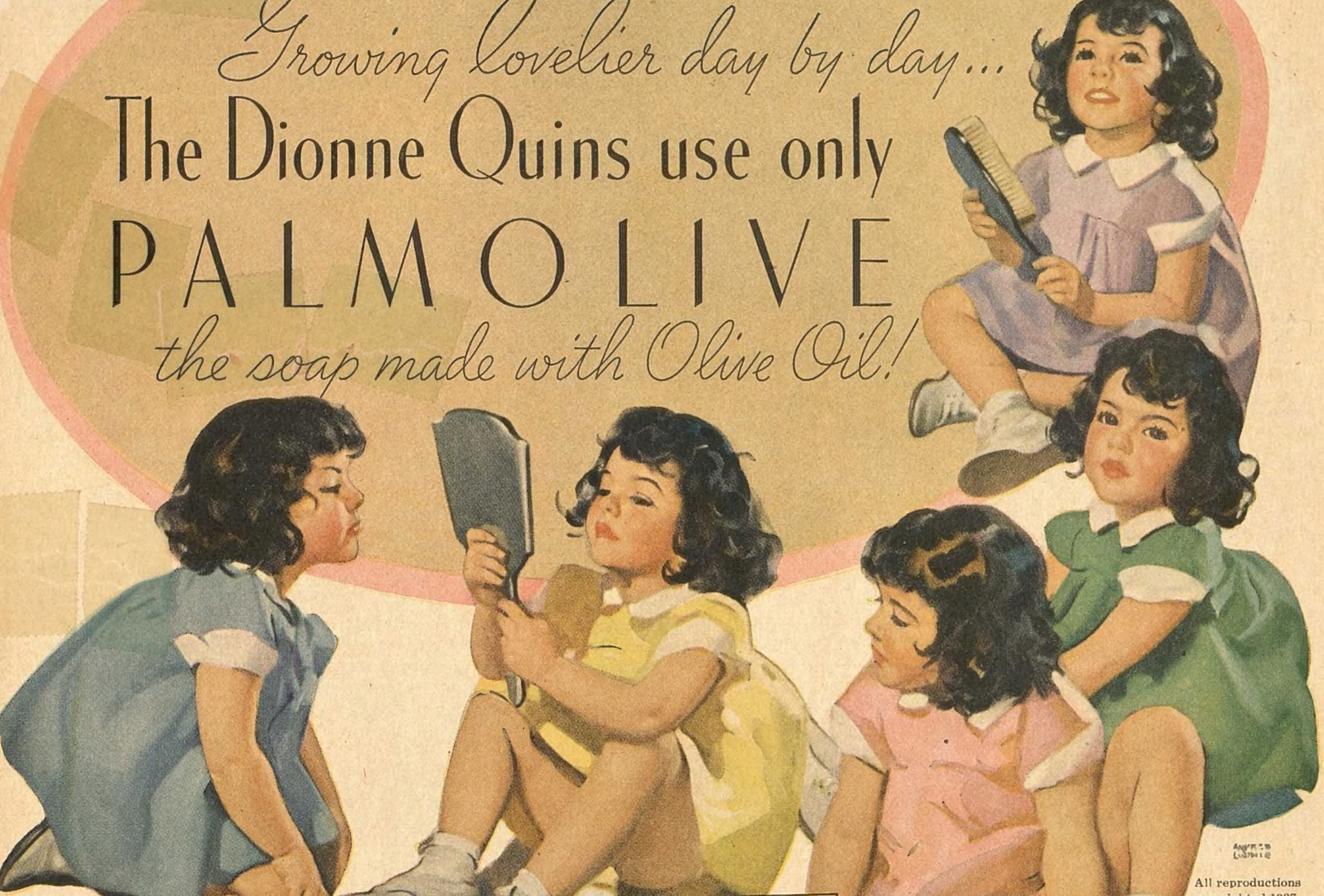
NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE APRIL 21

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

Growing lovelier day by day...

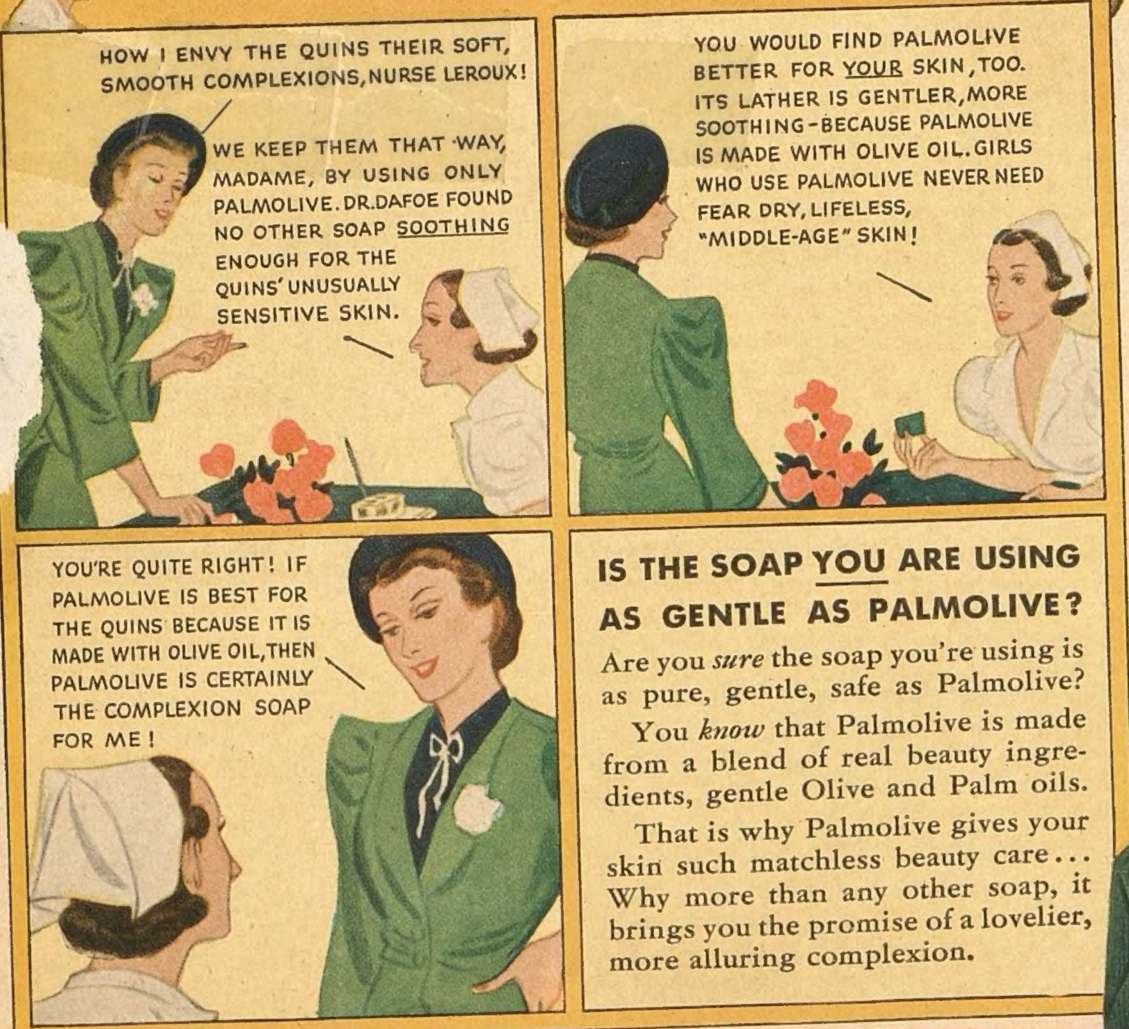
The Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE

the soap made with Olive Oil!



All reproductions copyrighted 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH, TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO FOR YOU!


HOW I ENVY THE QUINS THEIR SOFT, SMOOTH COMPLEXIONS, NURSE LEROUX!
WE KEEP THEM THAT WAY, MADAME, BY USING ONLY PALMOLIVE. DR. DAFOE FOUND NO OTHER SOAP SOOTHING ENOUGH FOR THE QUINS' UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE SKIN.
YOU WOULD FIND PALMOLIVE BETTER FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO. ITS LATHER IS GENTLER, MORE SOOTHING—BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. GIRLS WHO USE PALMOLIVE NEVER NEED FEAR DRY, LIFELESS, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! IF PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR THE QUINS BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, THEN PALMOLIVE IS CERTAINLY THE COMPLEXION SOAP FOR ME!

IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?

Are you *sure* the soap you're using is as pure, gentle, safe as Palmolive?

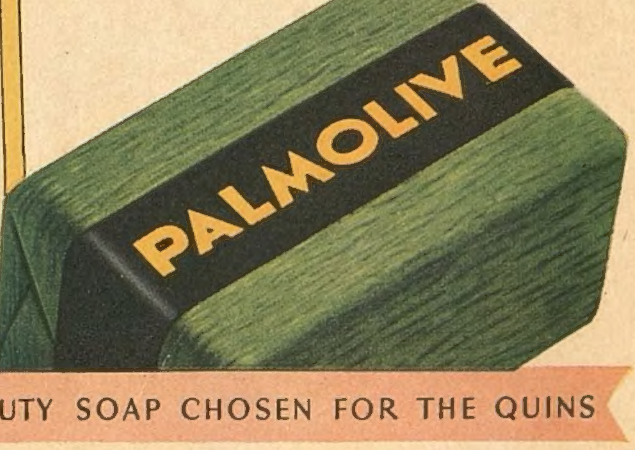
You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients, gentle Olive and Palm oils.

That is why Palmolive gives your skin such matchless beauty care... Why more than any other soap, it brings you the promise of a lovelier, more alluring complexion.

DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed with Olive Oil... When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe

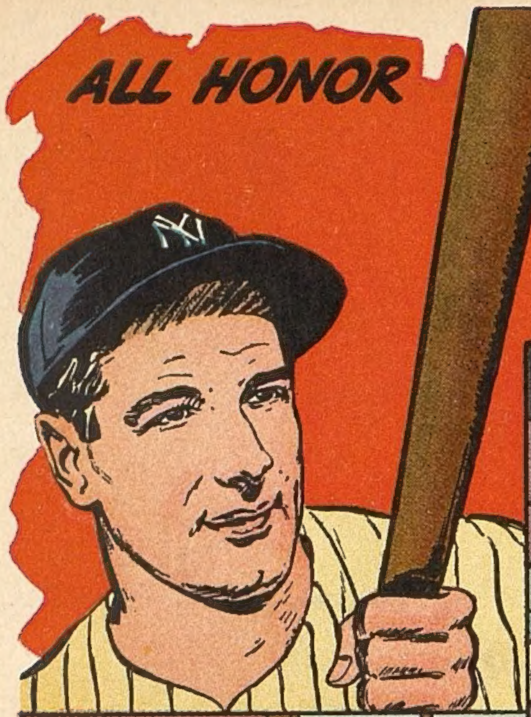


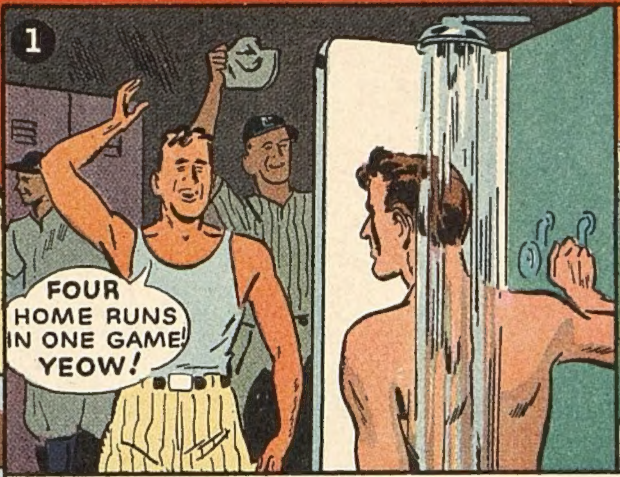
TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

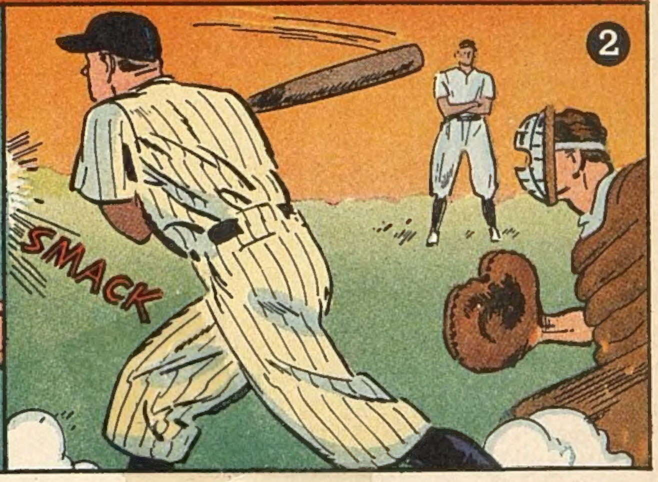
ALL HONOR TO A GREAT ATHLETE

LARRUPING LOU GEHRIG

OF THE WORLD'S CHAMPION NEW YORK YANKEES



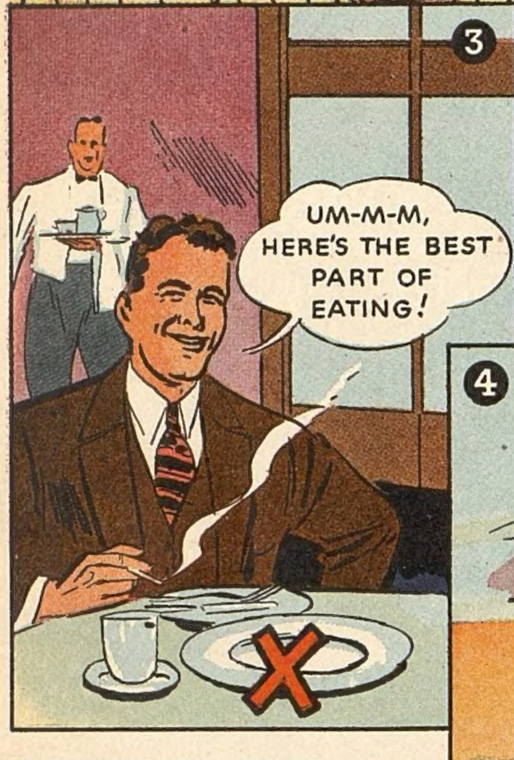

1
FOUR HOME RUNS IN ONE GAME! YEOW!



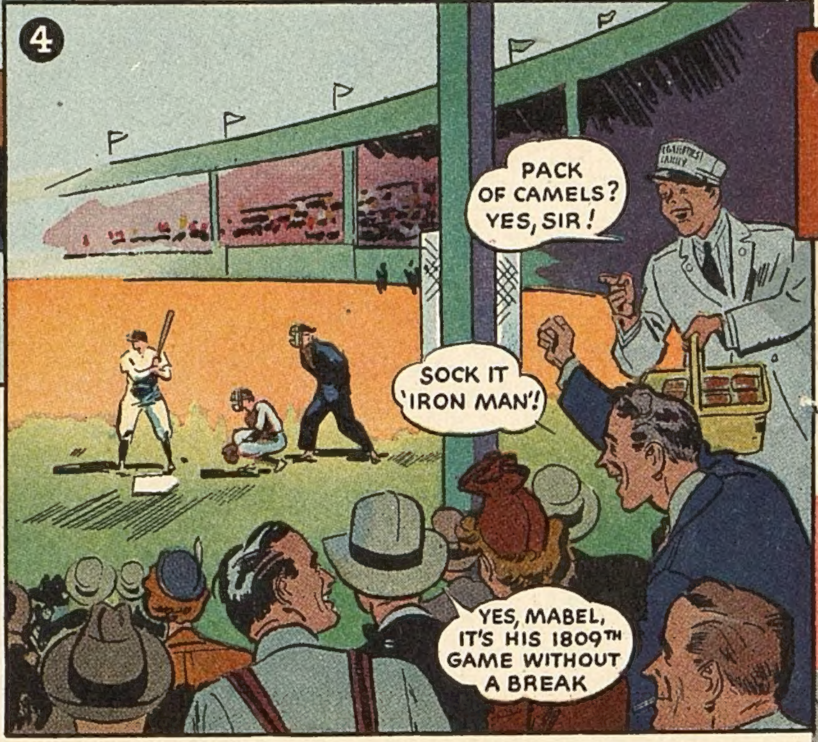
LOU GEHRIG holds more records than any other player in the game today. He has knocked 4 home-runs in one game—scored 100 or more runs and batted in 100 or more runs for 11 consecutive seasons.

HOME-RUN KING! Gehrig topped the American League for home-runs in 1934 and 1936. His follow-through is shown above. It takes healthy nerves to connect, and, as Lou says: "Camels don't get on my nerves."

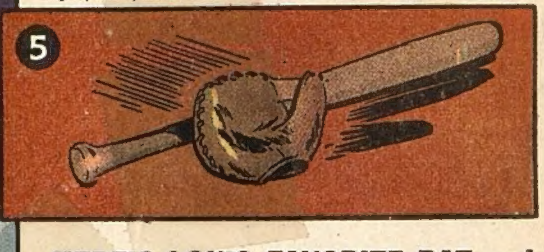
Copr., 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


3
UM-M-M, HERE'S THE BEST PART OF EATING!

X MARKS THE SPOT where once there was a thick juicy steak smothered in mushrooms—Lou's favorite dish. Lou eats what he wants and isn't bashful about coming back for "seconds." In Lou's own words: "I've found that smoking Camels and eating go together naturally." Choose Camels for your cigarette. Smoking Camels at mealtime and afterward speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Alkalinity is increased. Thus Camels give you a delightful sense of well-being... they set you right! So make it Camels—they are so mild.


4
PACK OF CAMELS? YES, SIR!
SOCK IT 'IRON MAN'!
YES, MABEL, IT'S HIS 1809TH GAME WITHOUT A BREAK

BASEBALL'S "IRON-MAN"! When Lou steps out on the field, to play his first game of the 1937 season—he will be playing his 1,809th consecutive game—a record not paralleled in the annals of baseball. Injuries never stopped Gehrig. Lou's "Iron-Man" record is proof of his splendid physical condition. As Lou says: "I've been careful about my physical condition. Smoke? I smoke and *enjoy* it. My cigarette is Camel."



HERE'S LOU'S FAVORITE BAT and his favorite first baseman's mitt. His bat is especially made. He wears out two mitts a season. Last year, his brilliant play at first base was only 6/1000ths short of PERFECT.

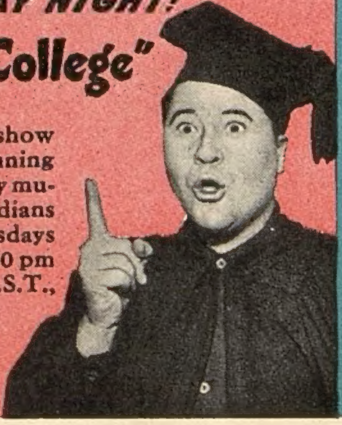
FOR A SENSE OF DEEP-DOWN CONTENTMENT—JUST GIVE ME CAMELS. AFTER A GOOD, MAN-SIZED MEAL, THAT LITTLE PHRASE, 'CAMELS SET YOU RIGHT,' COVERS THE WAY I FEEL. CAMELS SET ME RIGHT, WHETHER I'M EATING, WORKING—OR JUST ENJOYING LIFE

"ANOTHER BIG REASON why I prefer Camels,"—continues Lou, *(above)*—"is that I get a 'lift' with a Camel!" Enjoy Camels freely—they are so mild.

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT!

"Jack Oakie's College"

A gala fun-and-music show with Jack Oakie running the "college"! Catchy music! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Tuesdays—8:30 pm E.S.T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C.S.T., 6:30 pm M.S.T., 5:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-Columbia Network.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE SMOKE CAMELS